IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

5¢ a copy
May 24, 1930

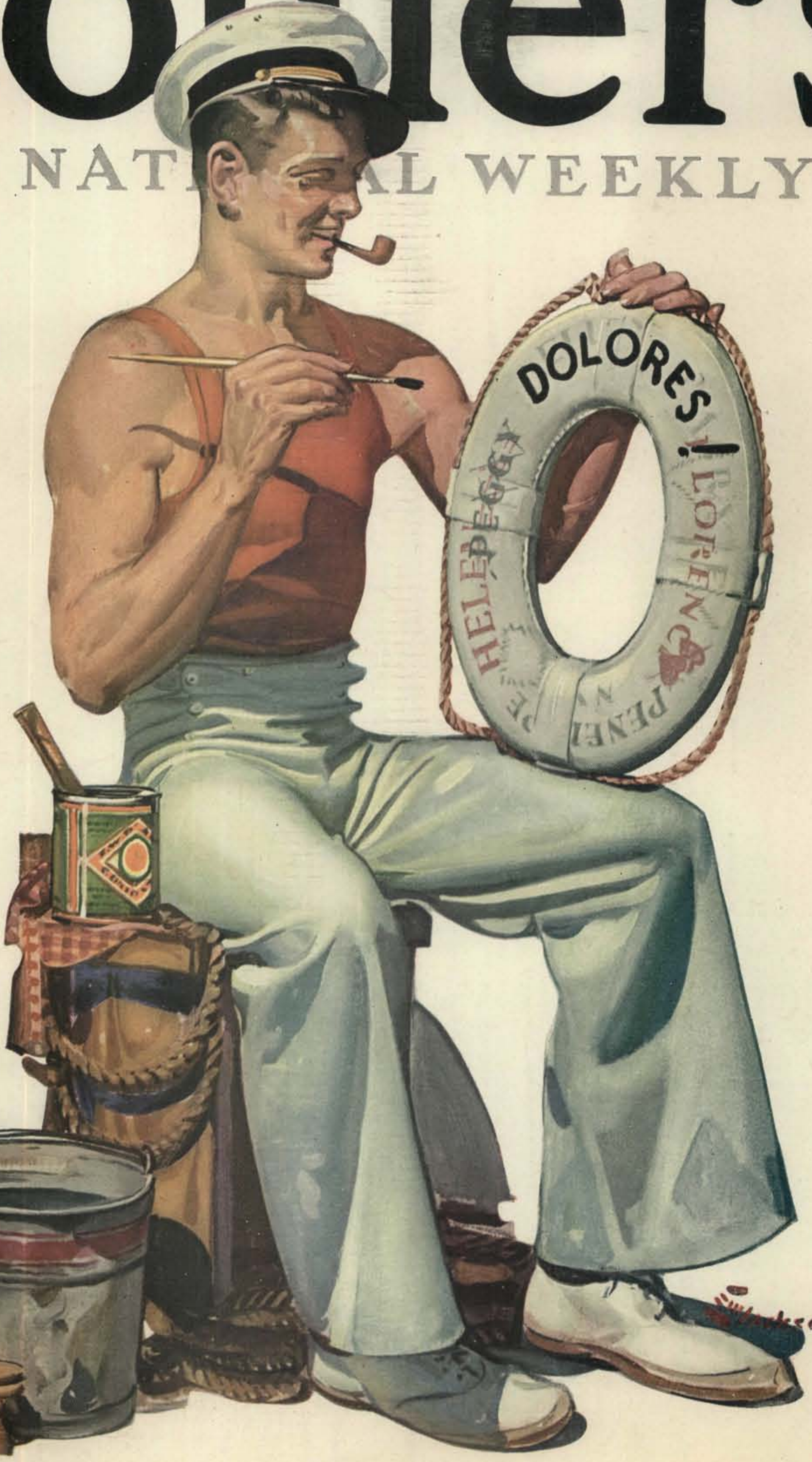
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY ★

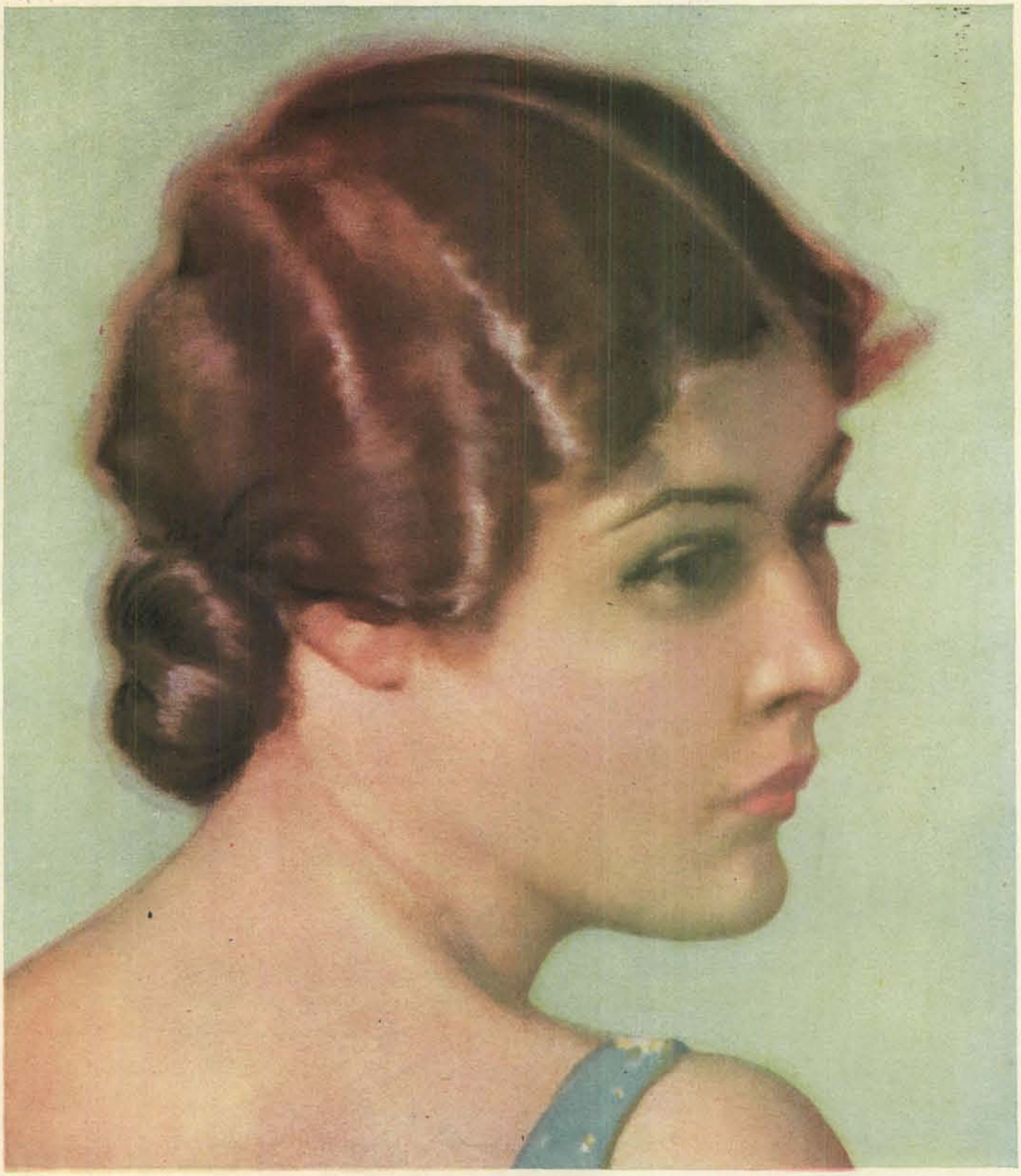
Speaking of Women

a new
novel by

**LOUIS
JOSEPH
VANCE**


DOLORES
HELEN
PEGGY
PENE

AY 24, 1930



Write a letter and earn $5

For every acceptable letter telling of a personal, true experience in using Listerine to overcome dandruff or other scalp troubles. Letters will be judged for their sincerity and truth rather than for literary quality and purchase, covers the right to use them and your name in connection with advertising. Write us a letter (not more than 300 words) telling us your experience, and address it to True Experience Editor, Dept. C., Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo. No letters will be returned unless accompanied by stamped, addressed envelope.

Keep hair lovely and free of Dandruff

Do you know that women everywhere are including Listerine as part of the once a week shampoo? They have found that it keeps the scalp tingling with health and invigoration. They have found by actual experience how wonderfully effective it is in preventing loose dandruff—and overcoming it once it has started.

Why not try it yourself once a week for a month? The treatment is simple. You merely douse full strength Listerine on the scalp and massage vigorously. Keep the massage up for five or ten minutes at least, moving the scalp forward and backward. Use a little olive oil if the scalp and hair are excessively dry. Of course, if you have any evidence of dandruff now, it is wise to increase the frequency of the Listerine shampoo. If the case is mild, Listerine usually conquers it within a week. If the case is stubborn, it is sometimes necessary to use Listerine two or three times a week for several weeks.

Listerine first removes and dissolves dandruff, then soothes, cools and heals the troubled scalp. If infection is present—and most dermatologists agree that dandruff is caused by germs—Listerine immediately attacks it, because, as you know, Listerine kills germs in 15 seconds.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A.

Use **LISTERINE**

as a Shampoo once a week

Under standard U. S. Government tests, Listerine kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds

When SPRING-SLAP throws a party • • •

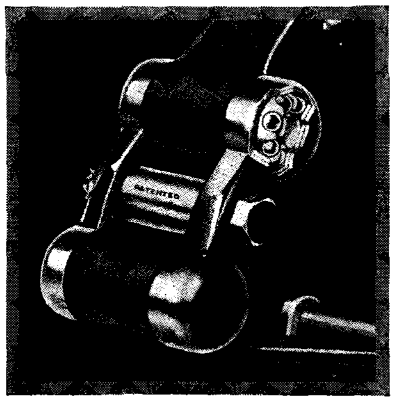
AUNT HESTER lets out a quick and exclamatory "Gracious!"—Jane voices a subdued but emphatic "Ouch!"—Bill winces as though someone had shot him. And you.... well, outwardly you're apologetic, but inwardly you're as mad as a roughed-up hornet. And, we'll add, for a very good reason.

We'll grant that rough roads and unexpected hummocks can weave a frown on the face of the most placid driver. We'll admit that those sudden jolts and jars are as racking on your car as they are on you. But do you know the cause of this commotion?

It's *Spring-Slap*—there's the culprit. It's that slap of your springs as they refuse to flex under impact. It's that bucking and rebellious flare-up of cramped and tyrannized springs—springs that are shackle-bound.

Ordinary spring shackles don't let your springs flex as freely as they should. Often your shackle bolts will be too tight or they bind—and your springs can't do their level best. Nor can your shock-absorbers do their most soothing work, for the wear on ordinary shackle bolts gives them a different job to do every day in the year—and you can't adjust them that often!

Naturally, your springs complain—and so do you! But the remedy is simple, easy to apply and inexpensive—a set of Fafnir Ball Bearing Spring Shackles.



On these frictionless, free-acting ball bearings your springs take every bump with rocking-chair easiness, without that objectionable slam and slap. Savage jolts are tamed to gentleness. Sudden bumps are shunted aside. You ride the roughest roads with incredible ease, with a new and delightful sense of comfort.

Fafnir Ball Bearing Spring Shackles completely banish shackle squeaks and rattles—yet you never have to grease them. You never have to adjust them. They prolong the life of your car. They enable your shock-absorbers to do their full duty. And they are *safer*—no shackle bolts to wear and let you down.

They are standard equipment on many cars. They can be put on yours for a cost so little that it will surprise you. Ask your garage mechanic about them.

FAFNIR BALL BEARING SPRING SHACKLES

THE FAFNIR BEARING COMPANY • NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

FAFNIR MOST COMPLETE LINE OF PRECISION BALL BEARINGS IN U.S.A.

COPYRIGHT, T.F.B.CO.,1930

The Fafnir Bearing Company
New Britain, Conn.

Please send me information about Fafnir Ball Bearing Spring Shackles.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City____________State____________

C. 5

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WE HAVE just reread the latest story by Eric Hatch, "A Day Out," and with your interests in mind we ignore the purpose of this column by refusing to tell you what it's about. It would spoil your enjoyment of a good story. We'll say this much: it's not a love story although there's a fleeting glimpse of lovers in it. The story can be read in less than five minutes, but it will take up more of your evening than that. Ten minutes after finishing it we found ourselves staring out the window, seeing nothing, and we had to quote "Let us then be up and doing, with a heart," etc., in order to get going again.

AND so we went out to New Mexico with Alan LeMay to look at the sagebrush, see how cattle act in a dry spell and find out why Jane Mackinson wouldn't marry Billy Dwight. As we suspected, the reason was old Tombstone, Jane's father. He said the lad lacked gumption. The way Billy was sticking to business in the worst season we ever saw looked like first-class gumption to us, but Tombstone said it was just plain bullheadedness. We were becoming pretty impatient when Jane suddenly took things into her own hands. And we came back to work. You can visit with the folks in "Tombstone's Daughter," but watch the old man.

EMANUEL H. LAVINE has been a night police reporter for twenty-five years. A big city's criminal classes have passed before his eyes, but being a good reporter he noted everything else in sight and couldn't help seeing the policemen.

Ah, the cops. How different today from Mr. Fogarty, the fat friend of the people, who pounded a beat in the home neighborhood. Today's cop is slim and smart and if he rides to work in a swell roadster it's none of your business how he got it.

Isn't it? You decide that. But first read Lavine's story, "Why Cops Go Wrong," as Walter Davenport has written it.

THEN calm yourself with "Beauty and the Banker," by Stephen Morehouse Avery. When The Manhattan Union Trust Company took over the Gordon Brett trust estate, it took over Miss Susan Brett too, and it became George Lockwood's duty to advise and assist her in every way until she married. Bankers have to fall in love some time, although we never thought of it. Usually, when we go into a bank love flies out the window, and our thoughts never rise above six per cent. Maybe seven.

Well, Banker Lockwood looked like a normal young man, but Susan had a tough job. We don't understand how bankers ever become reckless enough to marry. Yet the world supply of them is constantly being replenished. Providence again.

A SINGULARLY satisfying collection of stories awaits you next week—"The Man Who Saved Paris," by Winston Churchill; Charley Paddock's story of Nurmi; a tale of the sea by James B. Connolly, the old master; the popular serials by Hugh MacNair Kahler and Louis Joseph Vance. We must stop here but you needn't.

THIS WEEK

May 24, 1930

Cover—E. M. Jackson

Page 7—Louis Joseph Vance
Speaking of Women, Part I: And Lona Lanchester in particular.

Page 10—John T. Flynn
War to the Last Drop: News from the oil front.

Page 12—Hugh MacNair Kahler
Both Were Young, Part III: The detective gets something to detect.

Page 14—Millard Ward
Sea Pride: "My sweetheart is a sailor."

Page 16—Ruth Burr Sanborn
Curves are Fashionable: A love story, naturally.

Page 18—Myrtle Huggins and John B. Kennedy
Mighty Midget: The career of Miller Huggins.

Page 19—Ruth F. Wadsworth, M. D.
Right from the Heart: How's your blood pressure?

Page 20—Jerome Beatty
Catfish Hangs a Horseshoe: And saves his daughter's boy friend.

Page 22—Grantland Rice
Keeping up with Jones: None other than Robert Tyre ——.

Page 23—The Short Short Story
Justly Due: By Jeffery Farnol.

Page 24—Sax Rohmer
Fu Manchu's Daughter, Part XII: You can breathe easy, now.

Page 27—In One Ear
Yarns Picked up Here and There

Page 28—Uncle Henry
The Talk Cure: Our garrulous colleague goes on.

Page 31—Jessie Ford Keena
In the Bag: Somehow, you just can't win.

Page 65—Word Hunt
Pass Me That Dictionary!

Page 66—The Gentleman at the Keyhole
Rather Write Than Be President: Guess who, or whom.

Page 73—Milton C. Work
How Would You Play It? To win, of course.

Page 74—Editorial

Any Week

"YOU are older than I am," writes Miss Eugenia Smulling of Des Moines, "and should have more to remember than I, even if you don't know more. Anyway I'm asking for information.

"1. . . . What did Congress do to while away the time before it had prohibition to play with?

"2. . . . What is it that makes our veteran legislators and elder statesmen so ancient? Political expediency or just age?"

It being the customary and easiest way out when whippersnappers ask us fathers questions we can't answer, we always threaten them with dire punishment if they repeat the nuisance. But in this case we dismiss Miss Smulling with the admonition to read the Congressional Record for a week and take a course in the lectures of Dr. George W. Wickersham.

WE WERE extremely busy but gladly dropped everything one morning last week to greet Mr. Die Hard Horney, the Torpedo Philosopher of Estes Park, Colorado. About once a year Mr. Horney arrives in the East to tell what he thinks of it and, we rejoice to say, he never overlooks us.

"I never agree completely with anybody, including myself," roared Mr. Horney. "I can prove that everything printed is at least half wrong. But I'm having quite a time of it with you boys. This darned life's a low-ceilinged basement but every time a new Collier's arrives it is as if somebody opened the windows and let the fresh air in. I'm speaking of your articles. Your articles never pander to a local pride. You boys take a good long look at the subject and then let fly. The folks can take it or leave it. That's the way you see it and there, my friends, it is. On the other hand—"

We shan't bother you with the rest of Mr. Horney's criticism of us. Except to assure you it isn't so.

TO AN enormous file we reserve for "Miscellaneous Information" we have consigned a letter from Mrs. J. D. Feldterman of Posen, Michigan. She has discovered that the cats of America cost us twelve dollars a year per capita. Cats, says she, destroy birds and birds destroy insects. If there were no cats there would be more birds and without cats we'd have so many birds that there would be no insects at all. With insects exterminated by the unmolested birds our crops would be more than doubled. But with no birds and insects permitted to multiply at will and run wild, vegetable and human life would vanish from our great nation in three years. Therefore, our cat life costs us twelve dollars a year. Phew! We hope we have that right, Mrs. Feldterman. Always something, always something. And just as our cat became a mother again, too.

"THE argument I have just retired from," writes Mrs. Kathleen Murray of Chicago, "is whether there are any communities in North America that tax churches and church property. Can you help us?"

Yes. Vancouver. Are there others?

Volume 85, Number 21. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio. Copyright, 1930, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; George J. Kennedy, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. $2 a year United States and Canada. $4 a year foreign countries. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by sufficient postage for their return if found unavailable. The publisher can accept no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

Chris-Craft MERCHANTS

CALIFORNIA
Carmel: John N. Merrill
San Francisco
  Burbank & Stewart
Los Angeles
Santa Barbara and
Wilmington
  Yacht & Motor Sales Corp.

CONNECTICUT
Bridgeport: Weed Motors Corp.
Essex: Essex Marine Railway
Greenwich: Speedboat Sales, Inc.
Hartford: Weston M. Jenks, Inc.
New London
  Edward L. Hall,
  ℅ Burr's Yacht Station
New Haven: Shutter Radio Co.
Norwich: Julian L. Williams
Stamford: Motoryachts Company
Uncasville: Edward L. Hall
West Haven: Shutter Radio Co.
Winsted: George A. Scoville

DELAWARE
Wilmington
  Marine Construction Co.

DISTRICT of COLUMBIA
Washington: Arthur Seagren

FLORIDA
Eustis: Bassett Boat Works
Miami Beach
  E. R. Jones Marine Corp.
  Miami Outboard Company
Pensacola: Rox Boat Store, Inc.

GEORGIA
Savannah
  Driverless Auto Rental Co.

ILLINOIS
Antioch: Edward P. Dressel
Chicago
  Chris-Craft Water Transit, Inc.
  Henry C. Grebe & Co., Inc.
  The Gogebic Co.
  Wilson & Richardson, Inc.
Cicero: A. Novack & Co.
Decatur: Water Sports Co.
Evanston: Franklin Cook
Fox Lake: Kramer & Kannig
McHenry
  Fox River Valley Boat Co.
Rockford: Pla-Mor Sport Shop
Waukegan: Larsen Boat Livery

INDIANA
Syracuse: The Wawasee Slip

IOWA
Burlington
  Midwest Tire & Battery Co.
Davenport: Grant Motor Sales
Mason City: Peter Selby

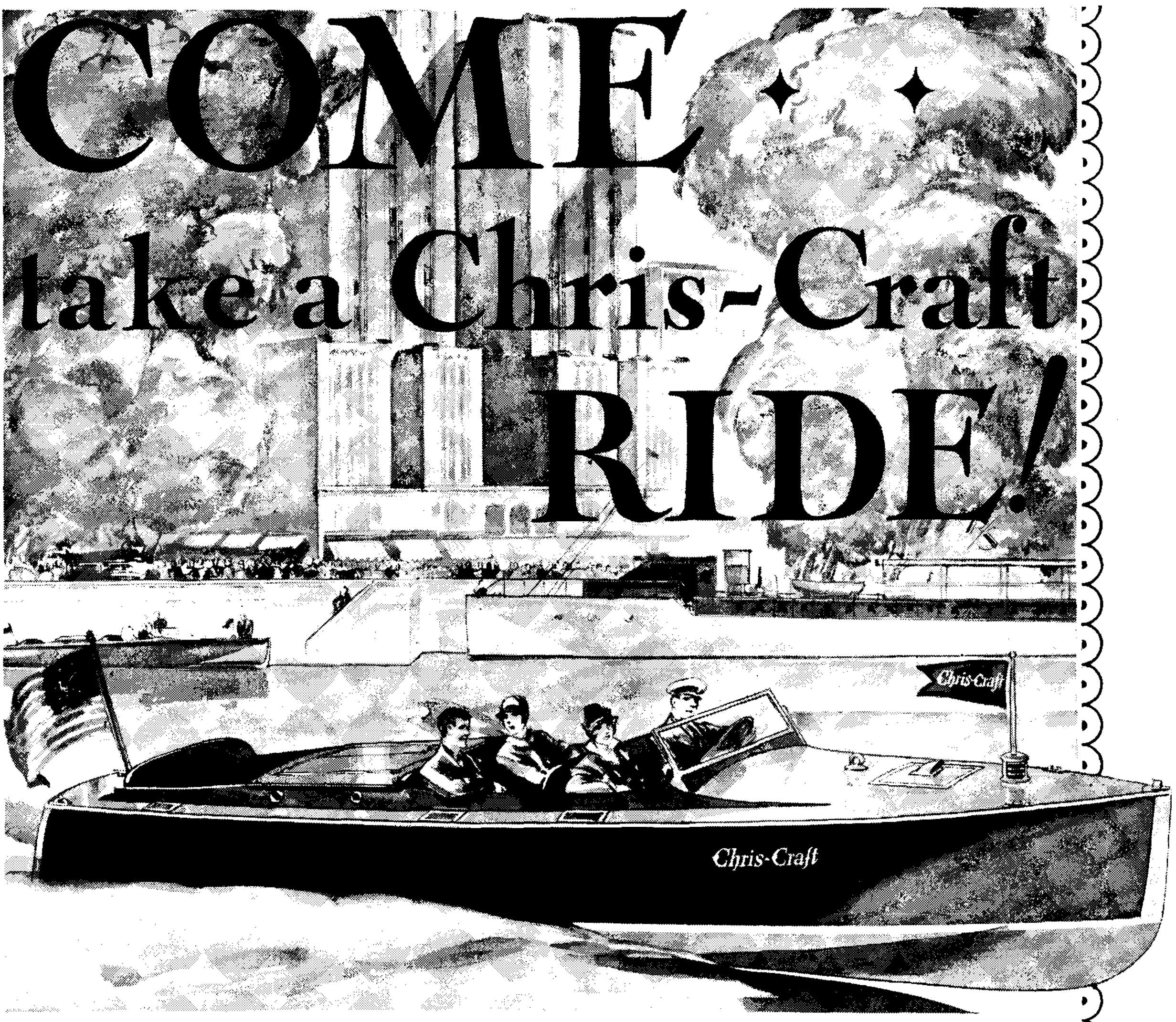
MAINE
Auburn
  Wells Sporting Goods Co., Inc.
Bar Harbor: F. B. Hayes
Belgrade Lakes
  Everett P. Johnson
Boothbay Harbor
  R. A. Scott Co.
Calais: W. D. Hill
Camden: Knox Marine Exchange
Ogontz
  Moosehead Marine Sales Co.
Portland: Albert G. Frost
Rangeley: C. L. Haley
York Village: R. C. Blaisdell, Inc.

MARYLAND
Baltimore: Unger & Mahon, Inc.
Dundalk, Baltimore
  Marine Equipment & Supply Co.
Easton:
  The Shannahan & Wrightson Hardware Co.
Hackspoint Beach:
  Marine Construction Co.
North East: A. T. Conord
St. Michaels: Frank Ferris

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston: Noyes Marine Company
Brockton
  Bailey Motor Sales, Inc.
Buzzards Bay: H. S. Parkhurst
Fall River: Fall River Buick Co.
Gloucester: Noyes Marine Co.
  ℅ Hart Garage Co.
Harwichport
  Allen Harbor Marine Service
Haverhill
  Merrimac Valley Marine Co.
Humarock: Robert S. Boles
Lowell: Lowell Caille Motor
Marblehead: Noyes Marine Co.
Nantucket: South Boat Yard
Neponset: George Lawley & Sons Boat Corp.
Newburyport
  Hardinger & Hoyt, Inc.
New Bedford
  Peirce & Kilburn, Inc.
Osterville: Chester A. Crosby
Provincetown: Darrow Adams
Quincy: F. D. Lawley, Inc.
Springfield:
  Springfield Marine Sales
Vineyard Haven: Wm. G. Manter
Wareham: H. A. Suddard
Worcester
  Harry Winchester's Boat House

MICHIGAN
Battle Creek
  Montgomery Motor Sales Co.
Bay City: Garber Buick Co.
Calumet: Michigan Auto Co.
Cheboygan: Steve Majestic
Detroit
  Belle Isle Boat & Engine Co.
Harbor Springs
  Melching Boat Works
Hessel: E. J. Mertaugh
Holland: Jessick Brothers
Kalamazoo
  Kalamazoo Auto Sales Co.
Lake Gogebic: The Gogebic Co.
Muskegon: Ginman Boat Co.
Saginaw: Garber Buick Company
Spring Lake
  E. J. Bauman Marine Corp.
Walloon Lake: W. J. Masters
Whitehall: Clarence Pitkin

MINNESOTA
Duluth and Minneapolis
  Minnesota Marine Corporation
Red Wing: James Friedricks
St. Paul: Jule Hannaford, Jr



COME take a Chris-Craft RIDE!

Chris-Craft 22-foot Runabout, 75 or 125 H. P., speed up to 30 or 36 M. P. H., price $2195 to $2595

Come down to the water's edge. Ease yourself into the deep cushions of a stylish Chris-Craft. Glide out over the water for the most delightful ride you ever had, a ride in a Chris-Craft as our guest.

You are cordially invited to bring friends, guests and members of your family. You are invited to take the wheel, to get the full benefit of this delightful experience.

How you will enjoy it! The driving, you will find, is like driving your car on land, since steering, starting and lighting devices are the same. You will feel the same dependable, steady power carry you along at express train speed. You will experience a sense of complete control and of perfect obedience in the craft you are driving. You will be safe, dry and perfectly comfortable.

Chris-Craft merchants throughout the world, as listed on this page, have set aside the period of May 28th to June 10th to act as hosts to the thousands who want to try a Chris-Craft. The two weeks include several holidays, Saturdays and Sundays, which make it possible for all to ride. Naturally a telephone appointment with the nearest merchant avoids waiting, but in any event, be our guest. Come! Take a Chris-Craft Ride. Get our new catalog.

25 Models ▾ Runabouts ▾ Sedans ▾ Commuters ▾ Cruisers ▾ Yachts ▾ 17 to 48 feet ▾ $1295 to $35,000

CHRIS SMITH & SONS BOAT COMPANY
865 Detroit Road - - - Algonac, Michigan
New York Showrooms: 1 West 52nd Street at 5th Avenue

Chris-Craft

Leadership that is Ever Increasing

CHRIS-CRAFT MERCHANTS IN OTHER LANDS

Buenos Aires and Tigre, Argentina
  Corporation Tiluca
  M. de Alzaga Unzue
Chatham, Ontario, Canada
  Chatham Boat Co.
Copenhagen, Denmark
  General Speedboat Co., Ltd.
Geneva, Switzerland
  d'Arcis & d'Arcis
Golfe Juan, France
  Messrs. Stewart & Burton
Honolulu, Hawaii
  Yacht & Motor Sales Corp.
London, W. I., England
  Arthur Bray
Manila, Philippine Islands
  Bachrach Motor Co.
Montevideo, Uruguay
  Alfredo Behrens & Cia.
Paris, France: Arthur Bray
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil
  J. A. Barros
Santiago, Chile
  Compania Chilena
Sydney, Australia
  L. B. Clarkson
Sao Paulo, Brazil
  Companhai Nacional De Automoveis S/A
Talcahuana, Chile
  Oscar Spoerer & Cia.
Tokio, Japan: Motor Boat Co.
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada
  G. H. Page; K. M. Motors

Chris-Craft MERCHANTS

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Newfound Lake: A. G. Johnson
Sunapee: Smith Machine Co.
The Weirs: Irwin Corporation
Wolfeboro: Goodhue & Hawkins

NEW JERSEY
Bay Head: H. S. Johnson Boat & Engine Works
Brielle: Feuerbach & Hansen
East Orange: Speedboat Sales & Service Co. of N. J.
Island Heights
  Island Heights Boat Yard
Lake Hopatcong
  Hockenjos & Hockenjos
Longport: Pollard Marine Co.
Lyndhurst: Park Motor Co.
Red Bank: H. L. Zobel
Stone Harbor: J. Salvesen & Son

NEW YORK
Albany: Berkshire Motor Car Co.
Alexandria Bay
  Thomson & Wilbur
Arverne: Arverne Yacht Works
Auburn: R. J. Stevenson
Babylon: W. A. Frost
Bayshore, L. I.: Roy M. Brewster
Bemus Point
  L. S. Aero Marine, Inc.
Binghamton
  Syracuse Motor Marine Corp.
Bolton Landing
  E. W. Lamb & Sons
Buffalo: Own-A-Boat Corp.
  Swan Marine Sales Company
Clayton: George W. Mercier
Cooperstown
  Cooks Auto & Supply Co.
East Setauket, L. I.
  Lyon Bros. Contracting Co.
Elmira: M. Doyle Marks Co., Inc.
Far Rockaway
  Peninsula Radio Company
Fulton: J. Hillock
Glenburnie-on-Lake George
  Richard Manning
Gloversville: I. Helman
Inlet: H. F. Hamel
Ithaca: J. A. McLaughlin
Katskill Bay: Morgan & Cowles
Lake Placid: George & Bliss
Leroy: J. C. Frey
New Rochelle; Charles F. Weller
New Suffolk: Goldsmith & Tuthill
New York City
  Chris-Craft Boat Company
  Haynes-Griffin, Inc.
  Wilbur R. Kelley
  Sutter Bros.
  John Wanamaker
Niagara Falls
  Pierce-Smale Motor Corp.
Nyack: N. C. Lawson Motor Co.
Old Forge: John Rivett & Son
Oneida: Kalet & Schieffle
Ossining: Ossining Marine Sales Co.
Port Chester: John P. Harris
Port Jefferson, L. I.
  Charles W. Bishop
Port Washington, L. I.
  Arverne Yacht Works
Poughkeepsie:
  Buckhout Boat Corp.
Rochester
  Syracuse Motor Marine Corp.
Skaneateles: Bentley & Thomas
Syracuse
  Syracuse Motor Marine Corp.
Troy: Ashton-Collins Corp.
Utica: Syracuse Motor Marine
Watertown: George W. Mercier
Yonkers
  Yonkers Motor Boat Sales Co.

OHIO
Buckeye Lake: Sayre & Fink
Cincinnati: Fulton Marine Co.
Cleveland
  Porter Marine Sales Co.
Lakeside
  Worthy R. Brown & Son, Inc.
Toledo: Jones Motor Company

OREGON
Portland
  Epton Boat & Engine Co.

PENNSYLVANIA
Erie: Bissett-Bender Boat Corp.
Essington
  Yacht Repair & Storage Co.
Kennett Square: A. T. Concord
Philadelphia
  Ludington Aircraft Co.
  Marine Equipment & Supply Co.
Scranton: Lackawanna Auto Co.
Waynesboro
  Emmert D. Hoffman

RHODE ISLAND
East Greenwich
  Frederick S. Nock, Inc.
Newport: Perry Garage Co.
Providence: Noyes Marine Co.
Westerly: Robert E. Loomis

TEXAS
Houston: R. B. Lechenger

VERMONT
Burlington: Champlain Marine & Realty Co., Inc.
Newport: Hiram Foster

VIRGINIA
Alexandria: Jas. F. Carlin, Jr.

WASHINGTON
Seattle: Epton Boat & Engine Co.

WISCONSIN
Angus: Elbert R. Faust
Delavan: Delavan Lake Boat Co.
Fontana: Palmer Boat Company
Green Bay: E. F. Hasbrook
Green Lake: Green Lake Garage
Land O' Lakes: Ross A. Woodhull
Lauderdale Lake
  Russell Q. Luckow
Milwaukee: Studebaker Sales Co. of Milwaukee
Minocqua: Harrington & Keith
Oshkosh: E. F. Hasbrook
Sister Bay
  Door County Marine Sales
Waupaca: C. L. Christianson
Williams Bay: Hopkins & Walker

"We always recommend RCA Radiotrons"

says

DR. FULTON CUTTING

Chairman of the Board

COLONIAL RADIO CORPORATION

"COLONIAL engineers are enthusiastic about RCA Radiotrons and test all Colonial sets with them. It has been repeatedly proven that inferior tubes are a serious handicap to complete radio satisfaction, for if the tubes do not function properly, nothing functions properly. RCA Radiotrons are recognized as the standard of the industry and are built with scientific precision. So we always recommend RCA Radiotrons to owners of Colonial sets."

RCA
RCA
UX-245
POWER AMPLIFIER
FIL. VOLTS 2.5
FIL. AMP'S. 1.5
PLATE VOLTS (MAXIMUM) 250
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Radiotron
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)
RCA
RADIOTRON
UX-245
RCA

RADIO ENGINEERS ADVISE:

Replace all the vacuum tubes in your radio set with RCA Radiotrons at least once a year. This is the only sure way to maintain good performance and minimize disagreeable noises and other troubles caused by inferior tubes. RCA Radiotrons will give you the maximum in selectivity, sensitivity and *tone quality.*

Old tubes may impair the performance of the new

This is the 19th in a series of endorsements of RCA Radiotrons by the leading radio set manufacturers.

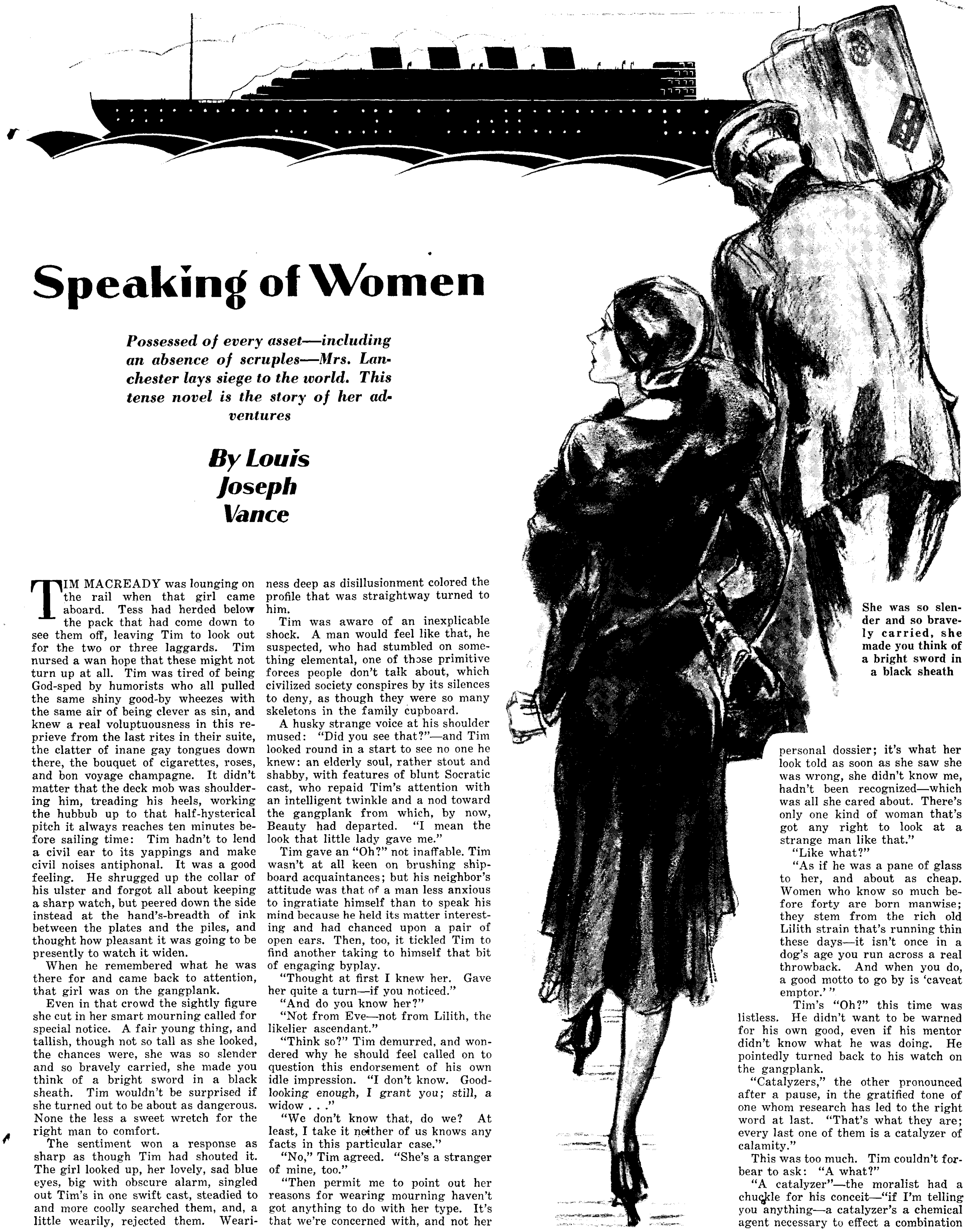
RCA RADIOTRON CO., INC., HARRISON, N. J.

RCA Radiotron

THE HEART OF YOUR RADIO SET

Collier's The National Weekly for May 24, 1930

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY IOLA, KANSAS



She was so slender and so bravely carried, she made you think of a bright sword in a black sheath

Speaking of Women

Possessed of every asset—including an absence of scruples—Mrs. Lanchester lays siege to the world. This tense novel is the story of her adventures

By Louis Joseph Vance

TIM MACREADY was lounging on the rail when that girl came aboard. Tess had herded below the pack that had come down to see them off, leaving Tim to look out for the two or three laggards. Tim nursed a wan hope that these might not turn up at all. Tim was tired of being God-sped by humorists who all pulled the same shiny good-by wheezes with the same air of being clever as sin, and knew a real voluptuousness in this reprieve from the last rites in their suite, the clatter of inane gay tongues down there, the bouquet of cigarettes, roses, and bon voyage champagne. It didn't matter that the deck mob was shouldering him, treading his heels, working the hubbub up to that half-hysterical pitch it always reaches ten minutes before sailing time: Tim hadn't to lend a civil ear to its yappings and make civil noises antiphonal. It was a good feeling. He shrugged up the collar of his ulster and forgot all about keeping a sharp watch, but peered down the side instead at the hand's-breadth of ink between the plates and the piles, and thought how pleasant it was going to be presently to watch it widen.

When he remembered what he was there for and came back to attention, that girl was on the gangplank.

Even in that crowd the sightly figure she cut in her smart mourning called for special notice. A fair young thing, and tallish, though not so tall as she looked, the chances were, she was so slender and so bravely carried, she made you think of a bright sword in a black sheath. Tim wouldn't be surprised if she turned out to be about as dangerous. None the less a sweet wretch for the right man to comfort.

The sentiment won a response as sharp as though Tim had shouted it. The girl looked up, her lovely, sad blue eyes, big with obscure alarm, singled out Tim's in one swift cast, steadied to and more coolly searched them, and, a little wearily, rejected them. Weariness deep as disillusionment colored the profile that was straightway turned to him.

Tim was aware of an inexplicable shock. A man would feel like that, he suspected, who had stumbled on something elemental, one of those primitive forces people don't talk about, which civilized society conspires by its silences to deny, as though they were so many skeletons in the family cupboard.

A husky strange voice at his shoulder mused: "Did you see that?"—and Tim looked round in a start to see no one he knew: an elderly soul, rather stout and shabby, with features of blunt Socratic cast, who repaid Tim's attention with an intelligent twinkle and a nod toward the gangplank from which, by now, Beauty had departed. "I mean the look that little lady gave me."

Tim gave an "Oh?" not inaffable. Tim wasn't at all keen on brushing shipboard acquaintances; but his neighbor's attitude was that of a man less anxious to ingratiate himself than to speak his mind because he held its matter interesting and had chanced upon a pair of open ears. Then, too, it tickled Tim to find another taking to himself that bit of engaging byplay.

"Thought at first I knew her. Gave her quite a turn—if you noticed."

"And do you know her?"

"Not from Eve—not from Lilith, the likelier ascendant."

"Think so?" Tim demurred, and wondered why he should feel called on to question this endorsement of his own idle impression. "I don't know. Good-looking enough, I grant you; still, a widow . . ."

"We don't know that, do we? At least, I take it neither of us knows any facts in this particular case."

"No," Tim agreed. "She's a stranger of mine, too."

"Then permit me to point out her reasons for wearing mourning haven't got anything to do with her type. It's that we're concerned with, and not her personal dossier; it's what her look told as soon as she saw she was wrong, she didn't know me, hadn't been recognized—which was all she cared about. There's only one kind of woman that's got any right to look at a strange man like that."

"Like what?"

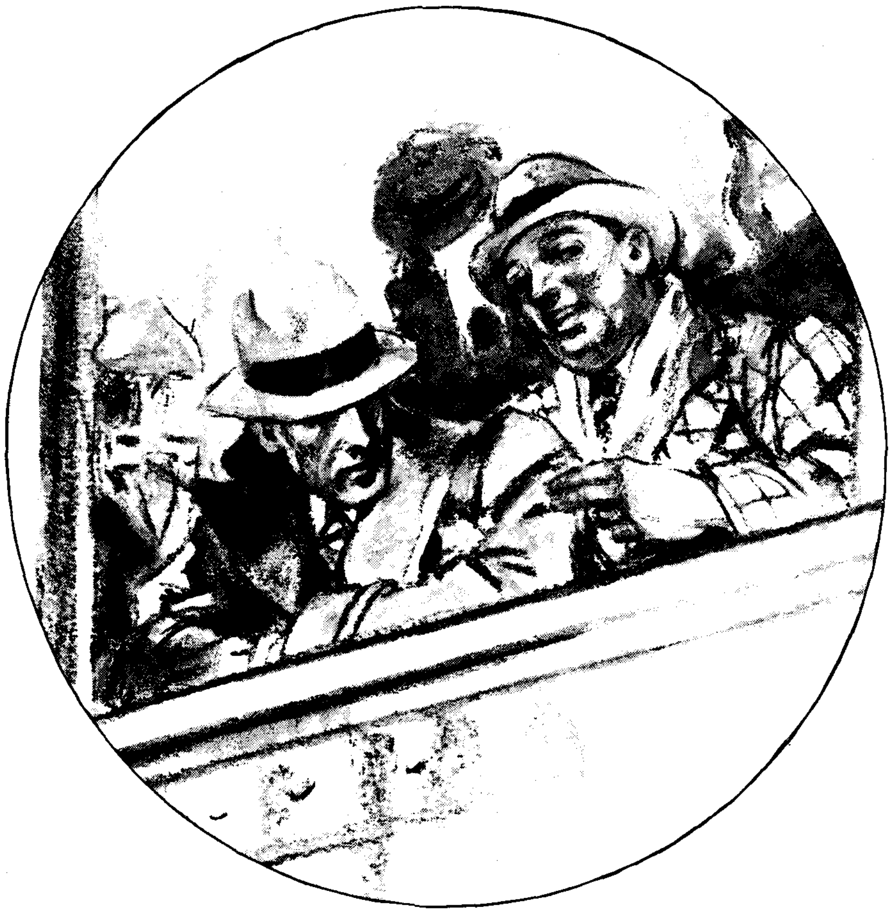
"As if he was a pane of glass to her, and about as cheap. Women who know so much before forty are born manwise; they stem from the rich old Lilith strain that's running thin these days—it isn't once in a dog's age you run across a real throwback. And when you do, a good motto to go by is 'caveat emptor.' "

Tim's "Oh?" this time was listless. He didn't want to be warned for his own good, even if his mentor didn't know what he was doing. He pointedly turned back to his watch on the gangplank.

"Catalyzers," the other pronounced after a pause, in the gratified tone of one whom research has led to the right word at last. "That's what they are; every last one of them is a catalyzer of calamity."

This was too much. Tim couldn't forbear to ask: "A what?"

"A catalyzer"—the moralist had a chuckle for his conceit—"if I'm telling you anything—a catalyzer's a chemical agent necessary to effect a combination



A husky voice mused: "Did you see that?" The Socratic stranger nodded toward the gangplank. "I mean the look that little lady gave me"

of other elements but unaffected by the action. Say a man wants to make sulphuric acid. He brings sulphur dioxide and oxygen together in the right proportions—and nothing happens. Then he introduces platinum to the mixture and promptly gets pure sulphuric. But the platinum itself comes through without the least loss or change. That's chemical catalysis. Well, social catalysis, of one sort or another, is all the time going on, too. Take women of that type: they sow calamity in all the lives they cross and remain themselves unharmed. Men die for them like flies, and because of them other women find out hell isn't in the hereafter: but the catalytic agents die full of years, as a general thing, in peace and plenty—particularly plenty."

"You don't hold with Scripture, then? —'The wages of *sin*'—"

"'Is death,' as a rule, only to the weaklings involved, the ones who pay the wages. The strong, who earn them, generally survive to earn some more and lay that by."

A steward passed, clanging a bell and wailing, and Tim consulted the dial on his wrist: time to get below and shoo all those dear bores ashore.

"I see you are a philosopher," was the politest exit speech he was able to extemporize.

"In a small way." The man ducked an indulgent head. "There's not much else to do with middle age, these days, if you don't play bridge."

"Or if you do!"

A hand plucked at Tim's sleeve to detain him.

"We've got seven days of this to come, my friend. Keep your eye on the pretty catalyzer—you ought to find that easy—and see if I'm not a good prophet."

TIM woke up for once not sluggishly, but at an early hour for him, and with the hungry morning mind that was another of his long-forfeit habits.

The day had fallen kind. He could tell without moving. Skittish curtains at the port yielded flashes of its smile. An elf was playing spider on the ceiling, weaving the refracted shine of ripples into webs of restless iridescence. The measured deep wind of the engines had to be listened for, the slight but incessant vibration of its metal shell furnished the only other evidence that the ship was in full stride.

Tim turned quietly on his pillow to gaze across the space between the twin beds. Tess was sweetly sleeping. It was so snug there in the stateroom she had permitted the covers to slip down from a shoulder of pale ivory fashioned as subtly as a young girl's. You had to look twice at that tranquil face, moreover, to see it was a grown woman's. Tess was the sort, neither dark nor fair, whose noons are kind, as a rule, and long; a type which would seem to be specially bred to wisdom in manhandling. You wouldn't think, to look at Tess, she had made Tim a good husband the best part of her life. The quip was decrepit but its present application pat. The rub was, Tess had.

A smothered grunt was more a groan, as much as to say that Tim was as God made him, life was like that, it was no use asking too much of clay which was but mortal, riddled with mortal failings. And then, because he was coming to be consciously bored with the yellow streak that was forever driving Tim Macready to shelter under every man's blanket excuse, he grunted to another tune and roused himself lest introspection be the death of this strange new zest.

He had been too long inured to wakings of the "Heigh-ho! another day" order. A trick, his heart misgave him, of creeping years. Though that, of course, was stretching the facts a bit. He was only a little older than Tess; and Tess had a good way yet to go before she would need to ask odds of younger women. Tess, to be sure, would be Tess no more when reduced to asking odds of anybody, God, man or she-devil. Still, and for all that, loss of appetite for mischief was, according to the authorities, one of the truest symptoms of senescence. And fretting about having refound it was not improbably another. Tim hoped it didn't mean he was in a way to make some sort of a damn' fool of himself.

This was warm to the clue. The fair false face of summer that spread beyond the bathroom port obliged with the conclusive reminder—and halted Tim's razor halfway down a jowl—it was so profoundly blue. So had her eyes been—that girl's—last night.

Tim groaned again, aloud this time, finding himself embarrassed by an indelible impression, confounded still by the intelligence which had spoken to his in that tired blue stare.

Well! he shouldn't wonder if his gossip of the rail had been right; women like that were born into the world every so often, to whom the minds of men were an open book, their hearts an old story. Tim guessed it took all kinds.

HERE, having finished shaving, Tim put off his pajamas for a swimming suit and robe. Tess considerately refrained from hearing him tiptoe out through the sitting-room, and he met only stewards on his way to the pool. This would naturally be a morning of late and slighted breakfasts. He was *the first, at all events,* to dip into that tank of bland salt water dyed with the peacock hues of its stained-glass dome. And when, after a spell of hard exertion, he rolled over to rest floating, love of life was creaming in Tim like champagne in a glass, he felt up to anything, as ripe for devilment as any of the youngsters who capered in presently and rent the peace to tatters.

He had only faint damns, notwithstanding, for the appearance at the pool-side of the girl with the troubling eyes, and, although about ready to swim out, on second thought stopped where he was while the young woman put hesitation with her robe behind her and took off in one quick, clean dive. Not too quick, however. You couldn't say she cheated. Any man with his eyes open had time to see how good God had been in fitting her out with every feature to make a one-piece suit seem reasonable. As for the freak which sanctioned so weird a shift from last night's weeds, Tim was willing to be broad-minded. Conceivably even the bereaved ought to try to keep fit. He would go no farther than to say that to seek a public swimming pool for the purpose proved at least an enterprising spirit.

Whether she had marked and remembered him he couldn't tell. She didn't look his way while in the water; and Tim, studious to refrain from asking for another nip of blue frost when her head in its elastic cap forged past, directly struck out for the steps and padded back to his good wife.

TESS was sitting up in bed to take her first cup of tea. She was one of those rare women whose complexions come unimpaired from a pillow. Her clever brown eyes were none the less kind; easier eyes to live with, for all their infernal penetration, Tim suspected, than eyes like the sea that knew everything but the base metal of man best of all.

"You're looking very fit this morning, Tim dear, and guilty. I expect you had a good swim. Meet somebody amusing?"

"Divvle a body. I don't look to see any of our lot much before the sun gets over the yard-arm. By that time, though, they'll be waiting in line, and if you should happen to crave my society you'll know where to find me."

"That's one of the rare compensations for a sea trip with you, my dear; one always knows precisely where to find you. Are there so many we know—?" Tess frowned over the printed passenger list that had come in on her tray. "I mean, besides Jim Bonnell and Angie."

"The Collivers—"

"Oh!"—Tess made a horrid face—"those—!"

"Snap out of Snob's Snug Harbor, old girl. This isn't East Sixty-seventh any more; it's the antic Atlantic. Passengers are supposed to bury their own dead and cook hop only in their own cabins. Otherwise, everything goes. The Collivers are swell bridgers. You and Edith will be using the same two-bid by the time we get to Cherbourg."

"And you and Dud Colliver will probably be put ashore on the same shutter."

"Shouldn't wonder."

"*And Ralph Tattersall on the next.*"

"Rollo?" Tim, his arms full of clothing, halted on the threshold. "He isn't on board . . ."

"Isn't he? No; I don't see his name here. But I thought I caught sight of him, last night, in the crowd on deck."

"We had a farewell shot at the club before dinner—one more than Rollo needed, if it matters. He wouldn't have come down to see anybody else without looking us up. You must have been mistaken."

"It's possible. I always had a feeling I would be, some day." Tess mused over the list: "Mrs. Lanchester. I wonder . . ."

"Who?" Tim called back from the sitting-room.

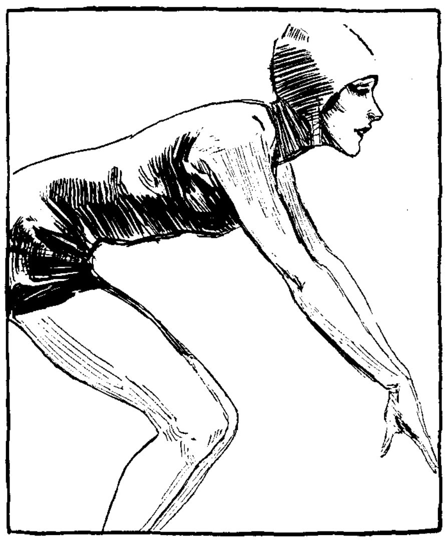
"Tim! do you suppose that could be Mona Deane?"

"Do I suppose who could be who?"

"You do remember Alice Deane's daughter, Mona. She married one of the Maryland Lanchesters and went to live in Baltimore. I seem to remember somebody's saying, only a few weeks ago, her husband had died and left her fearfully well fixed."

"Well, what of it?"

"There's a Mrs. Lanchester down here. Tim, I'm sure *it* must be Mona. Now I come to think of it, I noticed a woman in deep mourning going into the next stateroom last night—poor thing!"



"You would."

"Wouldn't it be funny if it turned out Mona was our neighbor!"

"Funny's the mot juste, all right."

"And Versennes is on board, too. I never knew he meant to go home so soon."

"I'll have to speak to him about that—if it's the same one."

"Don't be *ridiculous*. There couldn't be two counts of that name."

In lively anticipation of his breakfast Tim let himself out timely, to surprise a smile, like sunlight on blue water, in the eyes of a young woman who, hugging a robe about her, swinging the rubber cap she had removed from a shingled head as fair as brass, and humming The Song is Ended, happened to be passing in the gangway. The smile, he quite understood, was reminiscent merely of an inspiriting swim—that it should be instantly rubbed out didn't amaze him; what did, rather, was to be given so patently to understand that the encounter was resented. Tim was quite sure he hadn't simpered in honor of that smile. For one thing, he hadn't had time to; for another, simpering at odd women wasn't of his technique. He had only pulled up in the open doorway to let the pretty creature pass; and what offense she could have read into so negative a courtesy he couldn't guess. But that it had kicked up the dickens of a temper he had every common evidence to assure him. What else could the sudden tightening of her mouth have meant? the cold fire in her eyes, the flare in her cheeks?

He was aware that the young woman had flung into the next stateroom and shut its door with a bang. But why?

"The Widdy Lanchester!"

Another sell for Tess!

He went his way to breakfast, a little piqued, but more amused.

TOWARD mid-morning a cabin steward with a knowing eye waylaid Tim on deck.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Macready: you're wanted below, sir, in C-37."

"Wanted for what?"

"Stateroom 37, C deck; I was only to tell you that, sir, and say it's urgent."

"Who says so?"

"I've said all I was told to—'nk you, sir!"

The man took himself off, grinning.

C-37 was an inside cell, amidships. Tim's knuckles woke a blithe but rusty barytone, he turned the knob, stuck his head in, smartly followed it, and shut the door to such effect that the solitary tenant, a gentleman who, in full evening dress, was reclining in a berth that had not been slept in, screwed up his eyes and winced convulsively in every other member.

"For the love of Pete!" he groaned—"what price some bedside manner, Tim? Can't you see I'm dyin'?"

"Almost," Tim said, "almost I wish you were. But if you want me to hope for the best, Rollo, you'll have to look it."

"Am, all the same," the recumbent one declared. "Dyin' by inches." A younger man than Tim by several years, hooded small bright eyes, a lean beak and a sardonic slit of a mouth lent him an older look. Barring a hectic glitter in his stare and a constant blush which stained even his bald spot and the nape of his neck, nothing in his appearance was in any way abnormal. His tongue was, however, a thought too careful, and his hands inclined to wander. "A hundred years from now, and where'll I be?" he demanded. "What'll be left of poor old Ralph Tattersall? A memory, tha's all, a fragrant memory—"

"A reek."

"That's how much a fellow's pals care!" Tattersall affected a snivel with indifferent success. It is difficult to pity oneself convincingly on unlimited Lanson. Groping fingers found and twined round one of two glasses that waited with an open bottle on a tray. "But tha's all right with me, boy. 'S a swell way to croak. *Ave, imperator! morituri te salutant.*" He slopped a libation on the bedding and thriftily gobbled the rest. "Sit down, Civic Virtue; unbend and have a spot of grape. Have two spots. The steward and I are on terms of perfect understandin'. He knows he'll get no tip if I ring and he comes a-runnin' without another bottle."

He fumbled for the push-button. Tim would be damned if he'd help him find it. "Tess was right," he grumbled. "That's the worst of that woman, Rollo; she's always right. She was sure she'd seen you on deck last night, some time before the zero hour, and I wouldn't believe her. I'd give something now if I didn't have to. What in thunder do you mean by it?"

"Don't you know? Where's your intuition?" the invalid babbled, splashing both glasses full. "I'm a patriot, I am. I'm a one hundred per cent he-blooded red man upholdin' national tradition, and hang the expense. I'm the drunken American. No cruise complete without one. Buzzed down to kiss you goo'-by last night, and when I saw what a rotten start this tub was gettin' off to, with everybody sober's a president—why! I saw my duty clear and hunted up purser. 'Ship me somewheres East of Rum Row,' says I to him, s'I, 'where the liquor ain't accursed, where there ain't no Dry Commandment and—and they can't put a good scout in the hoosegow for admittin' he's got a thirst.' That ain't just right. It went better the way I cracked it last night. But you get the idea."

He was pained to find the bottle had treacherously gone dry while he wasn't looking. "You ring this time, Tim. Maybe he can tell the difference, maybe he'll show li'l' speed if he knows there's a man in the house."

"Listen, Rollo: I'll walk out on you and never come back unless you give me a sane answer. What's the meaning of this caper?"

"THAT'S how it always is," Tattersall made moan to the universe at large; "he never will let me be my natural, light-hearted, unaffected self—all the time askin' mean questions about things I don't want to think about. And calls himself my buddy! Oh, all right; sit down again, Tim—I'll come clean. I don't mind *your* knowing all my girlish secrets. Look!" The fool realized a sobering consideration and, sitting up, rested a hand of unsteady prayer on Tim's wrist. "How long 've you been up?" he anxiously asked—"long enough to fluff around much? Haven't seen anythin' of red-headed party on war path, have you? Tell me the truth, Tim; I'm prepared for the worst—been up all night preparin' for it. Haven't seen this red-headed party I mean snoopin' round and askin' if anybody's seen me, have you?"

"You poor fish," Tim said with feeling. "I suppose you mean Nelly. What's happened? Had another battle and fled the stricken field?"

"Yep," Tattersall glumly admitted; "the li'l' woman made up her mind to do the right thing by me; and of course she had to begin pickin' on me last night at Carl Lander's. You know Carl—"

"I've heard you speak of him."

"Well, Carl threw a party, the first since he made himself a widower—"

"What do you mean, 'made himself a widower?'"

"Why! that Lona girl he was travelin' with, you know—"

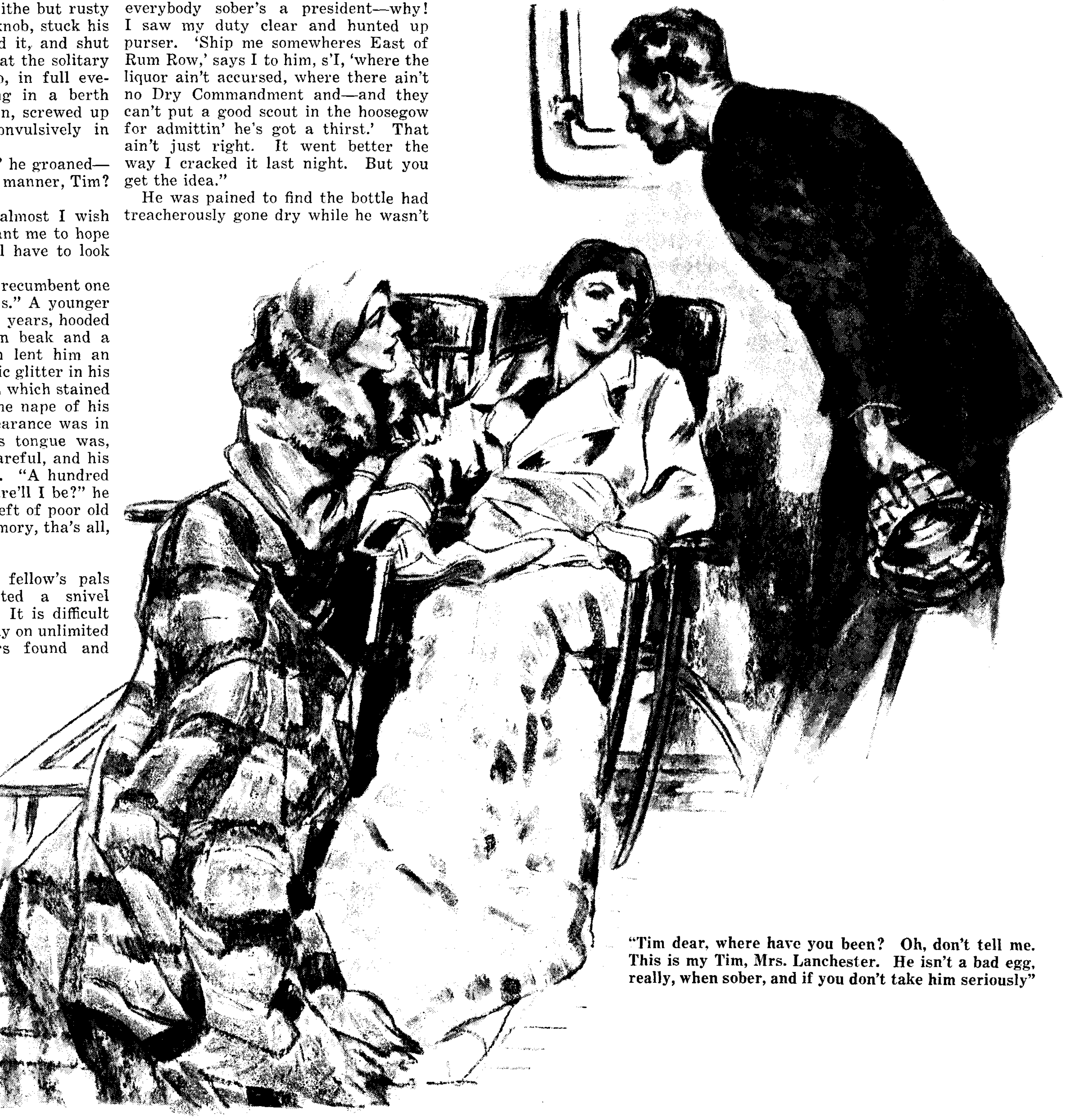
"I know nothing whatever about your Lander, or his women."

"That's right; but this dame I'm tellin' you about got a crush on some boy in Lander's office, and when Carl tumbled the kid blew his brains out. Seems he was a Southerner and sensitive about his honor or somethin'. So Carl handed Lona her passports; and seein' his wife had left him on account of Lona, that made him good as a widower, didn't it?"

"Don't see yet what all this has to do with you and Nelly."

"Only that she started makin' passes at me last night at this party. So I ran out on her. Had to, or I'd have waked up as honest a man this mornin'

(*Continued on page 41*)



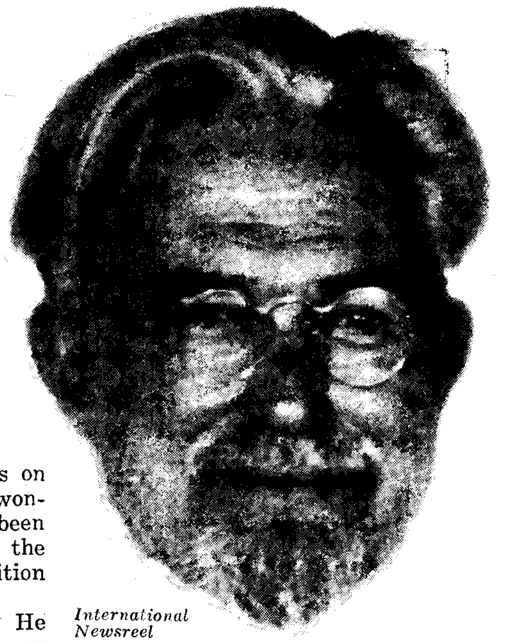
Illustrated by Hubert Mathieu

"Tim dear, where have you been? Oh, don't tell me. This is my Tim, Mrs. Lanchester. He isn't a bad egg, really, when sober, and if you don't take him seriously"

War to the Last Drop

By John T. Flynn

What will it cost you to go driving in 1936? Probably a little more than it does today, but that's only so that it won't cost you too much in 1950. Behind the fluctuation of prices at the pumps a battle of the giants is being fought. Rockefeller started it. Now Teagle and Deterding and Doherty are carrying it on. And the outcome is decidedly your business


International Newsreel

Henry L. Doherty of Cities Service is the author of the unit-operation plan for conserving our oil reserves

ONE day back in 1872, John D. Rockefeller, then a young oil man in Cleveland, walked hurriedly across the public square to the office of Col. O. H. Payne. Payne was his richest and bitterest rival. John D. proposed a combination to control the refining business and Col. Payne assented. A few months later the producers in the oil regions of Pennsylvania read one morning in the Oil City Derrick that a powerful group of refiners had secretly combined to dominate the industry. As one chronicler puts it, "all oildom rushed into the streets." The first great oil war was on. That was almost sixty years ago. It has been going on ever since. Indeed the oil industry might be called the Sixty Years' War.

No one can tell where the endless struggle will break out next. One season it is in the Far East. Another it is in Mexico. Then it flames up in California, or becomes a general conflagration raging at every gasoline pump. The last battle was staged at Washington.

In January a large man—Walter C. Teagle—a huge bulk of a man, who sits now in the seat once occupied by John D. Rockefeller, issued an order. Teagle is head of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey and is the largest buyer of crude oil in the world. His order was a simple one—that his company cut by twenty-five cents a barrel the price it would pay for crude oil.

Then the scene shifts swiftly to Tulsa, Oklahoma, the capital of Oil. The oil producers are in a hastily called meeting—a meeting planned for thirty to which four hundred came—angry, gesticulating men, full of hot denunciation and threats. The order reducing the price paid for crude oil had been published there. And these wrathful Tulsa oil-well operators were summoned to utter their defiance. They were not all small fry. One of them was Edwin B. Reeser, president of the American Petroleum Institute, level-headed, good-humored, tactful. But he was as wroth as the next one. He denounced the cut and called on Mr. Teagle to reconsider his order.

Sinclair Takes a Hand

In a few days the whole industry was thrilled at the prospect of a battle of the giants. The big leaders were ranged quickly into two camps. Teagle, followed by Pratt of the Standard of New York, the Prairie, the Empire and one or two others who made the cut on one side, most of the other big refiners on the other. Many people have been wondering what Harry Sinclair has been doing lately. Well, he emerged as the leader among the refiners in opposition to Teagle's price cut.

The oil industry knows Sinclair. He started in the oil business when he was twenty-five with the proceeds of an accident policy of five thousand dollars which he collected when he accidentally shot his toe off while hunting. A friend told him of an oil venture—a wild-catting party. Sinclair shot the works and made a hundred thousand. He has been a plunger ever since, an audacious operator, a hard fighter, so the oil world expected a fight. For a moment it looked like one. But it is said powerful financial interests intervened. Within a month all the big refiners had followed Teagle. In the end Sinclair, too, had to cut the price. And so the whole mid-continent oil region rose up in arms. But the price cut was not just a passing purchasing economy. It was the culmination of a long series of events of almost historic importance in the petroleum industry—the struggle of the oil industry to cope, without the help of the government, with the conservation problem and the monster overproduction.

Meanwhile these independent producers at Tulsa wanted action. They needed only a leader—and that leader appeared. His name was Wirt Franklin. Franklin is a square-jawed, tight-lipped, two-fisted warrior who was thoroughly aroused. In Washington Senator Blaine denounced him as a lobbyist. But Franklin is not a lobbyist. He is an oil man. I have a dim recollection of having known him in Washington years ago when he was a law student at George Washington University and a clerk in the Indian Affairs Commission. Franklin left Washington with the Dawes Commission to the five Civilized Tribes and remained in the West. He practiced law in Oklahoma, did some wild-catting and sold his first successful discovery for a couple of millions. He has brought in other wells since and now heads his own company, the Wirt Franklin Production Corporation. Franklin and his associates raised a war chest of a hundred thousand, hired a special train and with a trainload of fuming oil men moved to Washington. They went to demand a tariff of one dollar a barrel on oil. About eighty million barrels a year come into the country and all to the Atlantic seaboard. If Franklin could shut that out the mid-continent and California producers could send that much oil East. At the same time they could strike a blow at their chief enemies, who were importers of that oil.

The Battle Goes to Congress

They entered the capital gates with flags flying, swarmed over Capitol Hill, buttonholed senators and representatives and made the newspaper men look up. Meantime Franklin, as generalissimo, had lunch with the President and even got an invitation to the White House musicale. Franklin made a speech to a Republican caucus, denounced the conservationists, denounced the Standard Oil, the Shell Union and Great Britain. Senator Elmer Thomas, of Oklahoma, his friend in the Senate, declared that if the tariff was not imposed they would force an investigation of the whole oil industry.

All was going as merry as a wedding bell for the crusaders when suddenly things seemed to go askew. They had come to Washington to march on the Ways and Means Committee. They had asked for a Grundy and got a Caraway. Senator Blaine of Wisconsin developed a special hostility to Franklin and delivered a scathing tirade against him. The oil regions around Tulsa were still smarting under what they call the "smearing" Franklin got. And an evidence of the feeling engendered is found in an editorial in the National Petroleum News headed "Senator Blaine, Liar." The incident has not served to soothe the differences in the oil fields which grow out of what looks like an irrepressible conflict—the fight between the small producer and the big refiner.

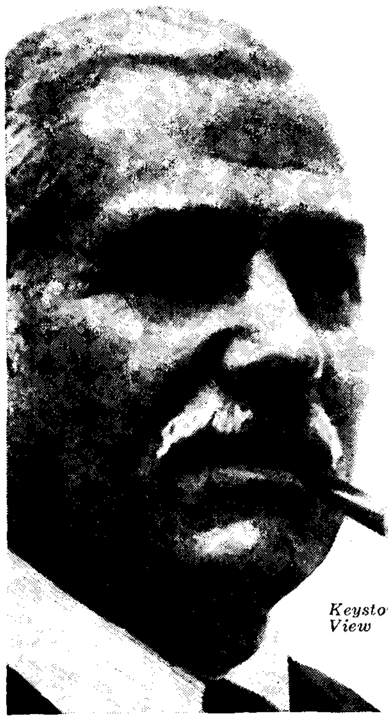
First, about this conservation business and these precious oil resources of

Blank & Stoller

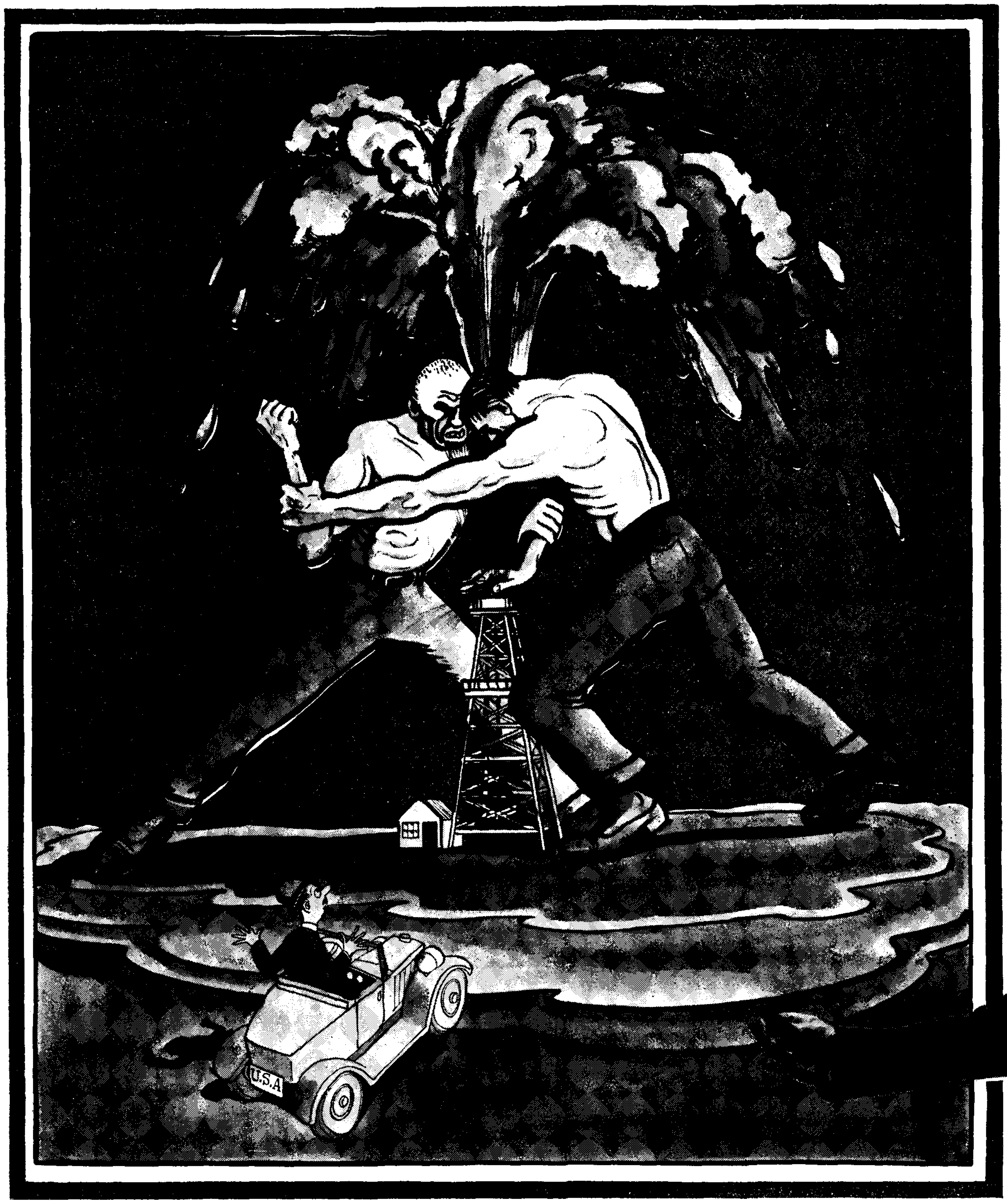
Herbert L. Pratt, chairman of the Standard Oil Co. of New York, and a leading advocate of conservation

Wide World

John D. Rockefeller, Sr., who, sixty years ago, inaugurated the unceasing fight between the small producers and the big refiners


Keystone View

Sir Henri Deterding of Royal Dutch Shell, the most important international figure in Oil



The outcome of Oildom's struggle with its monster overproduction is of vital interest to every consumer of gas

ours. What does it all mean to you? Well, if you should wake up some morning and read in the papers that there isn't any more petroleum left in the ground, what would you do with the little petrol wagon in the back yard? Or, what is more likely, suppose you should go out for a pleasant afternoon drive some day and see all those filling station men taking down the signs reading "Gas, 16 cents" and putting up new ones reading "Gas, 35 cents"? That would take some of the pleasure out of the joy ride, wouldn't it? Well, now, how many rides are left in the ground? Are our oil reserves being exhausted?

Wirt Franklin says, "No! A thousand times no!" All this talk about exhausting our oil reserves is bunk, he declares.

The American Petroleum Institute says we have five and one-half billion barrels left recoverable by present methods and another twenty-six billion recoverable by known though more expensive methods.

Furthermore, when the oil is gone from the ground we have coal enough to produce 2,500,000,000,000 barrels of gasoline. The Standard Oil of New Jersey owns the process in this country and proposes to make it available to the whole industry. When that's all gone what will we do? Ask Senator Phipps of Colorado. We will take down the Rocky Mountains, he will tell you, grind them up, cook them and distill them into first-class gasoline—92,000,000,000,000 barrels of it, if you can read that figure. These mountains are a mass of shale from which oil can be extracted.

You're Personally Concerned

Moreover, we know how to get more gasoline from the oil. Those old Pennsylvania refiners, when John D. was young, got about 10 per cent kerosene. Later we got 25 per cent gasoline and now we average about 39 per cent gasoline, but the bigger refiners who employ cracking get 60 per cent and more. And now, by the new hydrogenation process, it is possible to get—believe it or not—105 per cent gasoline. It is difficult to become alarmed in the presence of these estimates.

But there is a serious side of it for you, Mr. Gasoline User. You will pay more for gas when these reserves get lower. You will pay much more when you have to depend on imported gasoline and coal and shale oil. And meantime we are hastening the day of higher gasoline prices by our mad greed to get at the reserves we now have. No one can put this phase of it better than Henry L. Doherty, head of the Cities Service Company.

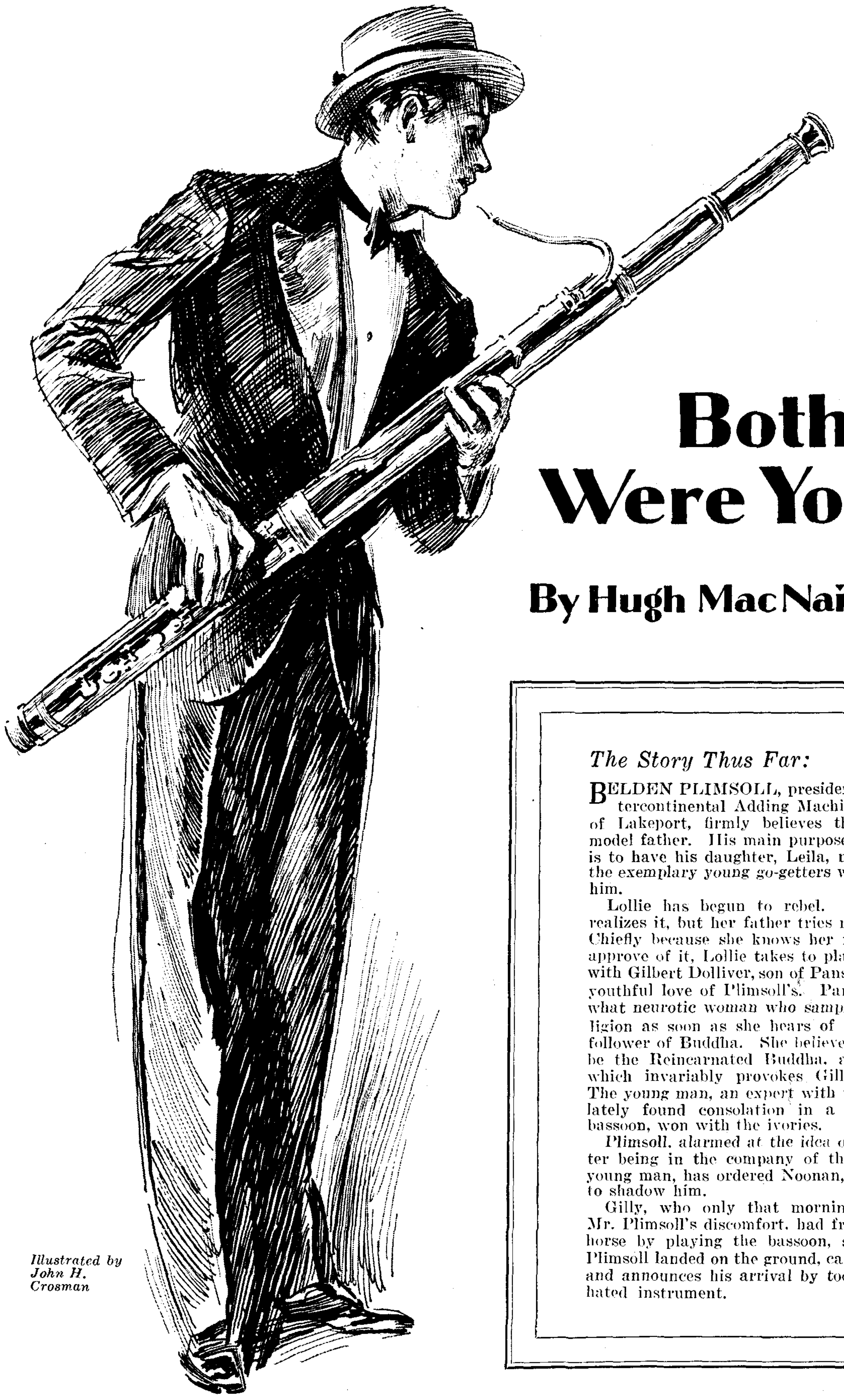
Doherty is one of the most remarkable men in the oil industry. I talked with him recently in New York about this whole business, in his apartment high up in the Savoy-Plaza and overlooking Central Park. The first time I met him he was in his small cottage built on the roof of a big office building in State Street, at the southern tip of Manhattan. He is a man of wide interests. Primarily he is an engineer. But he is also a banker. He has a kind of mania for the study of constitutional law and American political history. At my first meeting with him he was excited over the mosquito pest. He had studied the mosquito and he told me he had a bowing acquaintance with at least fifty varieties. He wanted to rid New York of mosquitoes. The next time I met him he was conducting a campaign on dishonest advertising. Now he seems to have transferred his interest from mosquitoes to lawyers. He doesn't want to exterminate them, but he does want to bottle them up in the courts. But always he is interested in oil and he has made, perhaps, the greatest single contribution to the oil conservation movement in his plan for unit operation of pools, which is now generally accepted.

"Nobody knows how much oil is in the ground," he told me. "That's the simple truth about it. We have plenty of oil in our deep sands, but whether it is enough for ten years or twenty or fifty no one can say. But there is one thing we do know, even though we may have enough for a hundred years, and that is that we are deliberately throwing away one of our most precious natural resources in the most outrageous manner. We are pumping oil out as fast as we can, making it so cheap that people now use it as a substitute for coal when it should be saved for more important purposes. Incidentally we thus help to cripple our coal industry. To get one barrel of oil

(*Continued on page 70*)

International Newsreel

Harry F. Sinclair, independent refiner, who headed the fight on crude oil price cuts



Illustrated by John H. Crosman

Both Were Young

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

The Story Thus Far:

BELDEN PLIMSOLL, president of the Intercontinental Adding Machine Company of Lakeport, firmly believes that he is a model father. His main purpose in life now is to have his daughter, Leila, marry one of the exemplary young go-getters who work for him.

Lollie has begun to rebel. Her mother realizes it, but her father tries not to see it. Chiefly because she knows her father won't approve of it, Lollie takes to playing around with Gilbert Dolliver, son of Pansy Dolliver, a youthful love of Plimsoll's. Pansy, a somewhat neurotic woman who samples every religion as soon as she hears of it, is now a follower of Buddha. She believes her son to be the Reincarnated Buddha, a distinction which invariably provokes Gilly to anger. The young man, an expert with the dice, has lately found consolation in a second-hand bassoon, won with the ivories.

Plimsoll, alarmed at the idea of his daughter being in the company of this worthless young man, has ordered Noonan, a detective, to shadow him.

Gilly, who only that morning, much to Mr. Plimsoll's discomfort, had frightened his horse by playing the bassoon, so that Mr. Plimsoll landed on the ground, calls for Lollie and announces his arrival by tooting on the hated instrument.

III

INTENSELY preoccupied with gears that only intimacy and finesse could persuade to mesh, Gilbert Dolliver made no remark to the lady beside him until, cajoled at last into high speed, the car jogged down the driveway with only the muffled hiccoughs, the squeaks and rattles normal to its better moments.

It was now apparent that laughter possessed Miss Plimsoll. Compactly swathed in the Cuban shawl her slim body surrendered itself to mirth and her bubbling laugh was audible above the plaintive grumble of the car. Gilbert spoke with a plain hint of offense:

"What's the joke?"

Except for a slight wobble Lollie's creamy voice submitted to control:

"What gave you that perfectly divine idea of tooting for me on your bassoon?"

"I don't see what's so funny about that. It's kind of late and I didn't want to disturb anybody. Lots of people get sore if you honk—old people."

"That's so," Lollie admitted. "My father's like that." She allowed a bubble of mirth to escape her. "I wish you'd always bring your bassoon when you come for me and p-play on it instead of honking. It—it's so much nicer!"

"I probably won't be coming for you much," said Gilbert. "I didn't mind helping you out tonight, as long as you were up against it for some way to get to this dance, but I'm apt to be kind of busy, after this, so you better not count on—"

"Oh!" Lollie's voice was still like cream, but like cream, now, that had been iced. "I'm frightfully sorry if I've put you to any trouble!"

"Well, it's no trouble tonight," said Gilbert. "Or not much, anyway. But I probably wouldn't be able to do it again, and I wouldn't feel right, either, about getting you or any girl mixed up in what I'm up against right now. Maybe there isn't much danger, but—"

"Danger?" Lollie spoke sharply. "Gilbert Dolliver! What have you been doing now?"

"That's what I've been trying to think." He twisted his head to glance back at the headlamps of a car that seemed strangely contented with the stately twenty-mile amble of the prewar chariot. "I can't think of any reason why anybody'd put detectives on my tracks."

Lollie started. She twisted to look back.

"Detectives! How do you know they're detectives? And what makes you think they're following you?"

"Oh, I know, all right. That one's been after me all day. I didn't notice till he'd chased me around for quite a while but I remembered seeing him waiting outside the house when I came *out, and then I made sure he was really* trailing me."

He related the steps by which he had verified his suspicions.

"If you don't believe it, you just watch what happens now."

He turned into a crossroad, circled the square, faithfully pursued by the attending lamps.

"You're right—he *is* following us!" Lollie laughed delightedly. "How perfectly marvelous!" She laughed again.

"It might not be so funny," Gilbert objected. "It might be pretty serious. I'll feel a lot better when I get you over to the Fanshawes'. You can get somebody else to drive you home easy enough."

"Do you think I'm going to waste my time on a stupid old *dance*—when I've got a chance to be shadowed by a real detective? Don't be foolish!"

"It's no game for girls," said Gilbert. "Detectives cost real money and whoever puts up the coin for keeping 'em after me isn't doing it for fun. No, sir—I've got enough on my mind right now without having to worry about any girl! You're going to hop right out of this car as soon as we get to Bishy's and that's that."

"Oh, that's that, is it?" The Belden chin lifted.

"Yeh, that's that." Gilbert spoke placidly. There was a brief silence during which Miss Plimsoll seemed to meditate.

"PLEASE, Gilly." The Cuban shawl now touched Gilbert's shoulder lightly.

"Never mind the sex appeal, either," said Gilbert, grossly. "If any."

"Oh, thank you!" The shawl pointedly ceased to touch the sleeve of the dinner jacket, and Lollie's voice was now, definitely, an ice-cream voice.

"You're welcome," said Gilbert cheerfully. He turned his head for another backward glance. The Cuban shawl, as if warring emotions grappled fiercely within it, quivered slightly.

"Am I really as wet as that? Do you honestly mean I haven't got any It at all?"

Except for an effect of strain it was the tone of purely scientific inquiry, asking information and promising to take no offense. Gilbert accepted it at face value.

"Well, I've only got one vote. You seem to go over with the adding-machine boys, and maybe they don't need their jobs. But I don't need one—not that bad, anyway."

"Of course you don't," said Lollie sweetly. "Why should you work, when your mother's perfectly willing to support you as long as you're willing to let her go round telling everybody you're Buddha?"

The old car stood still, shaking as if with outraged dignity.

"Get out," said Gilbert, "and walk."

With her hand on the latch, Lollie paused.

"I apologize for that," she said.

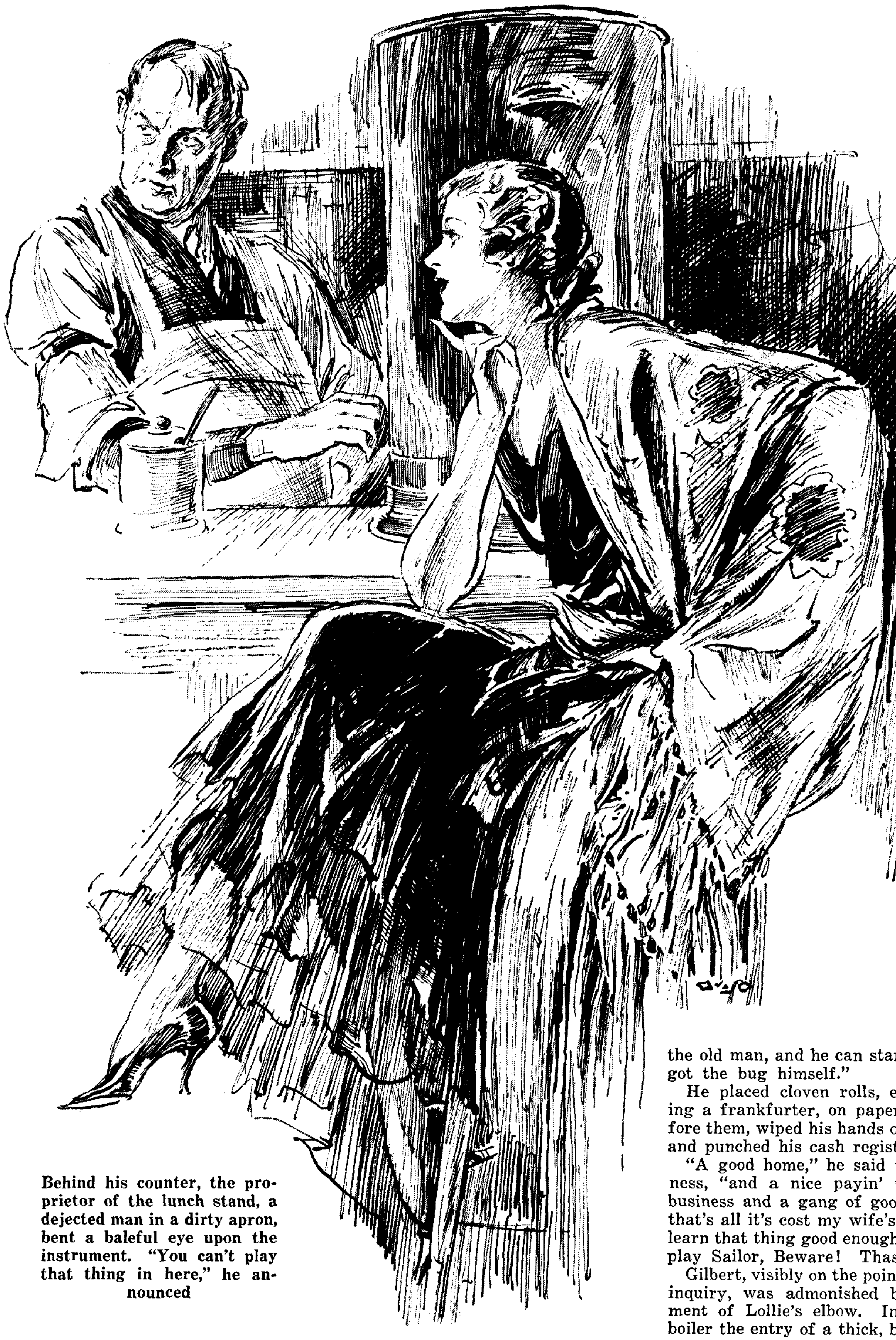
"Go on. Get out."

Instead, however, Lollie suddenly curled herself into a limp, miserable bundle of grief, sobbing in the farthest corner of the seat.

"Oh, I'm so hateful! S-saying a thing like that when I ought to be the last person on earth to bub-blame anybody *for what their parents do! I'm* perfectly willing to walk home—I ought to have to crawl on my knees—but I didn't mean it, Gilbert. I was just so miserable I—"

"Aw, don't do that! I didn't mean to make you cry, Lollie."

Behind them, its speed dwindling, the other car approached. Hurriedly



Behind his counter, the proprietor of the lunch stand, a dejected man in a dirty apron, bent a baleful eye upon the instrument. "You can't play that thing in here," he announced

Gilbert engaged the ancient gears.

"Forget it, Lollie. I didn't know—I thought you were just taking me for a ride."

Lollie sat up in her corner, her hands still covering her face but her sobbings now under a measure of control.

"I didn't mean it. But when you said that about the adding-machine boys—" again, passionately, she wept. Gilbert reached out awkwardly to pat her shoulder.

"I was just—aw, say, Lollie!"

"IF YOU want to murder anybody who calls you—calls you *that*—how do you suppose I feel when somebody talks about those perfectly repulsive boys from the office? You ought to know how it feels to be teased for what your—for what other people do! How do you suppose I feel when my father comes home with a gang of his perfectly horrible little go-getters and sits there just—just sicking them on me? He had four new ones there tonight—all simply *repulsive* and—"

"I never knew you felt like this about it," said Gilbert. "I always thought you liked having them hanging around."

"You don't like it when people call you—well, you know what I mean? You can stand up and s-slap 'em down, though! And all I can do is look pleasant. I'm nothing but a girl! I can't even beat it out of here. But I'm going to. I'm going to live my own life if it k-kills me. I'm going to New York and learn tap-dancing and—"

"New York!" Pleased astonishment, as at a notable coincidence, was in Gilbert's voice. "Well, what do you know about that? That's the very place I'm going! I was down at the station this afternoon to see about a ticket!"

"No! Not really!" Lollie sat up straight and there was in her outcry an impassioned protest, the menace of imminent, reviving grief.

"Not right away," said Gilbert hurriedly. "I wouldn't want to go now."

"Oh!" A certain complacency was present in the relieved monosyllable.

"No," said Gilbert. "I won't go for a while, anyway."

"Promise? No fooling?"

"Promise?" Gilbert sounded bewildered by the word. "What for? You think I'm going to pass up a chance to be shadowed?"

Lollie did not immediately reply. Again, as if embattled emotions wrestled within it, the Cuban shawl quivered.

"No," she said. "Of course you wouldn't want to do that." She looked back. Suddenly she giggled. "Let's give him something nice to detect, Gilbert."

Twice Gilbert coughed, the sound evincing, somehow, his high approval of the proposal.

"Yeh, let's. But what?"

As Lollie meditated briefly her resemblance to her father would have delighted Belden Plimsoll's heart.

"We better stop somewhere and let him catch up with us."

"He won't. He keeps back when I slow down."

"We'll go in some place. He'll probably come in too, so as to watch us and hear what we're saying, and we can give him a lovely earful!" Her laugh bubbled. "You know—mystery stuff, Gilbert. You just look wise and say yes and leave it to me. I'll fix him! Here's a good place. Pull in."

GILBERT stopped before a filling station and refreshment stand.

"We'll go in and eat and I'll bet you anything he comes in after us," said Lollie, descending. "You'll see."

Gilbert followed her, pausing only to retrieve his bassoon from the back seat. Behind his counter, the proprietor of the lunch stand, a dejected man in a dirty apron, bent a baleful eye upon the instrument.

"You can't play that thing in here," he announced.

"Wasn't going to." Gilbert coughed. "I just brought it in so it wouldn't be stolen out of my car. Two dogs."

"Huh!" The dismal man, turning to his griddle, emitted a sardonic laugh. "Who'd steal a bassoon?"

"Why not?" demanded Gilbert. "Why wouldn't anybody steal one if he had a good chance?"

Again the man laughed dismally.

"You go ask my father-in-law," he said.

"Why?" Lollie, too, was curious, although her attention was chiefly fixed on the reflection, in the coffee boiler, of the door behind her, beyond which a small car, in the process of parking beside Gilbert's, was now visible.

"Ask him what his bassoon's done for him," said the gloomy man. "Broke up his home, that's all, and busted him clean out of business, so he's nothin' but a night watchman over to the old piano works! That's all one of them things done to my father-in-law."

"How?" Gilbert asked. "How'd a bassoon do all that to anybody?"

"You'll find out." The proprietor nodded darkly. "You know how to play that thing yet, or you just learning?"

"WELL, I only got it yesterday," Gilbert admitted, "but I can sort of—"

A passionate movement of a shirt-sleeved arm arrested him on the point of demonstration.

"Not in here! You want to play that thing, you go over to the piano works and do it, same as my father-in-law. Nobody can hear it over there except the old man, and he can stand it. He's got the bug himself."

He placed cloven rolls, each enclosing a frankfurter, on paper plates before them, wiped his hands on his apron and punched his cash register.

"A good home," he said with bitterness, "and a nice payin' undertakin' business and a gang of good friends—that's all it's cost my wife's old man to learn that thing good enough so's he can play Sailor, Beware! Thassall!"

Gilbert, visibly on the point of further inquiry, was admonished by a movement of Lollie's elbow. In the coffee boiler the entry of a thick, blue-chinned man in a discouraged felt hat was distortedly reflected. He approached the counter and commanded coffee. Lollie spoke in a tone, lowered and apprehensive, that was still clearly audible.

"We're safe so far," she said. She glanced over her shoulder. Gilbert took his cue.

"Yeh. Looks like a clean get-away, after all."

The blue-chinned man sipped his coffee, betraying no sign of interest.

"Maybe this man could tell us," said Lollie.

Gilbert fumbled this time. His right eyebrow arched in blank inquiry and he answered only with his habitual, brief cough. Lollie leaned over the counter.

"Maybe," she whispered, "maybe you can tell us how to get to the nearest minister's?"

The blue-chinned man spilled coffee down his sleeve. The proprietor rolled

(*Continued on page 61*)

Sea Pride

When you've read this powerful story of two strong men, ask yourself if the girl who married one of them made a wise choice—you'll know the answer

By Millard Ward

“S O S, Captain. Eastern Lord in distress sixteen miles nor'-nor' west of here—steerin' gear smashed. Needs immejut assistance.”

The wireless operator came flying into the wheelhouse of the Mexoil on a sudden falling away of the deck, brought up against the engine-room telegraph, and hung on with one hand while he held out the confirming slip of paper.

Captain Clay Thomas turned deliberately from his wide-legged stand at a forward window and took the slip. He read it twice, without any marked change in his expression.

“All right, Sparks,” he said. “Tell 'em we'll be there in two hours. Keep me posted on what you get.”

As the wireless man lurched back through the chartroom, Captain Thomas stepped to the engine-room speaking-tube. The heavy rolling of the tanker affected his movements very little; his balance was constantly just ahead of the ship's, saving any appearance of effort.

He blew a short blast, listened a moment, then said evenly, “Is the chief below? Ask him to come to the tube.”

He waited, showing no sign of impatience.

“Hello! That you, Chief? Can you come up to the wheelhouse a minute? All right.”

The captain had changed the tanker's course for the position given in the S O S call, and was in his old place at a forward window when the chief engineer came in through the chartroom. The outside ladders had not been used since the hurricane struck, early that morning: a man could be swept overboard from them too easily.

The chief took the slip the captain handed him, read it at a glance, and brought his chin up with a jerk.

“D'ye want more speed, Captain?”

Captain Thomas shook his head. “I doubt it, Mr. Hatch. We're doing well now. She has adjusted herself to the seas, you might say. If we drive her she may break something of her own. They'll be all right for two hours anyhow, I think. What I wanted to ask is, do you know this Eastern Lord at all?”

“Sure, I know her. Anyone who's been East the last few years would know her. Think of everything you'd like your own ship to be and that's the Eastern Lord.”

The captain nodded slowly. “And her commander? He signs himself Johnson. There are as many Captain Johnsons on American ships as Captain Thomases and that's plenty.”

“Not many like the one in the Eastern Lord, though,” Mr. Hatch said dryly. “Bully Johnson? He made that name out East, and it ain't easy to make a name out there even in these times.”

“You've seen him yourself, then, Mr. Hatch? What's he like?”

The chief engineer frowned. “I'm no hand at descriptions, but I'll tell you this: if he ever took a poke at you, you'd know it. And he has a way of drawing in his breath and rearing his head back like a horse when he's excited. He's around thirty-five, I'd say, and, by the way, Captain, he's from your part of the world—Maryland.”

Captain Thomas nodded. “That's enough, I reckon.”

A sea dived over the Mexoil's low fo'castle head and roared along her fore deck, leaving only the mast and the raised fore and aft bridge between fo'castle head and saloon bridge clear of the gray welter. Spray struck the wheelhouse windows with a whooping sound, and poured down the glass so thickly that what light there had been was cut in half for the moment. The tanker wallowed on sturdily; her cargo of a hundred thousand barrels of crude oil was under tanktops with twenty-odd screw clamps apiece and she was as buoyant as a water-logged plank, under water most of the time, but stubbornly afloat.

After a pause Mr. Hatch said, “Will you try to tow her, Captain, or just take 'em off?”

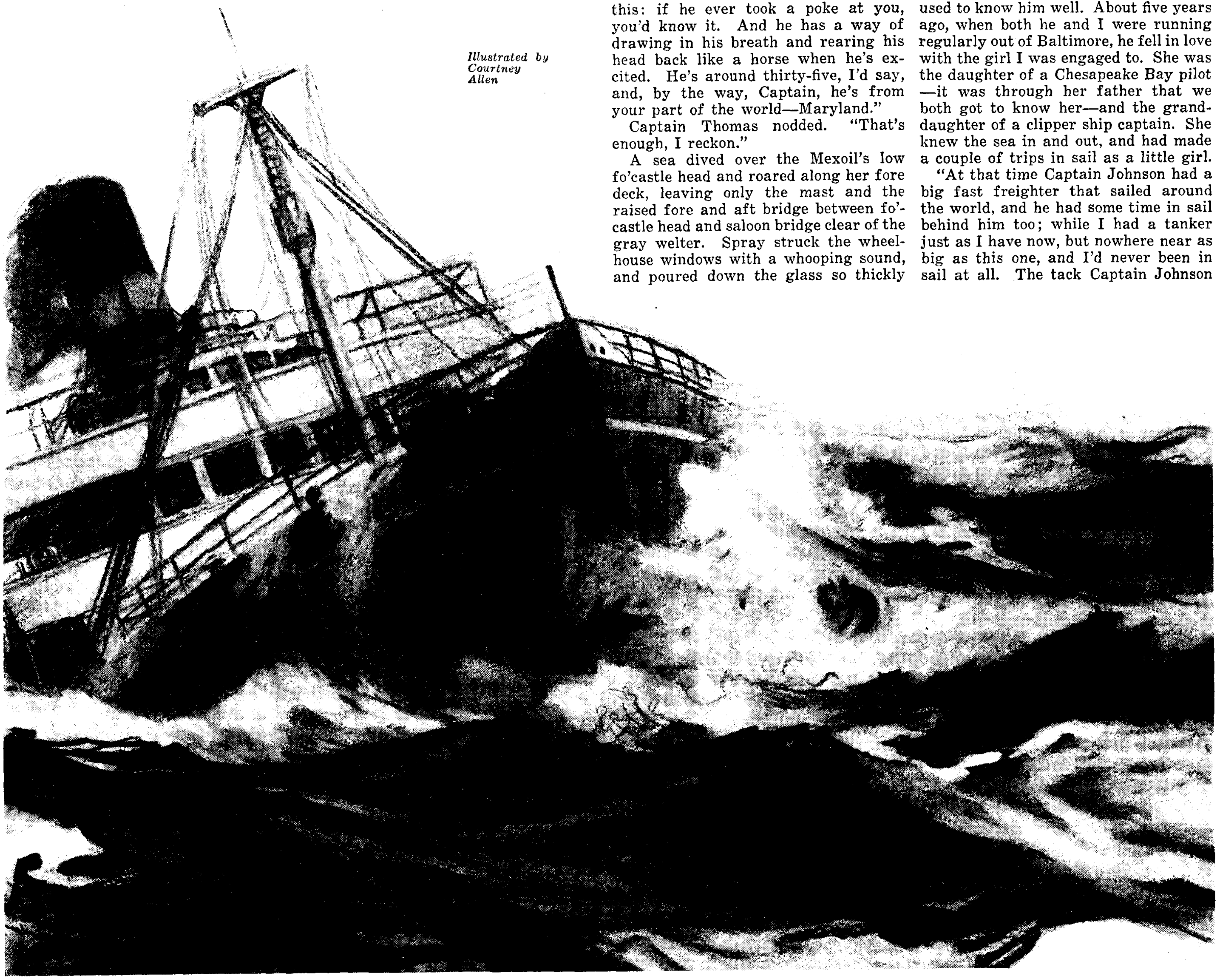
The captain's eyes were on the sea ahead. “I'll take her in tow. We've got the gear for it, and we ought to make Kingston, Jamaica, in a day. I wouldn't see a good ship go down if I could help it.”

Mr. Hatch grunted. “For my part, I wouldn't lose my slice of salvage if I could help it. If she's got the kind of cargo she generally brings back from the East, we'll each get enough to start us on Easy Street.”

“I don't forget that either,” the captain admitted. He went on in a voice so low that it would not carry even across the wheelhouse to where the third mate or the helmsman stood:

“THIS won't be the first time I've seen Captain Johnson, Chief. I just wanted to be sure it was the same man. I used to know him well. About five years ago, when both he and I were running regularly out of Baltimore, he fell in love with the girl I was engaged to. She was the daughter of a Chesapeake Bay pilot—it was through her father that we both got to know her—and the granddaughter of a clipper ship captain. She knew the sea in and out, and had made a couple of trips in sail as a little girl.

“At that time Captain Johnson had a big fast freighter that sailed around the world, and he had some time in sail behind him too; while I had a tanker just as I have now, but nowhere near as big as this one, and I'd never been in sail at all. The tack Captain Johnson



Illustrated by Courtney Allen

took with my girl was that I was no seaman. That wouldn't have affected most girls one way or the other, but I can see how he figured it might be different with this particular one. He argued that no man who was a seaman or knew anything about the sea would go in a tanker, where you load cargo by twisting one valve and discharge it by twisting another, and where, except for the mooring-lines and boatfalls, there's not a fathom of rope on board.

"Captain Johnson had a name even then for his seamanship and chance-taking, and he was a pretty good figure of a man as well. However, for some reason, his stuff didn't go, and the girl married me as she had intended to. Captain Johnson didn't take this very well—"

"No," interrupted the chief in an undertone, "Bully wouldn't."

"In fact, he did a lot of talking about 'getting' me, and so on, to which I paid no attention. The only unusual thing was that one night only a few days after I was married, when I was going back on board the ship, a couple of chaps did step out of the shadow of a storage tank near the oil pier and go for me with brass knuckles. If two of the assistant engineers from my ship hadn't been coming along at the time, I don't know what would have happened to me. I got a bit marked up as it was."

"Was either of these yeggs Bully?" inquired Mr. Hatch with interest. "You could tell him by his build."

"No," said the captain, "he wasn't there. I'm sure of that. And maybe he didn't have anything to do with it. It might have been some sailors who hadn't liked the way I treated 'em one time or another."

Mr. Hatch grunted. "You never have trouble with your crews." Then he glanced sideways at the captain. "So he argued you were no seaman because you'd always been in tankers, huh?"

"Yes, and he's been spreading it over the seven seas ever since then. You heard it yourself before you joined this ship, I reckon."

"One man talking steady can do a lot of damage," muttered the chief uncomfortably. "And Bully is a man seamen listen to."

"I KNOW. He ought to be a judge. He's a seaman himself, I reckon. But I just don't happen to agree with him about ships. Ships are to carry things where they're needed. It's not a ship's fault if she's not a liner or a four-masted bark. I like all kinds myself, tankers included. I like tankers' looks and I like the way they act in a sea, and I like the men that ship in them. And I like the sea—don't let that get out, but I do. And it's a tanker that keeps you at sea five weeks out of six. I like this particular tanker. I like her hull lines—and you can see 'em with her engines aft the way they are—and her gray color and the way her stack rakes. So, while I see how Captain Johnson feels, I don't agree with him."

"It's a blasted good thing," declared the chief, "that you can put the laugh on him at last. Me, I wouldn't ship in anything but a tanker, and he'll look funny after his chatter, comin' in towed by one."

"Mighty queer it should be this one," growled the captain, half to himself.

Mr. Hatch snorted. "Why? It was likely his famous driving that carried away his steerin' gear when he tried it on in a hurricane. And when we're on the California run we take the same course as him every trip far's the Canal, don't we? Why shouldn't it be this one?"

The captain made a vague gesture with one hand and neither man spoke for several minutes.

Then the chief grinned with slow satisfaction. "What do you figure on doin' with your slice of salvage, Skipper? I'm buying a house with mine."

"We haven't got it yet," Captain Thomas said. "If we do get it, I'll put mine in the company. Then it would be like I owned a piece of the Mexoil. I've always figured that to command a ship that was my own or even part my own would be good enough for me if I had millions."

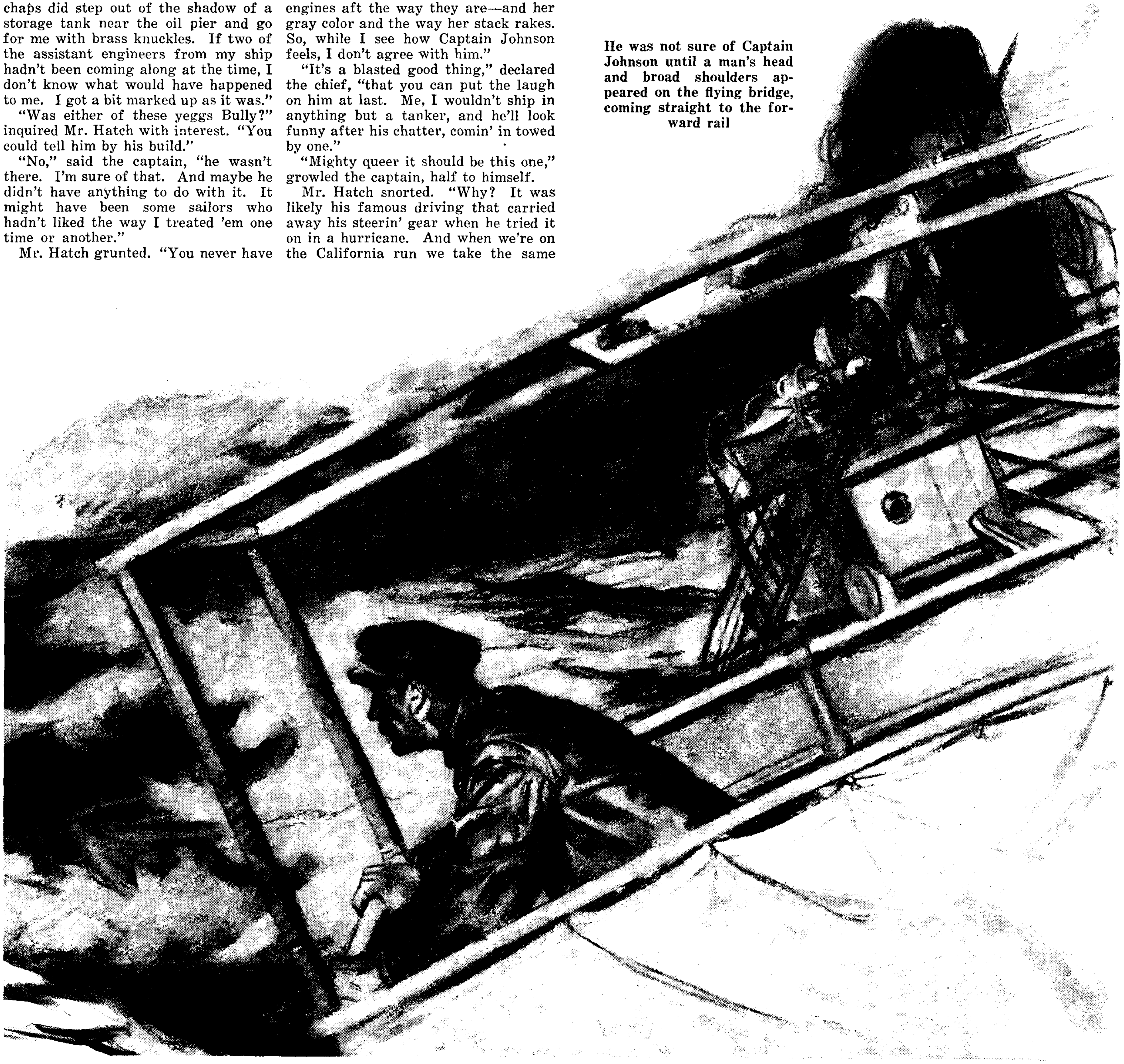
The chief nodded. "I get you. Well, I'm for below. If it comes to towing or anything else, you can figure on my crowd all along."

After the chief engineer had gone Captain Thomas did not move from his place at the window. He shifted his eyes from the sea ahead only at the times when the wireless man brought in new reports from the Eastern Lord.

Shortly after the change of watches at noon, word came that the seas had smashed a forward hatch on the freighter and water was gaining in her hold, but by that time the Mexoil was so close, according to Captain Thomas' calculations, that he had the binoculars out of their box, and was searching the blurred horizon ahead. Since he did not go down for dinner, a messman staggered up to the wheelhouse with a tray, but the captain left it sitting on the work desk while he took his binoculars up to the monkey bridge, where the spray was not so hard to see through.

At one o'clock exactly he picked up the huge black freighter, lying helpless in the trough of the seas, rolling her scuppers under, her masts swinging through three quarters of the sky's low arc. She was already down by the head and her weather boats and ventilators had been carried away, but there

(*Continued on page 58*)



He was not sure of Captain Johnson until a man's head and broad shoulders appeared on the flying bridge, coming straight to the forward rail

Curves are Fashionable

Cinderella got a break at last, but you've heard that story. This one is about a girl named Mary Ellen

MARY ELLEN WHITTAKER laid a brace of macaroons beside a round of pistachio ice and passed the plate absently across the clubhouse table. Katherine's bright, breathless voice ran on beside her:

"My dear. You simply must come. It will help me out of a ghastly mess. Carty Collins is on from the West to see Leonie, and so *of course* I have to ask him. And that leaves me with *nobody* for Roger. Of course I could look after him *myself*, but you know how *Dick* is. . . ." She shrugged her bare brown shoulders with satisfaction in Dick's assured jealousy.

There was warmth in Mary Ellen's cheeks and light in her eyes. She had never been asked anywhere before—for Roger. She selected an extra nice pink cake with a fruit in the middle—because Roger Blaine himself was coming in the door.

Roger, however, was not alone. Leonie Fleetway clung tightly to his arm, her red head bobbing like a cherry on a bough, her red lips whipped to laughter. Roger had to bend down to hear her above the clatter of the music; his face wore that grave, attentive smile that always turned Mary Ellen's heart clean over. He took the two plates that she held out without ever once knowing that it was not the colored maid who gave them to him.

Katherine detached Roger neatly from the red-headed Leonie and drew him aside. Leonie spoke to Mary Ellen:

"My *dear*. You will come, won't you? It's a *terrific* complication, having Carty turn up like this—because, of course, he's in love with me too." She made a small, despairing gesture, indicative of the trials of many suitors. "But of course Roger will be safe with you. . . ."

Mary Ellen went a little white under the unconscious cruelty of Leonie's words. It isn't pleasant to be told right out that you are too unattractive to be—dangerous. If Leonie had looked at Mary Ellen then, she might have been caught by something in her expression—a widening and darkening of her eyes. But Leonie did not look. Nobody ever spent much time looking at Mary Ellen.

MARY ELLEN was an awfully nice girl. Everybody said so. Dependable, they said. Useful. It did not occur to them that she was also human.

The whole trouble was that the town of Bamborough was too small. It was too far from a large city. It was too dependent on the Ames Optical Manufacturing Company. In fact the company was the town. It controlled the newspaper; it controlled business; it had given the Ames Country Club for the recreation of office employees, and the Ames Amusement Park for factory workers. The situation made Bamborough curiously subject to small-town vices. Gossip. Jealousy. A society no better than a caste system: first the company executives and officials; then the clerks and stenographers; then the bench workers. Dick Hammon was general manager. Katherine was his wife.

The measure of feminine success in Bamborough was the extent to which other girls were like Katherine Hammon. Leonie was more like her than anybody else.

Every Bamborough, however, has a Mary Ellen. They are so useful. Katherine had discovered her of course—but she had discovered only the outside. Mary Ellen had been three years at the Ames Optical Manufacturing Company, and nobody had ever seen below the surface of her gray eyes. They had not even seen the surface very often—because they had not looked.

Mary Ellen was invited out a lot. She looked after husbands for whom wives had no immediate use, and children for whom they had no use at all, and second-best suitors. She went to the theater with Dick Hammon while Katherine was having an affair with Fenwick Trew, and poured Fenwick Trew's coffee while Mrs. Trew was out with Lester Rowe. People expected their husbands or suitors returned, safe and unimpressed, after an evening with Mary Ellen. And the dickens of it was they always were.

It is hard to say why this was so. Mary Ellen was much lovelier than Katherine Hammon, really—as much as true color is lovelier than orange rouge. Certainly she was lovelier than Leonie—as much as loose brown curls are lovelier than a hard red permanent. But she was not so spectacular.

Mary Ellen had adequate clothes—and her knees were just as well worth showing as anybody's. But somehow all her dresses looked as if she had borrowed them from Katherine and they didn't quite fit.

Mary Ellen had charge of complaints and adjustments at the Ames plant, and she was so honestly distressed when things went wrong that complainants were pretty apt to forget what they were complaining about. Leonie was reception secretary, decorative and irresponsible. She boasted that she could twist the plant round her finger like a wet string. Mary Ellen did not boast. It never occurred to her that anyone would be interested in her work. And no one was.

Things would have gone on just like this forever if Roger Blaine had not come to Bamborough. Roger Blaine was head of the new scientific department at the Ames Company, and there was a kind of glamour about his work because nobody understood it very well. There was not much glamour, usually, in Bamborough. Nor many extra men. Things had to happen the way they did from the beginning.

Mary Ellen had seen the beginning of it. She had sneaked an orange in the back door of the reception-room at Leonie's request, and she was there when Roger Blaine arrived. There was something about Roger Blaine, in that very first minute, that stopped Mary Ellen right where she was, with the orange in her hands. Something that was not like Bamborough.

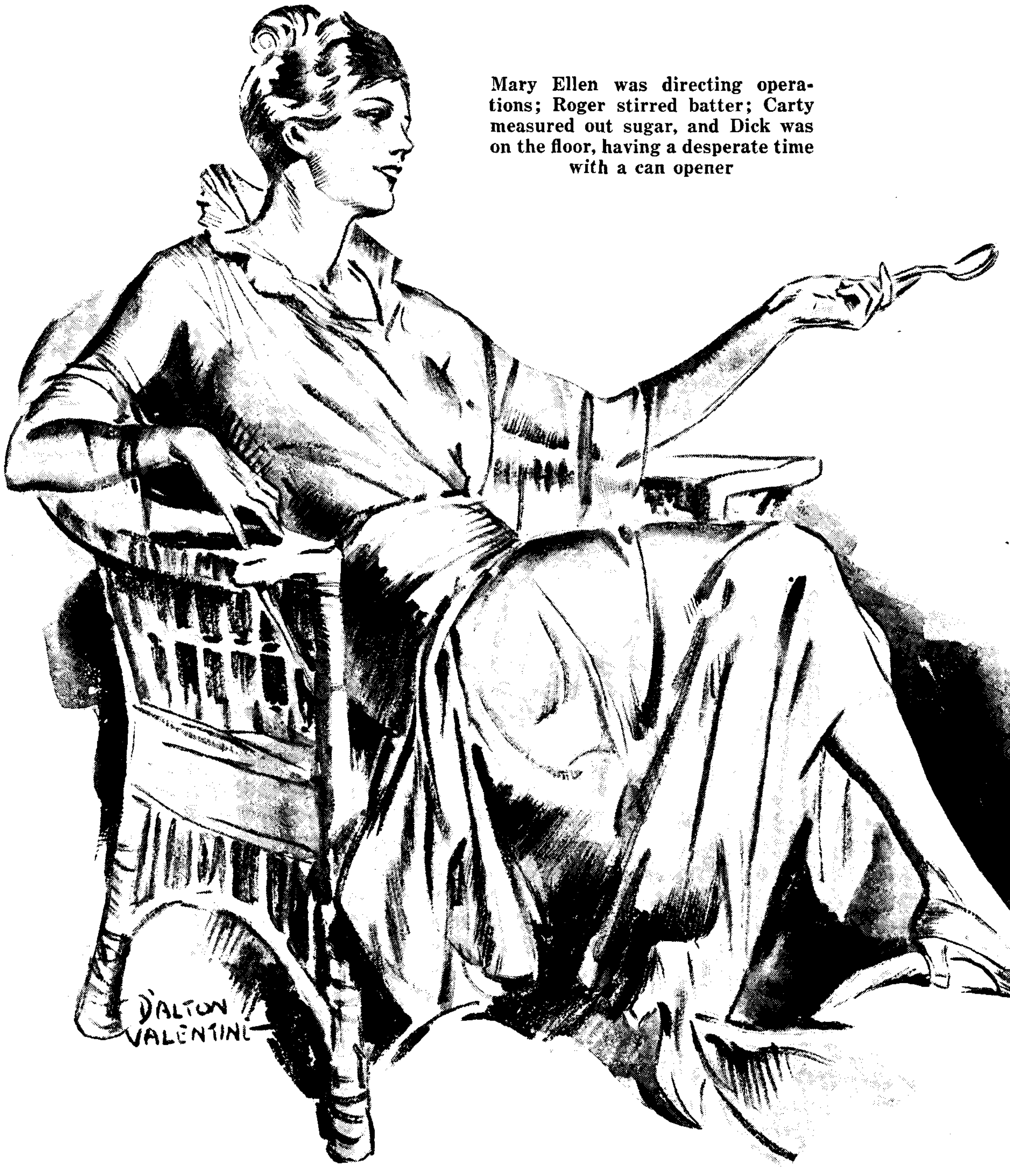
ROGER BLAINE was one of those tall men who walk so lightly; fair, with the sea-blue eyes of the dreamer and the long, precise fingers of the scientist. But it was not things like that which held her—external things. It was something in his look: an eagerness, an honesty—a clarity that was like faith.

"I am Roger Blaine," he said, smiling. He had a wide, good-tempered smile, without pretense.

"Oh," cried Leonie. "You're the *scientist*." Her tone suggested that science meant a great deal in her life.

Mary Ellen let the orange fall. She never knew afterwards just how much of it was accident and how much was a wish to call herself to Roger Blaine's attention. It rolled deliberately across the floor and stopped at his feet. Roger picked it up.

But when Mary Ellen would have



Mary Ellen was directing operations; Roger stirred batter; Carty measured out sugar, and Dick was on the floor, having a desperate time with a can opener

By Ruth Burr Sanborn

come forward from her dark corner by the door to take it, Leonie was before her. "Mine," she said pertly. "Toss."

Leonie was with Roger Blaine very often after that. People talked, of course. They said it was a pity for Leonie to rope in a nice boy like him. They said that somebody ought to tell him that Leonie had been engaged six times already. They said goodness only knew what Carty Collins would say.

They talked about Katherine and Roger too. They said Dick ought to put a stop to it.

And Roger Blaine walked right through the thickest of the gossip and never knew it was there. He would have been popular even if Bamborough had not been Bamborough, and nice young men had not been scarce, because he had a talent for being liked. He was taken up very hard by Katherine and her set, and went everywhere with Leonie . . . and did not know that Mary Ellen existed.

She saw him, of course, often. But it was always just the way it had been at the clubhouse dance—when he took the plate with the extra nice pink cake with the fruit in the middle and never knew it was not the colored maid who gave it to him.

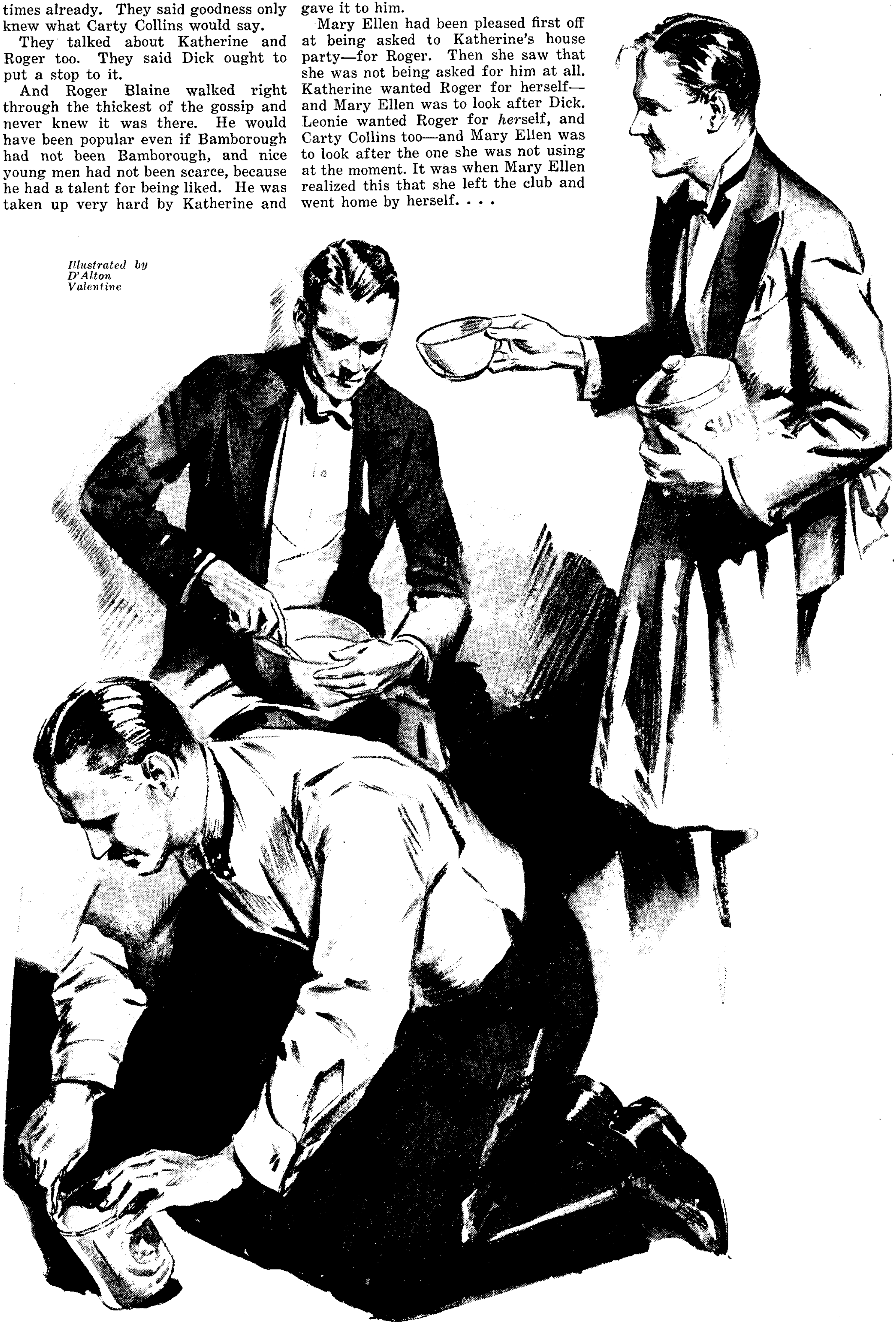
Mary Ellen had been pleased first off at being asked to Katherine's house party—for Roger. Then she saw that she was not being asked for him at all. Katherine wanted Roger for herself—and Mary Ellen was to look after Dick. Leonie wanted Roger for *her*self, and Carty Collins too—and Mary Ellen was to look after the one she was not using at the moment. It was when Mary Ellen realized this that she left the club and went home by herself. . . .

When Mary Ellen reached her apartment there was a new fashion book on the table. She spread it open, saying to herself that she would not think of Roger Blaine . . . and she thought of him with every page she turned. There was a picture of a demure young person in a dress that might have come right out of the nineteenth century—an article with it. "Curves Are Fashionable," it was headed. Mary Ellen began to read.

"Gone," the article said, "are the days of the hoyden. Gone are the bare knees, the mannish bob, the slat-like figure. Ladies are being ladylike again. Skirts are down to the ankle bone. Curves are fashionable. . . ."

Mary Ellen read the article all through. There had been rumors of longer skirts before, of course—in Paris and New York. But they had not affected Bamborough. After she read it the second time, she looked in the mirror.

Illustrated by D'Alton Valentine



MARY ELLEN, looking in that mirror, saw a round chin and a little joke of a nose and a soft full lower lip like a child's and a perfectly enormous pair of gray eyes as deep as hope. She took the pins out of her hair, and a soft wave, more gold than brown, like sage honey, poured about her shoulders. Mary Ellen had cut her hair, but nobody had noticed, so she let it grow again. She moved her hands down over her body so that the thin flame of her dress was drawn tight to her—flame was very smart that fall in Bamborough—and she saw a sweetly rounded figure, strong and straight, without plumpness and without angles.

"I may not have any golf cups," remarked Mary Ellen whimsically, "but I've got curves."

And suddenly she smiled into the mirror. Katherine Hammon herself might have been warned if she had seen that smile. Once, when Mary Ellen was quite a small girl, she had poured a jug of molasses and a jar of quince preserves into the piano because she had decided never to practice any more . . . and she had done it with just such a smile as that. There was resolution in Mary Ellen's look, and humor—which is a perfectly desperate combination.

"The trouble is," said Mary Ellen right out loud, "that all the time I've been trying to be like someone else. Now I'm going to be like me."

Mary Ellen was very busy, those days before Katherine's house party at the lake. She had a long, expensive telephone conversation with the shopping adviser in a big New York store, and a box was rushed to her by air mail. She bought a terrible lot of chiffon and taffeta and crêpe de Chine and velvet and about a million yards of lace and a dozen bolts of ribbon; and she shut herself into her apartment and told Katherine—who wanted her to look after Dick while she motored to Lone End—that she couldn't spend the time.

Friday night Mary Ellen went to Bamborough Lake—they would have three days there because Monday was a holiday. She arrived all alone—with her baggage. There was nobody about. Swimming, the maid who let her in said sourly, and dinner would not be till eight.

Mary Ellen was the first one down for dinner. Roger was the second.

WHEN Roger came in that night, looking tall and handsome and at ease, he found one small lamp burning by the window and a glow of firelight in the room. In the half dusk a vision was sitting on a sofa, with her hands folded in her lap—tighter than he could guess. The vision wore a frock of that stuff so pleasantly called illusion, sprigged over with little upright flowers, gold and rose and blue and heliotrope; it came right down to her ankle bones, and it had a tight bodice with a little cape, and a long heliotrope sash. Above the frock there was a soft round chin and a pair of perfectly enormous gray eyes. But it was not these things—external things—that halted Roger Blaine right where he stood. It was the look in those eyes: a young, young look—not like Bamborough.

"Hello," said Roger. "Who—who are

(Continued on page 46)

Mighty Midget

as told by
Myrtle Huggins
to
John B. Kennedy

Practically single-handed Miller Huggins hoisted a misfit ball team from the league basement to the gilded peak where pennants fly; and this to a chorus from booing fans, doubting club owners and grumbling players

Wide World

Six pennants and two world's championships constituted the unexcelled managerial record of the diminutive Miller Huggins

MY BROTHER, Miller Huggins, never married, so that wherever he lived I lived with him—being his sister, house manager and confidante.

When he was called to New York for the greatest assignment in his baseball career, I was thrilled just as much as he was, and quite as anxious. Miller had been in baseball, semi-pro and big league, all his life. He had a record of success as player and manager. The New York Yankees had a record of failure as a club. Their owners, Colonel Jacob Ruppert and Colonel Tillinghast Huston, were rich. When they engaged Miller Huggins they let him know that a full and ready purse was back of him. This stimulated his hopes and burdened him with responsibility.

He didn't jump at the job. For several weeks after the first offer had been conveyed to him in St. Louis, where he managed the Cardinals, Miller turned the idea over in his mind.

"New York is thumbs down on a losing club," he told me. "They're too impatient, and they may not give me a chance to build a winner all the way up from the cellar."

He was quite right. I've often thought that his diminutive figure and extremely shy nature had something to do with the lack of enthusiasm with which New York greeted him. Reporters were cold, even his employers seemed cool.

Fans in the grandstands and bleachers regularly booed the new Yankee manager. During his first year there were open demands for his removal, Colonel Huston being outspoken in his opposition to the little manager's remaining. Huston was popular with the newspaper men, and the sports writers inclined to his side of the argument.

It all upset my brother greatly. Coming home after a bitterly fought game he would be downcast, even when he won. It was Miller's habit to play over every game with me at dinner table, reviewing each pivotal play and pointing out the spot where a ball game was lost or won. During those first months of his management of the Yankees, although he was slowly improving the team's position, his zest in the game seemed gradually to diminish.

"I'm not going on with this thing," he told me one night at the close of the season. "The players are aware of differences of opinion between the owners. That's bad for discipline. They criticize me for what I don't do and what I can't do. It's too much and I won't stand it."

My advice was: "Stick it out."

I felt instinctively that somebody was trying to force Miller to resign without firing him.

Playing His Own Game

"Make them fire you; don't quit under fire," I urged. It was the best advice I ever gave my brother and I have the satisfaction of knowing that it helped. Miller refused to be stampeded by criticism from employers, players, newspapers or fans. He played his team as he saw fit, and brought it from the cellar to third place in his first season.

Perhaps it will be put down as family pride if I say that Miller Huggins had about the hardest task ever set a baseball manager. Yet family pride did not always sustain Miller in his baseball career, at least not at the beginning. The head of our family was a strict Methodist who abhorred frivolity, and listed baseball as such, especially baseball played on Sunday. Miller, who had been a sand-lot Cincinnati wonder in his early teens, wanted to be a lawyer, and to help pay his expenses through college he played semi-pro baseball under the name of Proctor.

Father found out, of course, and Miller was religiously rebuked. But Miller kept at it, even when he became a law student at the University of Cincinnati. He graduated and passed his bar examinations, although the words of one of his professors had much to do with his choosing sport rather than law as a profession.

"Mr. Huggins," this professor—a large and genial gentleman—advised Miller, "I've seen enough of your classwork to realize that you'd make a good lawyer. I've also heard enough about your feats outside the classroom to realize that you'd make a better baseball player. You can become a pleader or a player—not both. Try baseball, you seem to like it better."

As the advice came from the late William Howard Taft, then on the law faculty at Cincinnati University, it stuck.

Miller was always ambitious to get a berth with Cincinnati in the National League. He made it, after a round trip to St. Paul, where he proved his mettle as one of the speediest infielders of the American Association. It was not so unusual years ago for local talent to represent the local team. On the first day Miller broke into the big league as second baseman for the Reds he radiated pride and satisfaction—and speed. He was always fleet. Weighing only a hundred and twenty-five pounds he was a buzzing dynamo.

The Cincinnati fans took to him right away and he had the popularity that all diminutive athletes enjoy. I still keep his record for that first game. He was three times at bat against the Cubs; he scored one run, made one hit, two putouts, four assists and one error.

Big Chief Always-in-the-Way

Miller's record as a manager has overshadowed his achievements as a player. Yet it is generally conceded that he was one of the most brilliant fielders the game has ever seen. He played, in all, 1,573 big-league games, and had a batting average of .269, but a fielding average of .955. There never was a more energetic second baseman: he'd cover square miles during any given game. In Cincinnati they called him "Little Everywhere."

That name followed him when he was traded to St. Louis. But there he ran into bad luck. He was off his hitting and he missed chances in the field. But his speed was there, if erratic. A raucous fan sized it up during a crucial game with Boston—that is, crucial to the extent of determining which team should stay in the cellar.

"Hey, Huggins!" roared this enemy of etiquette. "In Cincinnati you may be 'Little Everywhere.' Here you're 'Always in the Way.' "

For weeks after that Miller jokingly referred to himself as Heap Big Chief Always-in-the-Way. But his luck changed, his playing improved, and later he became manager of the Cardinals.

(*Continued on page 32*)

Right from the Heart

Don't get excited and phone your lawyer about your will when you hear you have high (or low) blood pressure. After all, it may be just another subject of debate for those chronic conversationalists who finally got tired of speaking of operations

By Ruth F. Wadsworth, M.D.

The man who likes to catch a train by the skin of his teeth

IT WAS one of those picnics at which nobody gets anything to eat unless each does his share of the work. I was making heroic efforts to fill a two-gallon coffeepot from a ten-gallon water can while a pleasant-looking out-of-town visitor watched me from her comfortable tree stump. "How about giving me a hand?" I suggested to her.

She continued to smile at me, but shook her head. "My blood pressure is down a little this week," she said, "and I can't make any unusual exertion."

I glanced at her plump figure, her pink cheeks and bright eyes, and then accepted help from a frail-looking girl of sixteen whose blood pressure was probably far below the visitor's.

The things I *didn't* say to the lady sent my own pressure up a point or two. I longed to tell her that some doctor was kidding her, but reflected that probably the poor man was, in desperation, allowing her to kid herself. She had to have something, and he thought it might as well be blood pressure. I noticed that she ate a hearty meal, prepared by the rest of us, and that when we went back to the house where we were visiting she spent the afternoon pleasantly in dancing. She was using her ailment to get out of what she didn't want to do, and enjoying life the more because of it, which, I suppose, is a pretty good way to treat an ailment.

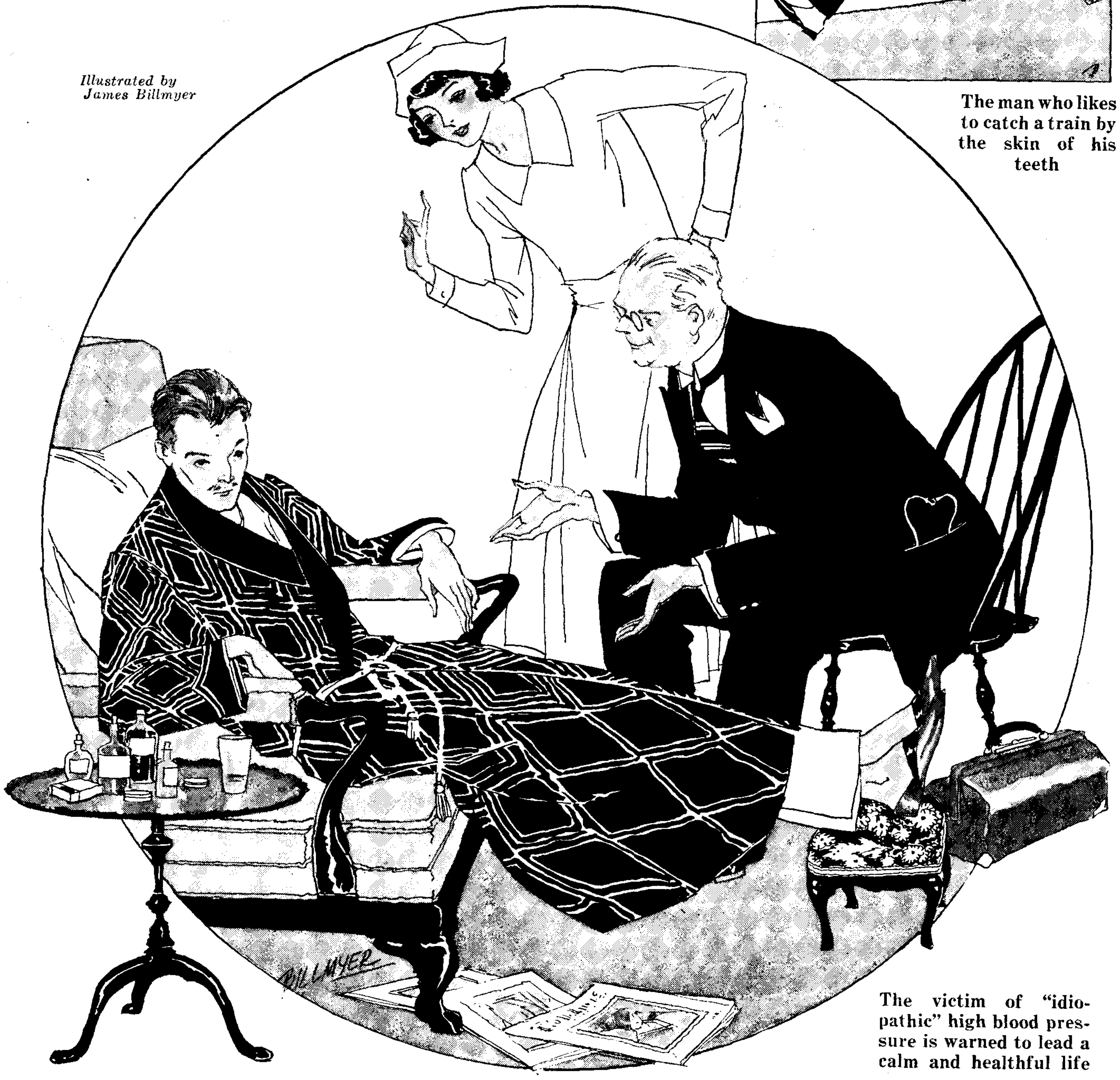
Blood pressure is one of those things, like autointoxication and anemia, about which most people know just enough to find them interesting. There is no stigma attached to the possession of an abnormal pressure—one may have it safely without loss of prestige—and there is a chance that it may add interest to one's personality. People who cling to this belief are the despair of a profession chiefly interested in health.

Why, as I once heard a ward patient ask the attending physician, must we have blood pressure, anyway? What's the use of it, if it's always getting too high or too low for our peace of mind?

Fortunately, it isn't. In the vast majority of people blood pressure is a useful asset and stays more or less normal and efficient throughout life. We can't avoid it as long as our heart beats. Our blood wouldn't circulate if we didn't have it. The heart is not alone responsible for the pressure in our blood vessels. The arteries have an elastic lining which helps both to let the pressure down when that is useful, and to bring it up and help along the heart.

The amount of pressure necessary to keep the blood in active and efficient circulation is determined by a number of things. If there is little resistance to the flow of blood through the organs, as occurs in the healthy tissues of young persons, the pressure may be low and still be sufficient. If the heart must force the blood through the hardened arteries, which can no longer help it by their elasticity, or if it must force the blood through a diseased kidney or liver, in which some of the vessels are stopped up or shrunken, the pressure must be kept high in order that the work may be done.

Illustrated by James Billmyer



The victim of "idiopathic" high blood pressure is warned to lead a calm and healthful life

Getting angry or excited makes high blood pressure go higher

Only a Symptom

We measure blood pressure by its ability to lift a column of mercury in a quite simple machine. When we say a blood pressure is a hundred and fifty over a hundred, we mean that when the heart is in a state of contraction the pressure in the arteries will lift a column of mercury one hundred and fifty millimeters high, and that when the heart is relaxing and filling with blood instead of actively pumping it, the pressure in the arteries will lift a column of mercury only one hundred millimeters high. The portable type of measuring device has a graduated dial instead of the mercury tube but gives similar readings.

Except in very rare instances, we cannot speak of disordered blood pressure as a disease. It is a symptom of disease somewhere in the body. The best way, therefore, to keep blood pressure normal is to do the right thing by our bodies as a whole. So long as we stay healthy it is probable that we will be no more conscious of the pressure in our vessels than we are of the processes which go on in our livers or our spleens.

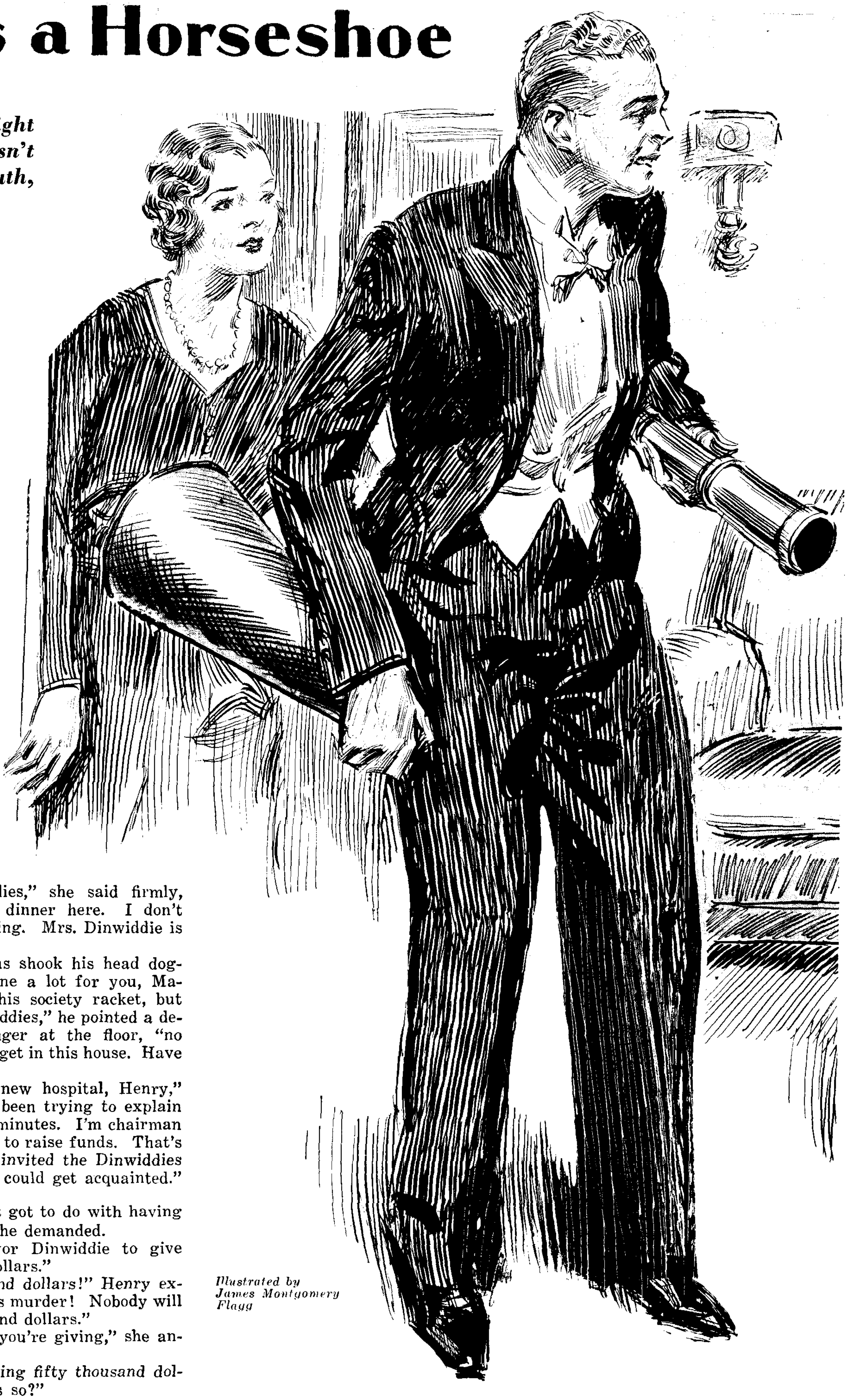
Certain people have what we call essential high blood pressure; pressure which we cannot account for by any disease, and yet which is undoubtedly too high for efficiency. Some day we will probably find out that there is a diseased or abnormal condition which is causing this, but at present we have to satisfy ourselves by calling it essential, or *idiopathic*, a nice long word doctors have coined in order to cover things they can't explain, without the ignominy

(*Continued on page 51*)

Catfish hangs a Horseshoe

If flagpoles talked, what tales they might unfold—ask any flagpole sitter if it isn't so. Or better, read this story of youth, and love, and Catfish Wiggins

By Jerome Beatty



Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

IT WAS a bright spring morning in Engledale, Long Island. Henry K. Wiggins had slept late, the pecan-crusted coffee cake at breakfast had been the perfect shade of brown, and the Hot Dog King was leaving to catch the 10:12 train in a state of mind that comes only to those persons who are absolutely certain that troubles no longer will crinkle their broad brows.

"Is everything hunky-dory, Momma?" he beamed, and held tight in his huge arms his calm, poised wife who, even at that hour of the morning, had every hair in place and every freckle hidden. "Want any fur coats or automobiles or diamonds?"

"Everything's wonderful, honey," she smiled gratefully. "If I thought all day, I couldn't think of a single wish to make. There isn't a thing in the world—" She stopped. She remembered that there was, after all, a thing in the world that she wanted. Perhaps—she looked up into her husband's jovial face—perhaps this was as good a time as any to bring it up. It had to do with Mayor Dinwiddie.

"Did I behave all right at the Nashes' party last night?" Henry wanted to know.

"You were perfect. You didn't call me Momma even once. And you didn't slap your knees, either," she complimented him, "when anybody told a joke."

"Humph!" he grunted in contempt. "They didn't tell any jokes that were worth a slap. Did you ever see such a sour party? Golly! Those Dinwiddies are the darnedest wet blankets I ever did see!"

"He's the mayor of Engledale," she reminded him, "and she's the president of the New York State Chapter of the Daughters of Law and Order. You can't expect people like that to—"

"Well, why don't they stay home then? This rot makes me sick about how nobody can serve drinks—not even a bottle of beer—when the Dinwiddies are on hand."

"But, Henry—"

"Just because he owns the bank and most of the stores and apartments and holds a mortgage on nearly every house in town, is that any reason why folks should stand for having this sanctimonious old pest put a good party on the blink?"

"Will you please let me say something? He—"

"Everybody in town is scared of him. Even the police. Think I could park my car all day alongside a water plug the way he does? Fat chance!"

"Mrs. Dinwiddie is—"

"That old dame! She's worse than he is. They're no good, those Dinwiddies."

"They're coming to dinner next week," said Matilda.

Henry backed away, his eyes wide with disbelief, his mouth hanging open. "Huh? What da ya mean? Who's coming? Where?"

"The Dinwiddies," she said firmly, "are coming to dinner here. I don't know what evening. Mrs. Dinwiddie is to let me know."

Henry Wiggins shook his head doggedly. "I've done a lot for you, Matilda, pushing this society racket, but listen—no Dinwiddies," he pointed a determined forefinger at the floor, "no Dinwiddies ever get in this house. Have you gone nuts?"

"It's for the new hospital, Henry," she said. "I've been trying to explain for the last ten minutes. I'm chairman of the committee to raise funds. That's why Mrs. Nash invited the Dinwiddies last night—so I could get acquainted."

"WHAT'S that got to do with having 'em here?" he demanded.

"I want Mayor Dinwiddie to give fifty thousand dollars."

"Fifty thousand dollars!" Henry exclaimed. "That's murder! Nobody will give fifty thousand dollars."

"That's what you're giving," she announced.

"*Me?* Me giving fifty thousand dollars? Who says so?"

"I put you down for that amount. Didn't you make two hundred thousand dollars in the stock market and didn't you tell me you had so much money you—"

Henry had sunk into a chair. "All right," he surrendered with a sigh. "All right. But you're out of your head if you think you'll get any dough like that from Dinwiddie."

"He's offered twenty-five hundred. He thinks he's being very generous. He gave only five hundred dollars toward the Soldiers' Monument."

"And you're going to get fifty thousand out of that turnip? Ha!"

"That's the asking price," she admitted with a smile. "I'll be satisfied with ten. But he ought to give fifty thousand, Henry; he's worth millions."

Their pretty daughter Dorothy, home for the Easter holidays, came bounding into the room, her new squirrel coat over her arm. "Good-by, Mother. Good-by, Dad, I'm just going over to—" She stopped, alarmed by the sight of her dejected father, lying limp in his chair. "What's the matter, Dad?"

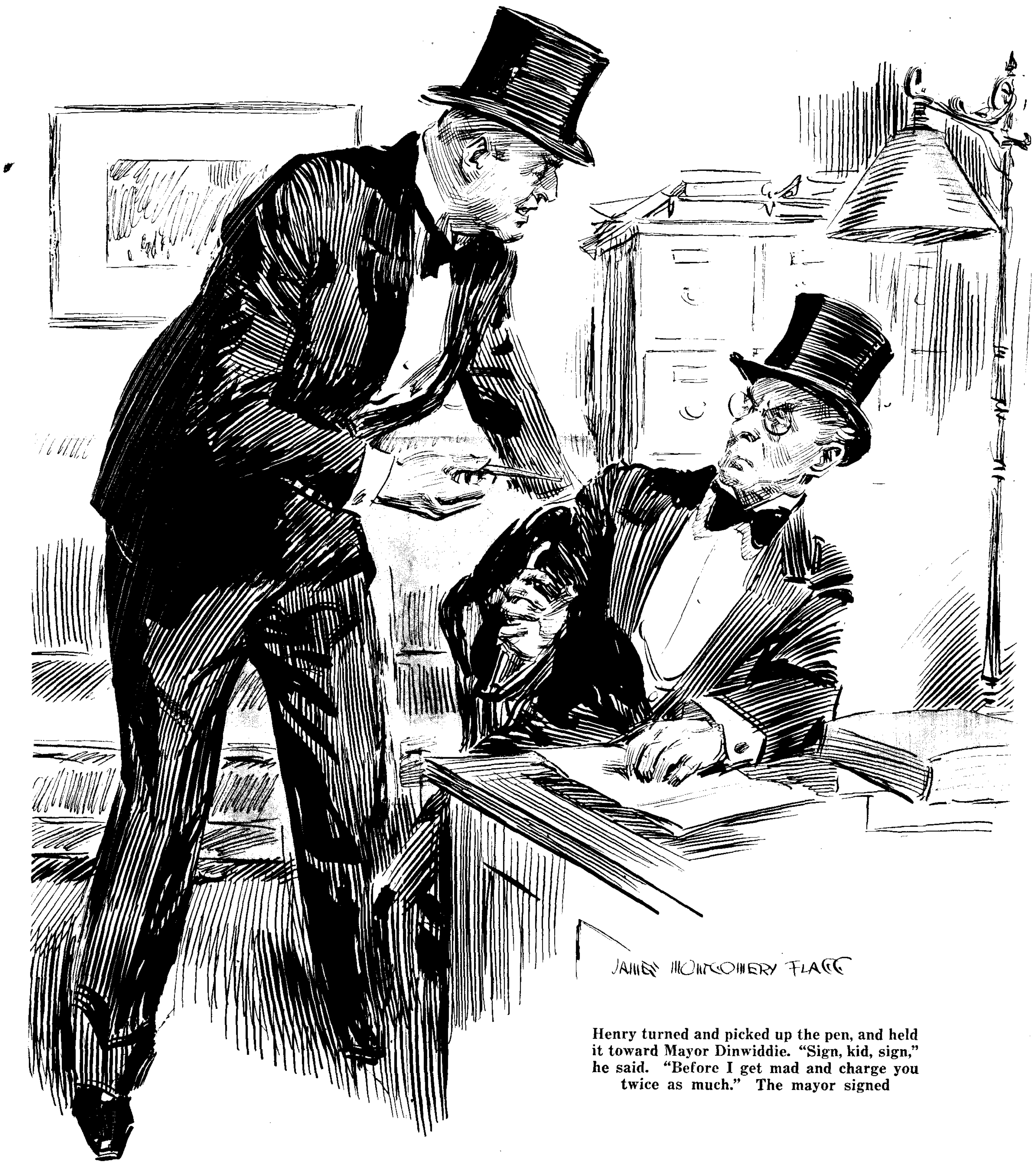
"The Dinwiddies," he groaned. "I'm sick. The Dinwiddies make me sick."

Dorothy laughed. "Me too. And I've got a good reason." She became serious. "Let me tell you how Dinwiddie's trying to rob a boy I know. He—"

Henry looked at the clock and jumped to his feet. "Tell me later," he said. "I got to catch a train!" . . .

When he opened his evening newspaper on the train to Engledale that night, an item caught his eye that made him thrill with pride. A home-town boy had made good! It was just as if, when you learned that Lindbergh had landed in Paris, you were able to exclaim, "Why, I know that boy! We went to school together!"

"Gee whiz!" he said to himself. "Denny Flanagan! Who'd a thought it?" Denny had driven a delivery wagon for Henry Wiggins back in Topeka when Henry was known as "Catfish" Wiggins. Everybody said Denny never would amount to a darn. But here he was! His picture on the front page! Denny certainly had showed 'em!



Henry turned and picked up the pen, and held it toward Mayor Dinwiddie. "Sign, kid, sign," he said. "Before I get mad and charge you twice as much." The mayor signed

Long strides took Henry from the station at Engledale. He was eager to get home with the astonishing news about Denny Flanagan. Matilda would be thrilled, too.

As he swung across a street his shoe struck an obstacle.

"Oo!" he grunted. It was his sore toe. The metallic sound of the impact made him look down. "By golly!" he cried. "A horseshoe!" It was the first horseshoe he had found in years. Here was luck, indeed! He picked it up and strode home with his chin up and his chest out, just as fast as he could go. Now things would be all right!

"Matilda!" he called excitedly, as he entered the house.

"Coming," she answered from upstairs.

He went into the library and with no small satisfaction placed the horseshoe, prongs up, on the mantel against a five-thousand-dollar jade vase. He turned as Matilda entered the room.

"Look, Momma!" he exclaimed, holding out the newspaper. "Look what's happened to Denny Flanagan! You remember Denny?"

"Humph," said Matilda. "How could I forget? He was the boy that always delivered the meat to the wrong house." She took the paper. "What's he done now?"

"He's champion!" Henry Wiggins asserted, proudly. "Champion flagpole sitter of the world. What d' ya think of that!"

MATILDA looked at him queerly. "What's a flagpole sitter?" she inquired.

"Well, just that. He sits on flagpoles, day and night. For weeks. He never comes down. See what they call him—Main-Mast Flanagan."

"That's just about what I would expect from Denny Flanagan," Matilda said in disgust. "He always could sit longer than any boy I ever saw."

"But look!" He pointed to the picture in the paper. "He's a big shot now. Let me tell you, there ain't many that—"

She tossed the paper on the table.

"Let me tell you, Henry," she interrupted, "something more important than flagpole sitting: Dorothy has taken up with a theatrical person!"

"Gee whiz!" Henry Wiggins exclaimed. "An actor?"

"Worse. He used to be an usher at Roxy's. Wore a blue suit with brass buttons and bowed from the waist and saluted and all that."

"How do you mean, taken up with him? Dorothy's all right."

"I mean she's turned down invitations from a lot of nice boys and she's going to the dance at the Country Club tonight with him."

"Well, who is he? What's he do?"

"He's the boy who is running the Engledale movie theater. And Dorothy thinks he's wonderful! To think—" She clenched her fists dramatically. "To think that I brought her out here and—and—and she takes up with a movie usher!"

"Aw, Momma," Henry tried to console her. "Maybe it ain't so bad. Dorothy knows what she's doing. Maybe he's a nice boy. Look!" He pointed to the horseshoe. "See what I found tonight! If it's luck we need, there it is!"

"HENRY!" Matilda exclaimed, and strode over and took the horseshoe from its resting place and thrust it into his protesting hands. "For goodness' sake, keep that truck out of the library. Put it upstairs with your buckeyes and your rabbits' feet."

Henry examined it critically. "It's a good horseshoe," he said. "It might fix things for you with the Dinwiddies."

"The only thing—" she began. The front door had opened and she heard voices. It was Dorothy, and a young man. Dorothy entered the library.

"Oh, hello," she said. She ran over and kissed her father. "Come on in, Tommy," she called.

A tall, thin young man with bushy blond hair came into the room, grinning. Henry Wiggins noted the firm blue eyes and said to himself, "This kid's all right."

"How do you do, Mrs. Wiggins?" Tommy said.

"This is my father," Dorothy said. "Dad, this is Tommy Dent. He runs the Engledale Theater."

Henry Wiggins liked the way Tommy shook hands.

"Glad to know you," said Henry. "How's business?"

Tommy grinned and shook his head. "Not so good, Mr. Wiggins. It's getting better, though."

"Old Man Dinwiddie is trying to rob him," Dorothy declared.

"Aw, Dorothy," Tommy reproved. "Well," he looked from Matilda to Henry, "I must be going. If I'm going to dance tonight, I have to do a little work. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Matilda with no regret whatever.

"Hey, what da ya mean about Dinwiddie?" Henry asked.

"Nothing," said Tommy. "I must be going. Good-by. See you later, Dorothy." And he was gone.

"What's the dope?" Henry asked his daughter.

(Continued on page 67)

Keeping up with Jones

Bobby Jones craves just one more golf championship—the British amateur. He will probably get it, too, within the next few weeks, barring miracles

By Grantland Rice

YOU might think that a young man of twenty-eight who had won the United States Open three times, the United States amateur championship four times and the British Open twice, in addition to crushing every opponent in the international Walker Cup matches up to 1930, would be satisfied with his golfing record.

Bobby Jones isn't. And he won't be until he adds the British amateur golf championship to his collection. That title is the goal of his golfing ambition, a goal he hopes to reach over the venerable St. Andrews links before the end of this month.

He has won about everything else possible in golf. But he has tried twice in Great Britain's amateur classic without success, and if you happen to know the young Georgia lawyer and golfer you can understand how any golfing setback affects him.

His Worst Opponent

Defeat only spurs him on. He has been beaten many times in his fifteen years of tournament play, but he has always come back to crush his conqueror.

I followed Bobby through three matches at Hoylake in 1921, when he was only nineteen years old. He defeated one canny candidate and was then nearly beaten by a mediocre golfer named Hamlet, who could barely make a ninety. Hamlet was two up and five to go and he was no better than even fives. Bobby could see that his opponent was no golfer, so that day he played only well enough to win at the finish. But when he drew Robert Harris, one of Britain's best, young Jones mauled him badly, only to lose six and five to Allan Graham, an opponent Bobby should have started four up.

In his second start, back in 1926 at Muirfield, Bobby was a whirlwind in the opening rounds. But again he lapsed, and a young Scot named Andrew Jamieson eliminated him suddenly and neatly. Sweetser won that championship and was the second American ever to export the classic trophy.

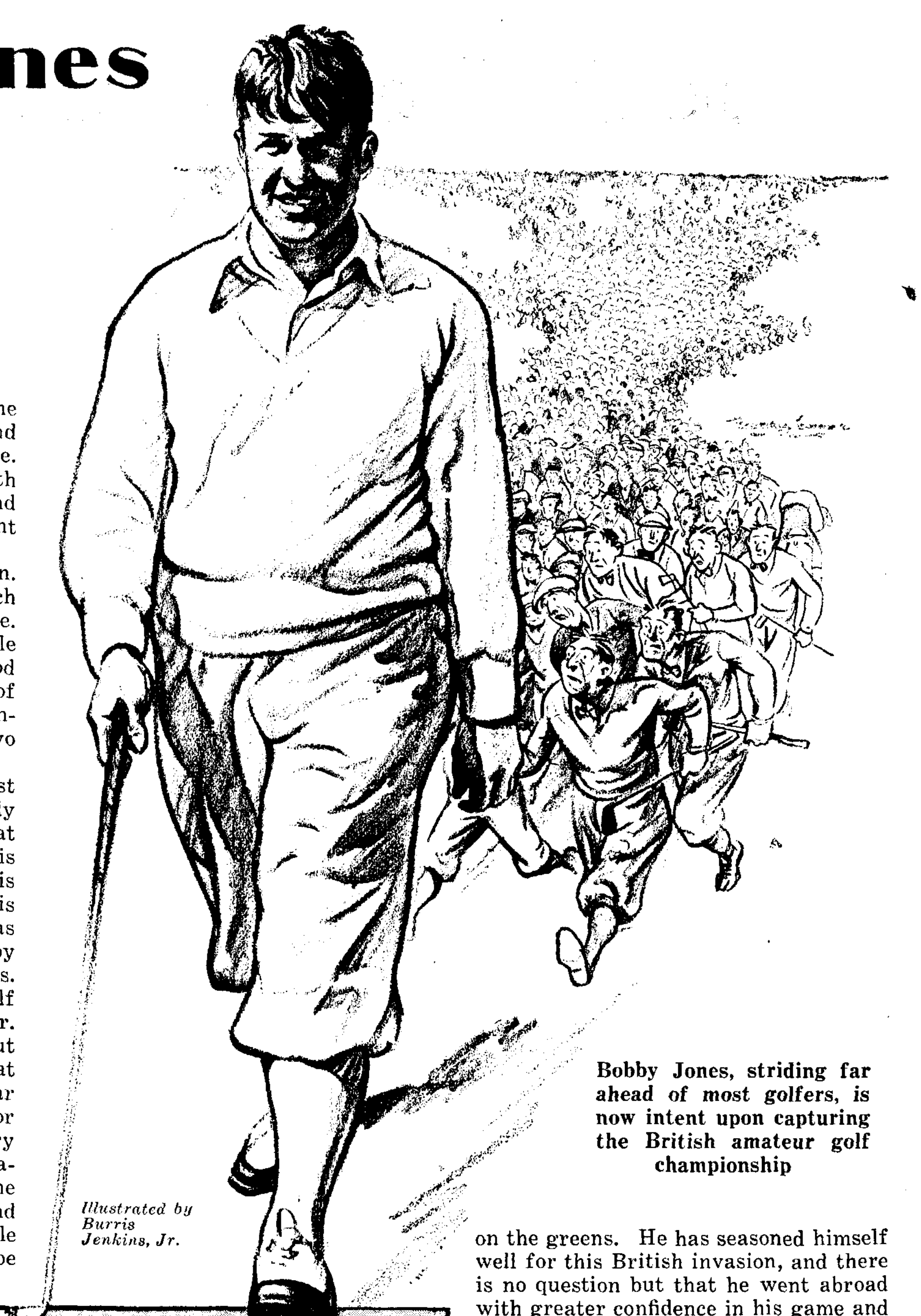
If Jones has the luck to draw the six or eight best golfers in the field, I believe he will breeze through, for he will know then that he can't afford to loaf. But when a somewhat weary champion meets an unknown amateur there is always the temptation to ease up, to get a breathing spell, and before the champ can regain his stride disaster has overtaken him.

In his match with Johnny Goodman at Pebble Beach last September, Jones started off a trifle casually and lost the first three holes. He then spurted and caught Goodman at the twelfth hole. Jones made a fine drive at the thirteenth while Goodman half hit his drive and sliced his second into a trap at the right of the green.

Right here Jones had the match won. But again he eased up, hit his approach carelessly, and barely got a half in five. He repeated this play at the next hole and this time Goodman dropped a good putt to win. And through the rest of the match Goodman clung to that slender margin with both hands and two sets of teeth.

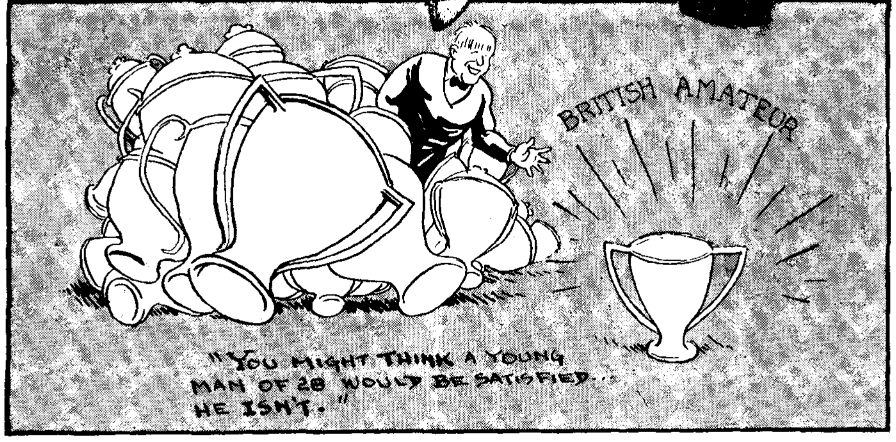
Bobby can play brilliantly against par, and he can play as brilliantly against a well-known star. But what he must watch in this tournament is some unknown who happens to be on his game that particular day, playing his head off in the knowledge that he has everything to win in beating a Bobby Jones and nothing to lose if he fails. Bobby will have to convince himself that every opponent is a possible star.

Bobby and I had a long talk about this before he sailed. He admitted that his best chance is to play against par in every match, for when you beat or equal par you rarely have to worry about a human opponent in any amateur championship. I believe this time he is going to readjust his system and his philosophy for these eighteen-hole matches, and if he does there should be no stopping him, unless some opponent has one of those miracle days.



Illustrated by Burris Jenkins, Jr.

Bobby Jones, striding far ahead of most golfers, is now intent upon capturing the British amateur golf championship


BRITISH AMATEUR
"YOU MIGHT THINK A YOUNG MAN OF 28 WOULD BE SATISFIED... HE ISN'T."

Bobby Jones happens to be one of the best-equipped champions in all sport. He has brains and character, courage, ambition, modesty and charm. He has unusual physical strength, power of hands and arms, of legs and body. And he has a flawless skill in swinging a golf club, skill that can only belong to a genius.

When he was only twelve or thirteen years old Bobby had a golf swing as true and smooth as any grown-up master of the game. Even then he was reaching holes around 520 yards in two shots, proving once more the measureless power of rhythm.

I talked recently with Stewart Maiden, Bobby's first and only teacher. Stewart still recalls a serious little fellow, with an abnormally large head and a thin body, who used to watch the Scottish professional and then wander off to swing his own short, light club along the course. "And the first time I ever saw him hit the ball," Maiden said, "I recognized as fine a golf swing as I had ever seen. And Bobby wasn't over seven then."

How many recall that at the age of fourteen Bobby Jones, in various Red Cross matches, was beating many of the best professionals in the world?

"The greatest fight I ever won," Gene Tunney once said, "was with myself." Jones won the same fight, but even today a faulty stroke burns him up. No true artist could feel otherwise about faulty work and remain an artist.

I have seen Bobby play several rounds this spring, and he is hitting the ball better with every club than at any time in his career. The combined control and power of his long game is linked to an almost uncanny touch up around or upon the greens. He has seasoned himself well for this British invasion, and there is no question but that he went abroad with greater confidence in his game and in himself than he has ever known.

The Bobby Jones who sailed for England and Scotland late in April was a champion at the peak of his game. He left facing four major battlefields through the spring and summer at St. Andrews, Hoylake, Interlaken and Merion in the amateur and open championships of Great Britain and America; starting with the Walker Cup matches at Sandwich.

The Big Panic

In almost any other game where form runs truer and where luck is a less important factor, the Georgian would be almost unbeatable. But in golf tension is so great that champion players can change overnight into ordinary mortals struggling to break an 80. The beautiful smoothness of a Monday may become rusty and jerky by Tuesday.

Vardon, Braid and Taylor have known this sinister side of the game. So have Jones, Hagen, Armour and Smith. It is the old battle with self, the hardest of all. Only perfect mental, nervous and muscular control can keep even a fine swing flowing smoothly through the ball. And when, for no reason, the touch suddenly goes or the timing leaves, the big panic is on.

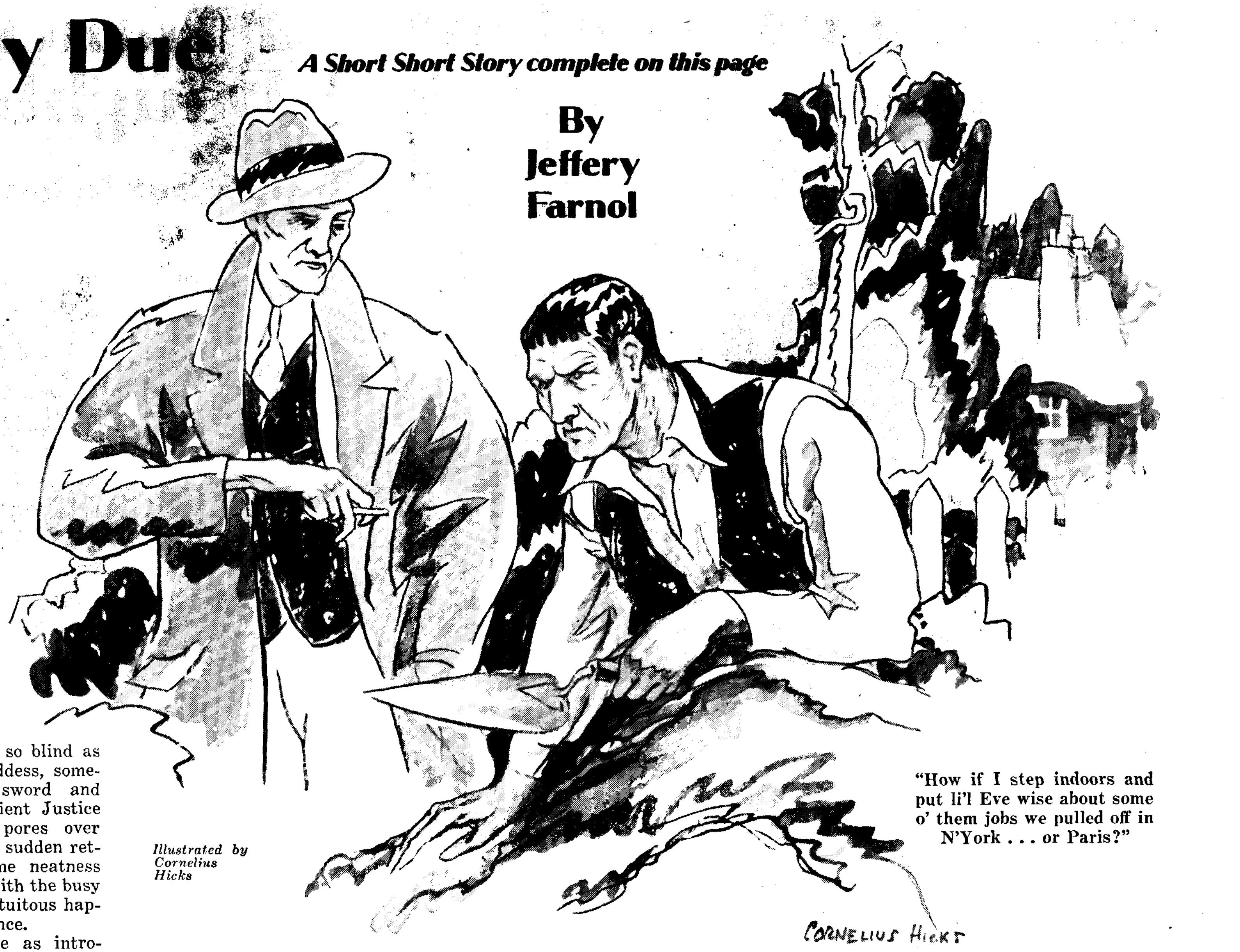
If there is one man in golf who can win this fight and set a new record for all time, it will be the same Bobby Jones, the Atlanta attorney, who has staked out 1930 as the year of his most ambitious campaign. And it is fitting that the first of his championship marches should start at St. Andrews, "the auld gray city," the cradle of golf.

"WHEN A SOMEWHAT WEARY CHAMPION MEETS AN UNKNOWN AMATEUR ... ALWAYS THE TEMPTATION TO EASE UP .."

Justly Due

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Jeffery Farnol



Illustrated by Cornelius Hicks

"How if I step indoors and put li'l Eve wise about some o' them jobs we pulled off in N'York . . . or Paris?"

FATE, being not quite so blind as Justice, her sister goddess, sometimes borrows the sword and scales and, while patient Justice fumbles with facts and pores over proofs, metes out swift and sudden retribution with such extreme neatness and dispatch as may pass with the busy world as mere accident, fortuitous happening, or strange coincidence.

All of which may serve as introduction to Mr. Arthur Farrant, whose uncanny skill in the opening of burglar-proof safes and guaranteed thief-defying locks had won for him, in the higher walks of his one-time profession, such enviable titles as Slick Arthur the Yegg, Artful Art, and Gentleman Farrant.

It was, then, upon a certain balmy summer's eve that Mr. Farrant glanced up from the careful planting of an Emperor daffodil to see a man upon his newly-trimmed lawn, a thin, narrow-shouldered, sharp-eyed man who nodded his sleek head and smiled, though his eyes seemed sharper than ever.

"Howdy, Slick!" he murmured. "Quite a little Eden you got here, eh? And some li'l Eve back in the house yonder—oh, boy!"

Mr. Farrant rose and turned upon his visitor with a certain lithe and cat-like celerity.

"Ah, Burrin," said he, softly, "get this right now—whatever you want there's nothing doing, and—good-by!" Mr. Burrin merely smiled.

"And such lov-ely roses too!" he sighed. "My, my! But, coming to cases, Art, old sport, all I want is them real magical hands o' yours . . . tonight . . . for half an hour . . . say fifteen minutes . . . and there's five thou for you, my lad, five thousand dollars for, say, ten minutes' work—"

"Now see here, Burrin," said Mr. Farrant, soft of voice but grim-lipped, "I'm through with you and all you mean, so get that right and hike!"

"Aw, say now, Slick—Art, old sport, we was friends once, real pals and—"

"No! We worked one or two jobs together, that's all. Now, do you go or must I—chuck you through the hedge?"

"Neither, Art—nix to both!" said Mr. Burrin, shaking his sleek, vulpine head. "No guy lays a hand on me, no, sir! And here's why—see?" Now, glancing down, Mr. Farrant saw how the speaker's hidden left hand was swaying the skirt of his light overcoat gently to and fro. . . . "The old gat, Arty boy, me li'l old gun! I'm always heeled, you'll remember. . . . So, say now you're going to stand in with me tonight, eh, old-timer?"

"No!" answered Mr. Farrant, unflinching. "Shoot and be damned!" Mr. Burrin sighed wearily and jerked his head toward the distant, pretty house.

"Talking o' jobs, Slick," he murmured, "how if I step indoors and put your li'l Eve wise about some o' them jobs we pulled off in N'York . . . or Paris . . . or that dago that got bumped off at Monte Carlo?" Farrant turned slowly and stood gazing toward his home for some while and so still that he scarcely seemed to breathe; then, as slowly, he faced his visitor again, teeth bared and gnashing:

"Ah . . . damn you!" he murmured in soft voice, dreadfully at odds with his distorted face. Mr. Burrin smiled and nodded brightly:

"Art, old sport," said he, "I knowed you would. I banked you'd trail along."

THE mighty safe door, obedient to Slick Farrant's master touch, moved, swung slowly, smoothly open and Burrin, who crouched behind, holding the pocket torch, uttered a joyful gasp and leaned eagerly forward. . . . A sudden glare . . . a hoarse voice whose challenge was cut short by three rapid detonations; then they were afoot and, leaping the watchman's huddled body, ran for their lives. . . .

"Hey—Sullivan—easy!" gasped Sergeant O'Brien, a few minutes later. "Easy wid that noight shtick, me bhoy . . . don't kill 'em entoirely!"

Followed in due course the trial for murder but with only one prisoner at the bar, for Mr. Burrin had turned state's evidence and proved witness so damning that Arthur Farrant, alias this, that, and the other, known also as Gentleman Farrant, Artful Art, and Slick Arthur the Yegg was duly doomed to die. Now as they led him from the dock he turned for a last look:

"Your account will be paid!" said he, glaring malevolently; "you'll get your just dues," whereat Mr. Burrin cowered instinctively in his seat.

And now, though a free man with the whole earth before him, Mr. Burrin was possessed of a strange whim that lured and held him in the vicinity of this great, grim place wherein so many malefactors had been shocked from life by that dreadful engine—the electric chair.

So Mr. Burrin stayed in the neighborhood, waiting very patiently though troubled now and then, not by remorse, but by this new, sharp pain that stabbed him ever and anon. By good fortune he secured a room in a small hotel whence by merely sitting at the window he could glimpse the distant loom of that same grim building above swaying green of trees. And he was sitting at his window this evening, for tonight Arthur Farrant was to die. But even now—oh, cursed fortune—his pain was back again, a pain so sharp that he writhed in his chair, an agony that grew with every dragging minute until at last he was forced to summon aid.

It was a breezy young medico who examined him with a jocosity that languished to somber gravity:

"Appendicitis—must operate at once."

"A . . . hospital, Doctor?"

"Here! Now! At once! No time to lose!"

"Is it . . . serious, Doctor?"

"Lord, no more than having a tooth out. But we must jump to it—right now! I'll ring up Dr. Pratt; he specializes in appendixes—loves 'em! Hello, ten o'clock—I'll just about catch him."

"Ten!" groaned the sufferer, "and in an hour . . . only an hour . . . they're going to electro— Oh, Doctor, d'ye think you'll be through with me in an hour?"

"Sure!" nodded young Æsculapius cheerily. "Don't you worry anyway!"

And so, after some while, in that small, very inadequate hotel room, the doctors got to their work, knives and sponges and forceps.

"NOW!" said Dr. Pratt, bending close, "we must work fast. Be ready with— Ha, what the—" for in this most critical moment the lights had failed, dimmed to a glow—vanished. A tense moment and then all was confusion, blundering steps, crash of falling glass, uproar of urgent cries:

"Lights—lights for God's sake! Candles—a lamp . . . anything. . . ."

And then while feet ran stumbling to and fro the electrics glared again, a dazzling brilliance . . . there was a gasp of horrified dismay:

"Good Lord—Pratt! . . . Something's wrong. Look! . . ."

"God, man . . . why . . . he's gone . . . he's dead! Ah, these damned electric lights! Landlord, what in hell's wrong with your service?"

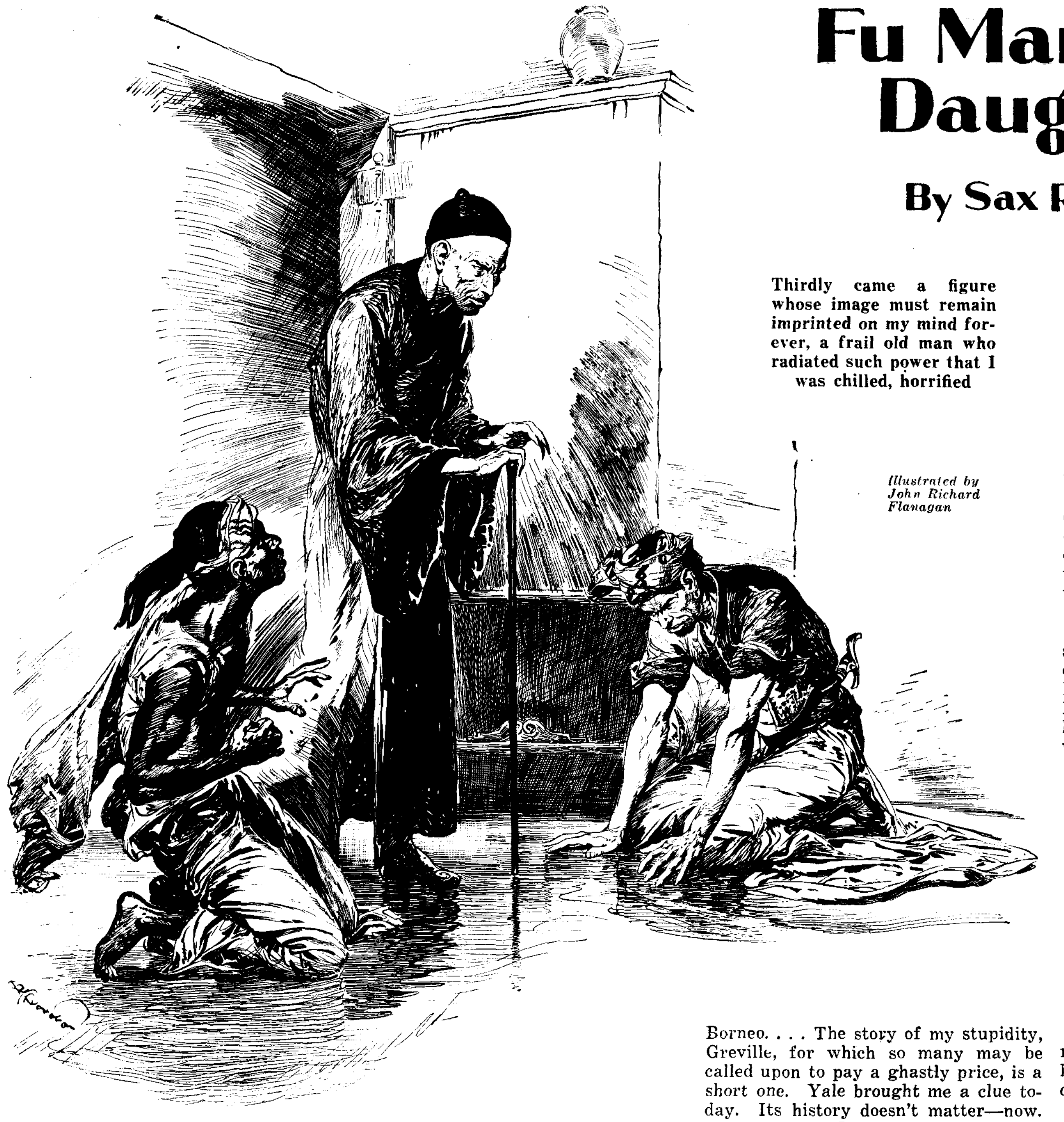
"Why, nothing, Doctor," answered the peering landlord. "Ye see, they often dim on us so when they're on the job—up yonder . . . ye see, they've just been busy up at the jail electrocuting that guy Farrant. . . ."

"Well," answered Dr. Pratt, covering what lay on the bed, "I guess they've executed two men tonight."

For, as hath been said, Fate, not so blind as her sister Justice, works sometimes more speedily and as surely.

Fu Manchu's Daughter

By Sax Rohmer



Thirdly came a figure whose image must remain imprinted on my mind forever, a frail old man who radiated such power that I was chilled, horrified

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

The Story Thus Far:

SI FAN, composed of millions of dangerous fanatics and led by the beautiful and mysterious "Madame Ingomar," plots to gain control of the world. A titanic, but silent, struggle ensues—between the plotters and a small band of bold spirits, directed by Sir Denis Nayland Smith, of Scotland Yard. Beginning in the Valley of the Kings, in Egypt, the conflict presently shifts to London.

There, in the heart of civilization, Sir Denis and his associates—Shan Greville, who tells the story; Weymouth, head of the Cairo Detective Service; Dr. Petrie, an authority on Si Fan; and Inspector Yale, of Scotland Yard—battle for their lives and the safety of the world.

Early in the struggle—in Egypt—Sir Lionel Barton, noted archæologist engaged in excavating the weird Tomb of the Black Ape, is thrown into a cataleptic sleep. He is finally awakened, thanks to a telephone message from a mysterious "Doctor Amber," who tells the victim's friends of a cure for the catalepsy. In London, Greville meets "Doctor Amber," and, to his amazement, learns that he is Li King Su, a Chinese physician who is supposed to belong to Si Fan. The Oriental informs him that Si Fan is now divided into two hostile parties—that he is no longer a follower of "Madame Ingomar," but a bitter enemy. Then:

"Tonight, Mr. Greville, Nayland Smith is walking into a trap. Here is the address of the house where you will find him—the house where death awaits him. You must move quickly, to save him. . . ." Greville rushes away—and almost immediately is lured into an automobile by "Madame Ingomar," drugged and carried to a mystery house. When he awakens, the woman—who, he and his friends now know, is none other than the sinister Fah Lo Suee, daughter of the most dangerous man the world has ever seen: Dr. Fu Manchu—endeavors to force him to give his parole for half an hour. He refuses. Whereupon he is trussed up and carried to another room by a huge Nubian servant, in whose hands he is utterly helpless. There a terrible surprise awaits him. In a corner of the room sits Nayland Smith—firmly lashed.

"Weymouth and Yale," the detective exclaims, "are watching the wrong house. I have made my last mistake, Greville!"

Conclusion

"I THOUGHT I had *found* a secret base of operations," said Nayland Smith. "It's one I have used before—the house of Dr. Murray, who bought Petrie's practice years ago. Evidently it's been known for some time past that I employed it in this way. I discovered—too late—that a parlormaid *in Murray's service is a spy!* She doesn't know the real identity of her employers, but she has been none the less useful to them. . . ."

As he spoke, he was studying every detail of the room in which we lay trapped. Apparently he had accepted his fastenings as immovable; and evidently divining my thoughts:

"These lashings are the work of a Sea-Dyak," he explained—"palpably a specialist. Though seemingly simple, no one except the late Houdini could hope to escape from them. . . ."

"A fellow with the *mark* on his forehead? He tied *me* up! I mistook him for Burmese!"

Nayland Smith shook his head irritably.

"A member of the murder group—yes. *But no Burman. He belongs to* Borneo. . . . The story of my stupidity, Greville, for which so many may be called upon to pay a ghastly price, is a *short one.* Yale brought me a clue today. Its history doesn't matter—now. It was a fake. But it consisted of fragments of torn-up correspondence written *in Chinese* and a few cipher notes in another hand. I grappled with it: no easy task. But by about four o'clock I saw daylight. I phoned Weymouth to stand by between six and seven. . . ."

"He told me so."

"Yale also was in touch. At six o'clock I had got all the facts—including an *address in Finchley Road;* and at six-thirty I called Weymouth at the Park Avenue giving him full instructions. I arranged to meet him outside Lord's at half past nine tonight.

"By a sheer accident, ten minutes later, I caught Palmer, the parlormaid, at the telephone. Murray was in his consulting-room, and there was nothing in itself remarkable about the girl's presence at the phone. She makes appointments and receives patients. . . .

"But I heard *my own name* mentioned!

"I taxed her—and she got muddled. She was clever enough to wriggle out of the difficulty, verbally; but I had become gravely suspicious. Bearing this in mind, Greville, it's all the less excusable that I should have fallen into the *trap planted for me.*

"Murray's house overlooks a common, and it's usually safe to trust to picking up a taxi on the main road, although *sometimes* one has to wait. During dinner I said nothing about Palmer, being still in two minds as to her complicity. But when I left, I *made* a blunder for which I should certainly condemn the rawest recruit.

"The door of Murray's house opens on a side turning—and as I came out a taxi, proceeding slowly in the direction of the common, passed me. The man looked out as I came down the steps, and slowed up. I counted it a stroke of luck, said 'Lord's cricket ground—main entrance'—and jumped in. . . ."

Nayland Smith smiled. It was not the genial revealing smile that I knew.

"End of story!" he added. "The windows were unopenable. As I closed the door, which locked automatically, a charge of gas was puffed into the interior. That taxi, Greville, had been waiting for me!"

"Then Weymouth and Yale—"

"Weymouth and Yale, with a flying squad party, are covering the house of some perfectly harmless citizen in Finchley Road! What they'll do when I fail to turn up, I can't say. But they haven't a ghost of a clue to this place—wherever it is!"

"It's beside the Regent Canal," I replied slowly. "That's all I know about it."

"Quite sufficient," he rapped. "In your amazing interview with Li King Su I detect our only ray of hope. . . ."

An interruption came.

Dimly, for sounds were muffled in this room, I heard the ringing of a bell. I saw Nayland Smith start. We both listened. We had not long to wait for the *next development.* . . .

Into the room the huge Nubian came running—followed by the man whom I knew now to be a Dyak. They swept down upon Nayland Smith!

I became tongue-tied. Horror had robbed me of speech.

THE man with the mark of Kâli on his brow bent swiftly. I tugged at my bonds. Nayland Smith caught my glance.

"Don't worry, Greville," he said. "A hasty removal of prisoners is evidently—"

The Nubian clapped a huge black hand over the speaker's mouth!

I saw Nayland Smith, released from the chair, but rebound by the Dyak expert, lifted in the grasp of the giant Negro. *He carried Sir Denis as he might* have carried a toy dog under one arm—but he kept his free hand pressed to the captive's mouth.

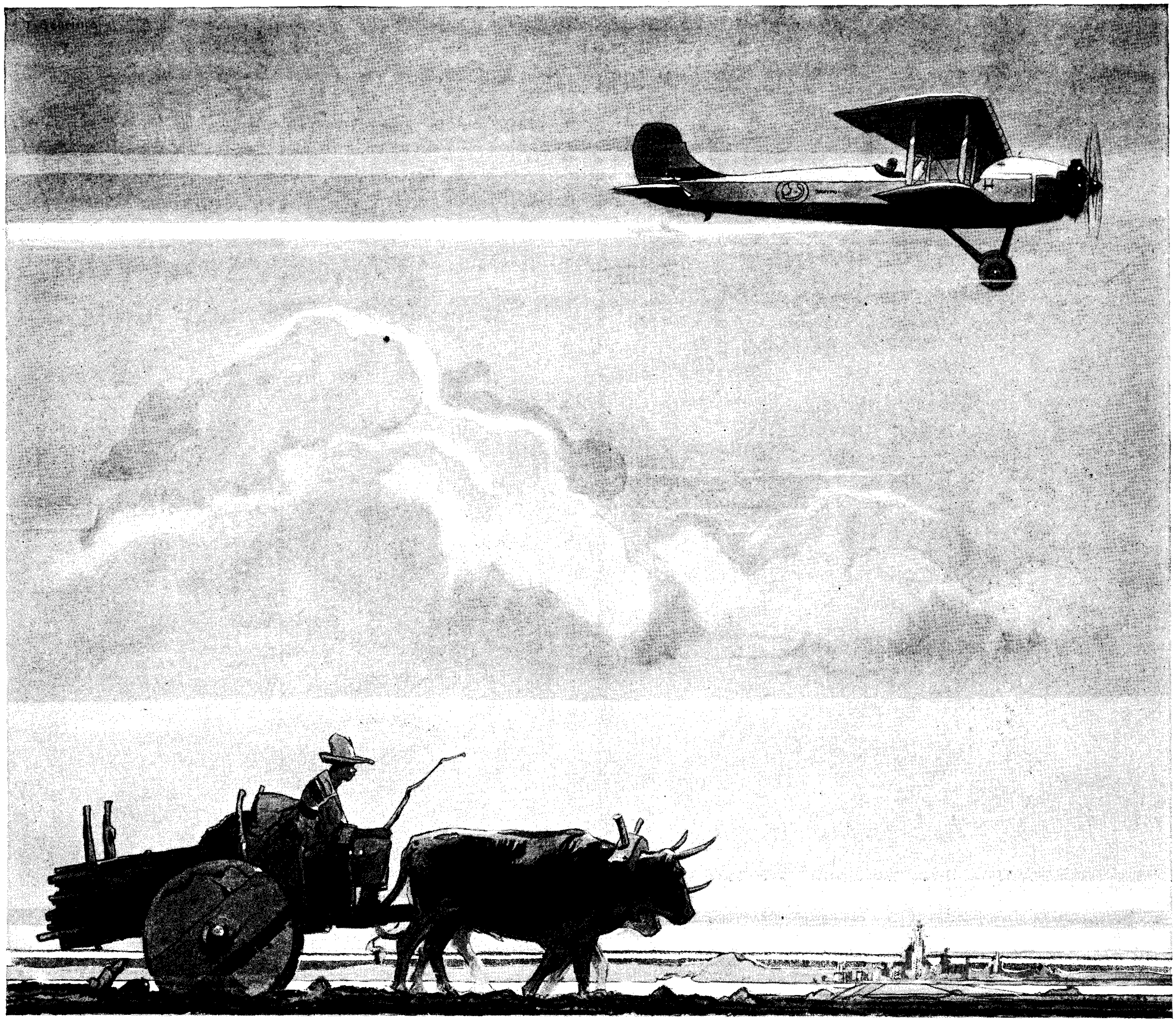
There came a breathless interval. That dim ringing was renewed. The devotee of Kâli considered me, his eyes lascivious with murder. Then, as the ringing persisted, he grasped my bound ankles, jerked me to the carpet, and dragged me out of the room!

Where, formerly, I had been carried up, now I was hauled down and down, until I knew I was in the cellars of the house.

That I arrived there without sprained wrists or a cracked skull was something of a miracle. Arms fastened behind me, I had nevertheless done all I could to protect my head as I was dragged down many steps to the basement.

Into some dark, paved place I was finally bundled. I divined, rather than knew, that Nayland Smith lay beside me.

(*Continued on page 54*)



"To save time is to lengthen life—"

> "*ACCELERATION, rather than structural change, is the key to an understanding of our recent economic developments.*"
>
> —From the report of President Hoover's Committee on Recent Economic Changes

THE PLOD of the ox-cart. The jog trot of the horse and buggy. The rush of the high-powered motor car. The zoom of the airplane. Acceleration. *Faster* speed all the time.

Speed and more speed in production, transportation, communication, and as a result, more wealth, more happiness, and yes, more leisure for us all.

Scientific research has been the pacemaker of this faster, yet more leisurely, existence. At a steadily increasing rate it is giving us hundreds of inventions and improvements which speed up work, save time and money, revolutionize life and labor in the modern age.

Conceive how much time modern electric lighting has saved the American people—not to mention the billion dollars a year in lighting bills saved by the repeatedly improved efficiency of the MAZDA lamp. Think of the extraordinary democratization of entertainment and education made possible by the radio tube!

Both these benefits to the public owe much to the steady flow of discovery and invention from General Electric laboratories. So do the x-ray and cathode-ray tubes, the calorizing of steel, atomic-hydrogen welding, the generation of power for home and industry at steadily lower costs.

The G-E monogram is a symbol of research. Every product bearing this monogram represents to-day and will represent to-morrow the highest standard of electrical correctness and dependability.

For the Home—General Electric and its associated companies manufacture a complete line of electric products including G-E MAZDA and G-E Edison MAZDA lamps, G-E refrigerators, G-E fans, G-E vacuum cleaners, G-E wiring systems, Edison Hotpoint heating appliances, and G-E motors for other household electric products.

For Industry—Several thousand electric products and appliances, including generating and distributing apparatus, motors, electric heating apparatus, street lights, floodlights, traffic lights, airport lights, Cooper Hewitt lights, Victor X-ray apparatus, motion-picture apparatus, electric locomotives and equipment, and street-car equipment.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

95-719

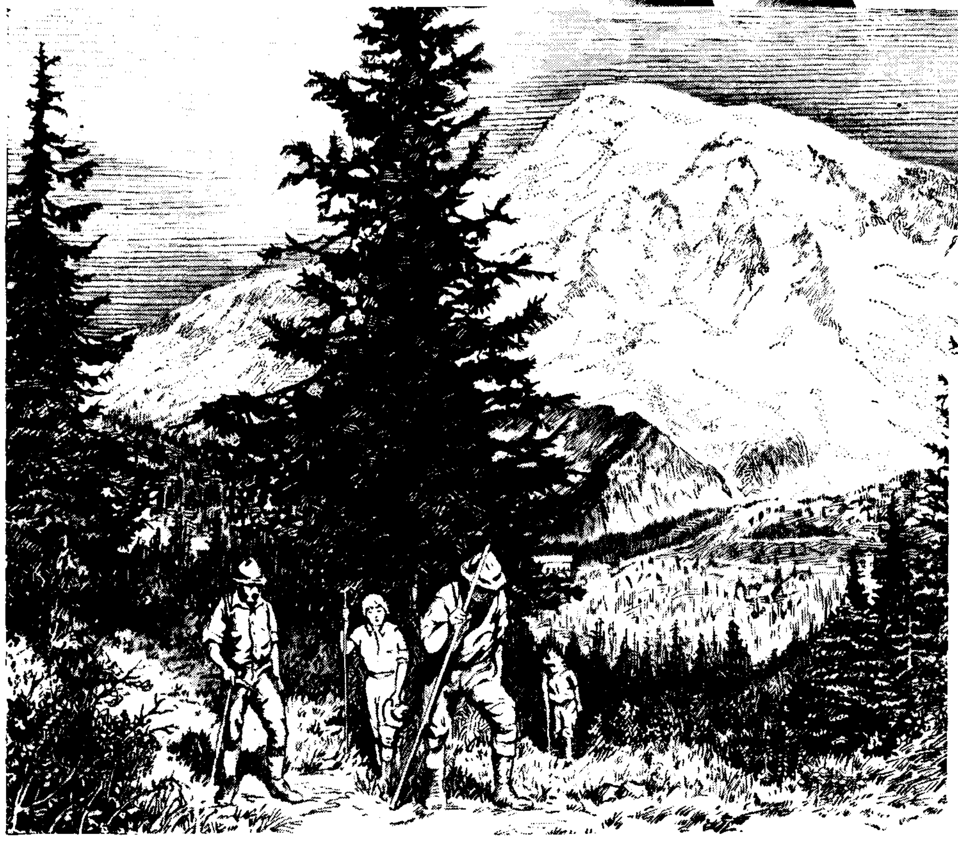
JOIN US IN THE GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR BROADCAST EVERY SATURDAY EVENING ON A NATION-WIDE N.B.C. NETWORK

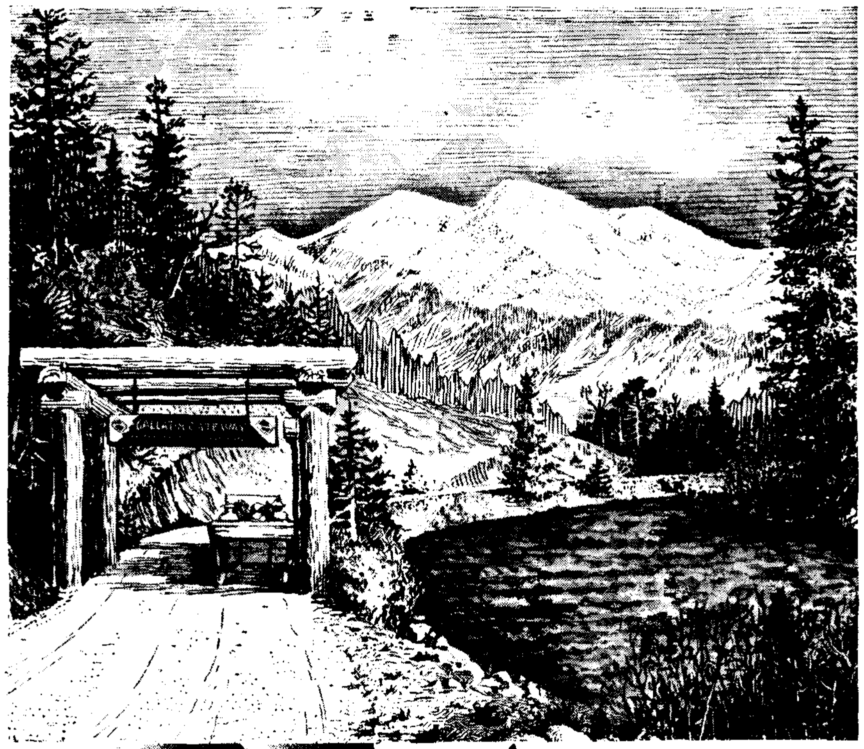
CHICAGO
MILWAUKEE
ST. PAUL
AND PACIFIC

VACATION BY-WAYS ALONG THE TRAIL OF THE NEW OLYMPIAN

CHICAGO — SPOKANE — SEATTLE — TACOMA

Mt. Rainier National Park





Gallatin Gateway to Yellowstone Park

NATURE has given generously to the new Olympian . . . in snow-crowned mountains, sculptured canyons, turbulent waters, primal forests. A majestic setting for this de luxe queen as she wends her way between Chicago and the Pacific Northwest . . . and yet but a fleeting glimpse of a far-spread land of enchantment. On the by-ways that lead from the Olympian's electrified trail, over the Rockies to the Sea, are America's glorious vacationlands . . . mystic Yellowstone Park through new Gallatin Gateway . . . mighty, glacier-cloaked Mt. Rainier . . . Olympic Peninsula, the nation's last frontier . . . Mt. Baker's challenging slopes . . . Spokane's lakelands . . . Seattle and Tacoma, world ports . . . old-English Victoria and cosmopolitan Vancouver. Inveterate thrill-seekers find the Olympian's homeland ever-new and irresistible . . . and the Olympian itself — the only roller-bearing train to the Pacific Coast — the peer of all de luxe transcontinentals.

For copy of "Key Notes" containing information concerning this railroad, its famous trains and the territories they serve, write The Milwaukee Road, Room 865-N, Union Station, Chicago, Illinois.

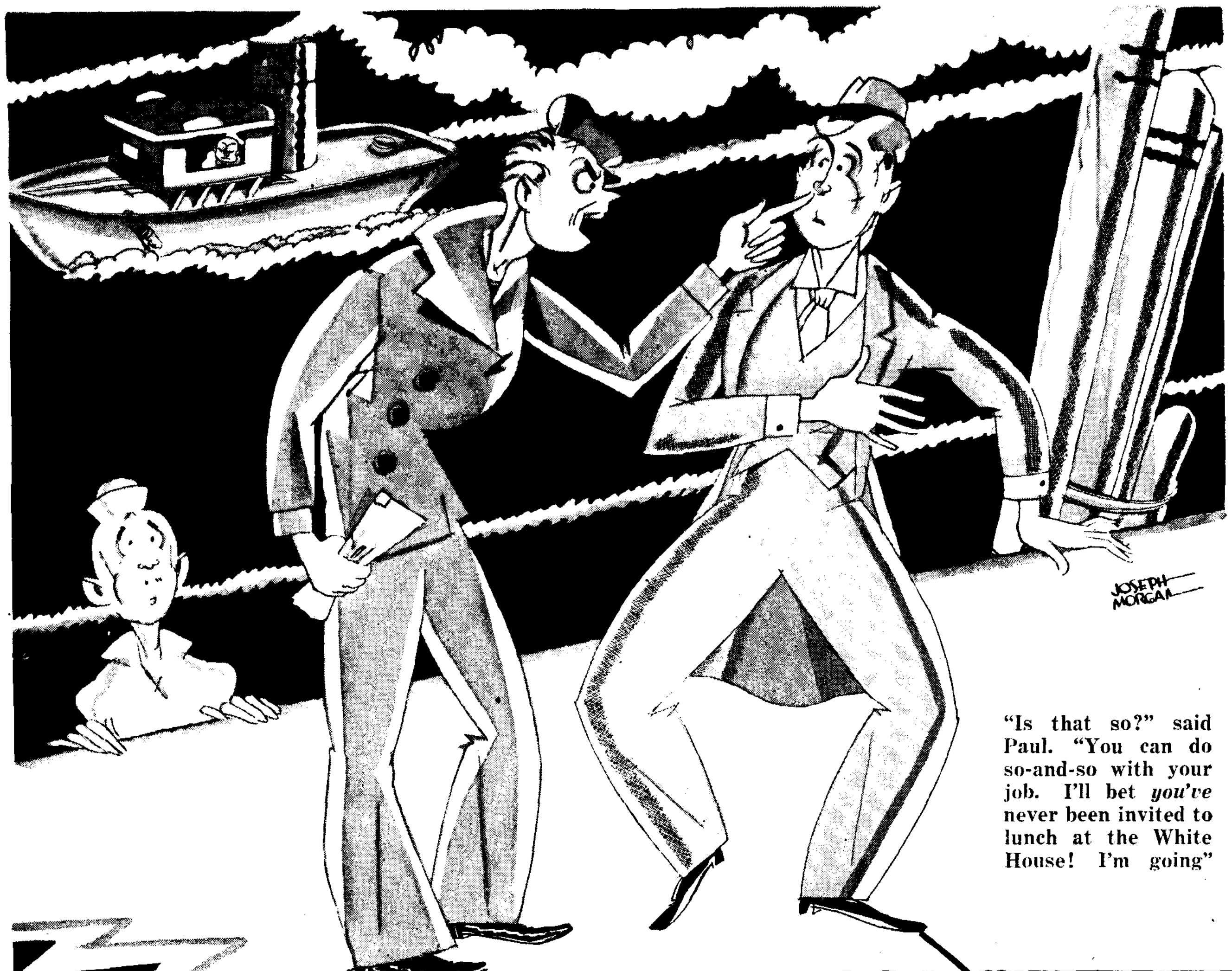
Escorted all-expense tours of the Northwest Wonderland. Just like a big house party! Ask for detailed information.

THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

ELECTRIFIED OVER THE ROCKIES TO THE SEA

In One Ear

This bunch of anecdotes, hand-picked by Collier's writers, is too good to keep secret. Have a chuckle yourself



"Is that so?" said Paul. "You can do so-and-so with your job. I'll bet *you've* never been invited to lunch at the White House! I'm going"

PAUL SCHLUTER of Seattle, or thereabouts, had never been up in an airplane when he agreed to navigate for Martin Jensen in the Dole Hawaiian race. But Paul had a reputation up and down the Pacific, and roundabout the Seven Seas, for his uncanny ability as a navigator, for his courage and for a wealth of color in his character, which was but partially expressed by profanity. Well, the race started—and Jensen and Schluter, you will remember, came in second. The visibility was poor and Jensen, at the stick, saw few of the 2,400 miles of sea. But Schluter's navigating kept them on the nail.

The race over, Schluter returned to his seafaring. He held a master's certificate, and sailed ships for a Pacific coast firm. One day he received a message inviting him to the luncheon President Coolidge was to give at the White House for America's various transoceanic flight celebrities. He went to his boss and asked for leave of absence.

"No," said the boss. "You've had enough time off."

Now, Paul is a poor man, dependent upon steady work and with all the workingman's respect for the boss. Yet suddenly the boss, growling refusals, seemed unimportant to him.

"Is that so?" said Paul. "You can do so-and-so with your job. I'll bet *you've* never been invited to lunch at the White House! I'm going."

And Paul went. And he lost his job. But it didn't take a capable seagoing fellow, who had had lunch at the White House, long to get a new job—through the U. S. Shipping Board.

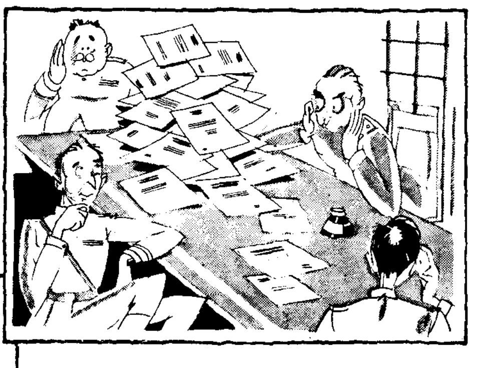
And That's That

Much has been heard about Coolidge economy, but perhaps the largest single saving to the government antedated Coolidge by nearly five years. It was made by Judge Walter Winter Warwick, then Comptroller of the Treasury, and now Chairman of the Personal Classification Board.

One afternoon in November, 1918, Judge Warwick was asked by General Goethals to drop in at the War Department. Warwick found Goethals and a bevy of other high officers seated around a huge table heaped with papers.

"Those papers are contracts," Goethals explained. "They represent the result of months of negotiation with private manufacturers. None of them have been signed, but we have told the manufacturers in each case that we expect to sign them. They cover munitions and other supplies, and in each case the manufacturer has gone ahead on the assumption that the contract would be signed.

"Since these negotiations were started, however, the Armistice has been signed. Now what we would like to know, Judge Warwick, is whether that makes any difference—whether we can legally sign them."



Judge Warwick looked at the papers.

"How much money is involved in these contracts?" he asked.

"Oh, I suppose, roughly, a billion dollars," Goethals replied.

"Well, gentlemen," replied Judge Warwick, "I can only say this: if you sign them every last one of you will go to the penitentiary."

He walked out and the contracts were not signed. One billion dollars, more or less, remained in the Federal treasury.

A Hot Time in Hollywood

Grace Darmond, screen actress, took Harry Dittmar, screen writer, to the beaches one night when he first went to Hollywood, to prove to him that the reputed city of sin and its environs were really puritanical and went to bed with the chickens. It was about ten; sure enough, Santa Monica was dead, dark and deserted. They were about to turn away when they caught a tinkle of music in the dark, and found the merry-go-round on the pier still running. There was a solitary passenger—a slim little figure hopping from lions to reindeer to swans, trying them all, having a great time all by himself. They walked closer. It was Charlie Chaplin.

No Sorcerer—Just a Fool for Luck

Toledo's automobile magnate, John N. Willys, now Ambassador to Poland, in the course of European travel a few years ago arrived in Rome with Mrs. Willys. On the way to their hotel the taxi driver turned to them and asked:

"America?"

Accustomed to being taken for Americans, they nodded in assent. But when he went on: "Indianapolis?" they did indeed look at him in speechless astonishment. They lived in Indianapolis at the time. Each inspected the other for the hallmarks of the Hoosier capital-metropolis, without success.

The fellow was not a mere chauffeur—he was a seer; a diviner. They regarded him with superstitious awe.

Later they discovered, from inquiring, that the man had once been a house-servant of Booth Tarkington when that literary gentleman lived in Italy, and that Indianapolis was the only American city he had ever heard of.

Ethics à la Volstead

The very nicest bootlegger we've ever met is a resident of Washington County, North Carolina. The man has a conscience, cultivated perhaps during his years as a Primitive Baptist preacher. Not only are his goods high in quality but his business ethics are lofty.

First, he will not only decline to serve you on a Sunday but will strike you off his list of customers if you ask him thus to desecrate the Sabbath.

Second, if you give away a drop of the liquor he sells you, thereby (who knows?) starting some hitherto righteous soul on a downward path, you may expect no more to drink from him. The responsibility, he says, is too great.

Third, if you are arrested for any violation of traffic laws, he is through with you. He assumes that perhaps it was liquor that got you into trouble.

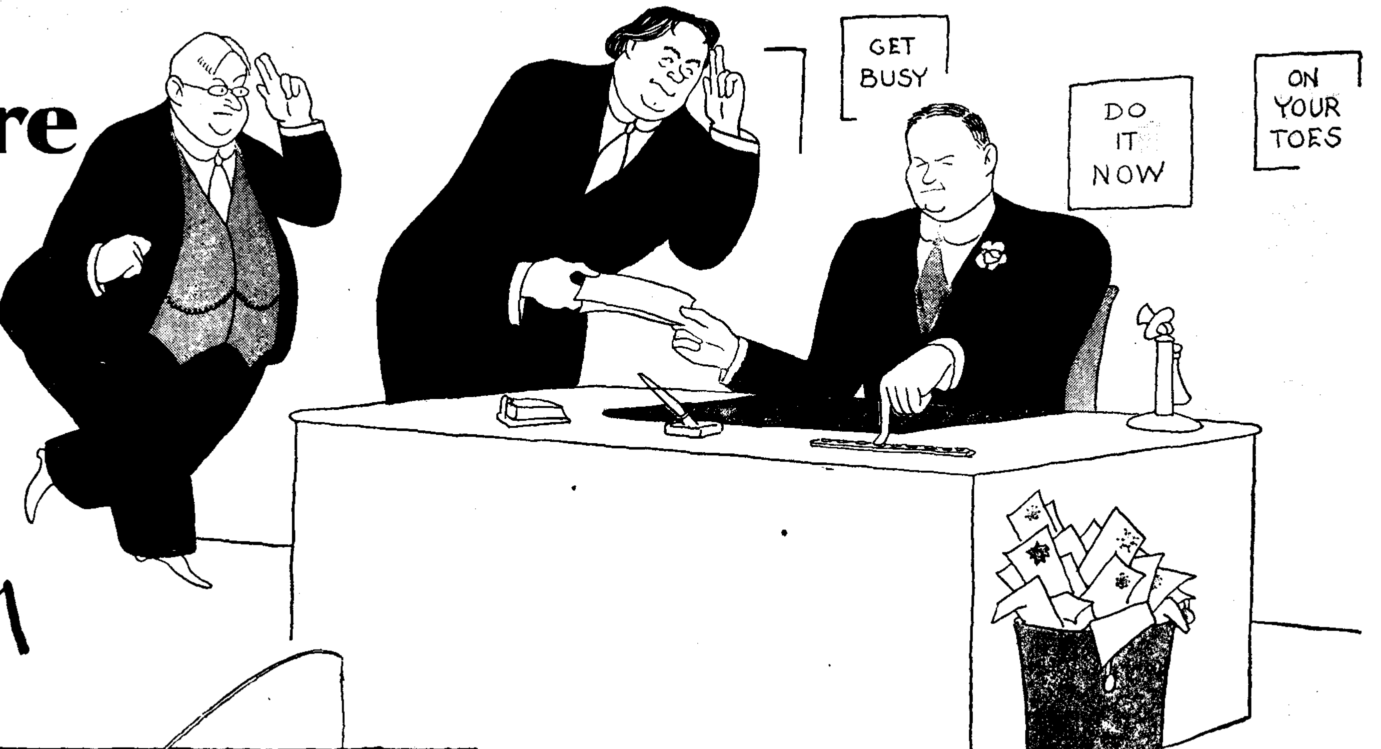
Fourth, he won't serve you at all unless you are a Protestant in good standing. He assures us that he won't have no truck at all with the others, although he grants they might be honest enough.

There, as we say, is a bootlegger for you. He does a magnificent business, too.

The Talk Cure

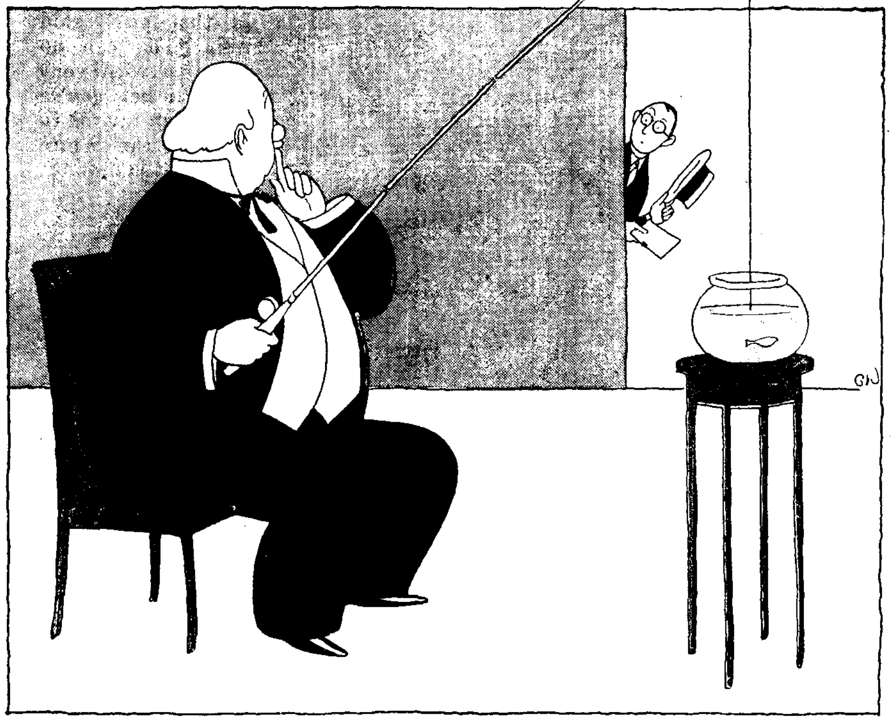
"The Constitution of the United States may designate the President as the Chief Executive, but where's the good if the Senate won't let him exec? Or if he can't make a suggestion to Congress except through the loopholes of an armored car?"

Uncle Henry



Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

"He had a dream of himself sittin' in a swivel chair an' issuin' crisp orders"



"He sat in front of the goldfish bowl, pole in hand, an' raised a warnin' finger"

"I NEVER knew that Pres'dent Hoover was such a pash'nate fisherman," said Mr. Stubbs.

"He isn't," Uncle Henry confided. "As a matter of fact, he hates fishin' like poison. Every time he whips a trout stream you can hear him say, 'This hurts me more than it does you.' At best, Herbert's visage isn't what might be called a map of mirth or America's Playground, but when he starts off on a piscatorial expedition, each separate feature takes on added gloom, an' you can't tell where his rubber boots leave off an' his face begins.

"The President fishes, my dear 'Lonzo, solely in order to be doin' somethin' that will keep him from talkin'. Anglin' with him is nothin' more than a first aid to silence. What with Borah, Norris, Brookhart an' other Western senators all crouched to spring down his throat the minute he opens his mouth, Herb's one hope of safety lies in a sport that regards quiet as an essential, an' where taciturnity is sanctified by custom.

"Fishin', from time immemorial, has been recognized by politicians as a prime method of keepin' the tongue under control. In my earlier days I knew an old senator who dashed off to a lake or pond the minute a campaign opened. Or if it happened to be winter, he sat in front of the goldfish bowl in his front room, pole in hand, an' put a warnin' finger to his lips if a reporter so much as stuck his nose in the room.

"Calvin Coolidge didn't have to take up fishin' so as to be able to keep his mouth shut, bein' a product of New England, where, as you may have heard, babies are weaned on clams. Mr. Hoover, however, came to America by way of sunny California, an' the climate of the Pacific Coast not only makes silence a capital offense, but regards even reticence as treachery to the state an' next door to moral turpitude.

'Twas Only a Dream

"As a consequence of this early trainin' the President is innately an' ornately garrulous. He loves to let words take their course, an' if left alone, would undoubtedly earn the reputation of bein' prattle-brained. That's why he thought so seriously of becomin' a Democrat back there in 1920, realizin' it is the one party that really believes in free speech—free an' unlimited.

"I have it on High Authority, as the newspapers say, that poor Herb suffered terribly durin' his term of confinement in the Harding Cabinet. There he was, fairly bustin' to talk, an' not able to find anybody to talk to, for all he could get out of his associates was such terse commonplaces as 'I refuse to answer on advice of counsel,' or 'I decline to answer your question on the ground that it might incriminate me.'

"That was one of the reasons why he was so anxious to get himself elected President. Once in the White House, so Herb figured, an' he could talk all he pleased without anybody to say him nay. An' yet already, though his term is little more than a year old, things have reached a pass where he's afraid to open his lips except at a band concert, an' even then he watches the tuba player like a hawk to see that he doesn't stop on him suddenly.

"If he ventures to hazard the observation that it's a fine day, Senator Brookhart bellows that the situation of the farmer is too desperate to be relieved by mere sunshine, not to mention moonshine, while if he mutters somethin' to the effect that it looks like rain, up leaps Senator Norris with the charge that the Tool of Wall Street is tryin' to cloud the issues.

"On the whole, 'Lonzo, I'm afraid our latest President isn't goin' to have a very good time of it. As far as he's concerned, the Senate slogan is 'Live until it hurts.' Instead of lyin' flat on his back, skillfully counterfeitin' coma, Herb committed the blunder of makin' a noise like a President, an' the wild Western bunch in Congress is out to get his scalp an' nail it on the barn door as an example to future Presidents.

"What fooled Herb a lot, I imagine, was all this idle talk about a President bein' the nation's Chief Executive, the country's Big Boss an' America's Main Squeeze. The poor chap took it seriously, an' out of a cowardly fear of gettin' mixed up in the mess none of his friends went to him an' told Herb about the Senate. As a consequence, he took office as innocent as a babe in arms.

"He had a dream of himself sittin' in a swivel chair, a carnation in his buttonhole, punchin' buttons, issuin' crisp orders, makin' inspirational talks to the sales force, an' throwin' important papers into the scrap basket so that newspaper reporters an' visitin' firemen could go out an' tell the world that 'President Hoover's desk is always clear,' which is, as everybody knows, the *sign of a great administrator.*

"He took a lot of pains fixin' up his office along modern an' approved lines. Every inch of wall space was taken up with such mottoes as *Don't Grunt—Do Your Stunt* an' *This Is My Busy Day—Make It Snappy.* In every corner were charts full of zigzag lines, many of 'em actually meanin' somethin'.

"Bright an' early on the mornin' of March 5th he summoned the Senate to his office, an' started off in high. First favorin' them with a bright, determined smile, as set forth in Umph's Manual for Executives under the headin', 'How to Inspire Your Department Heads with Confidence,' Herb launched into a snappy exposition of his plans an' policies.

The Riot Squad

"To this day, so I'm told, Herb doesn't know what was wrong with the speech. Out in Russia an' China an' other places where he's executived with success, such pep talks had always gone well, the coolies cheerin' him to the echo. But for some reason or other, the members of Congress didn't receive it in what might be called a friendly spirit.

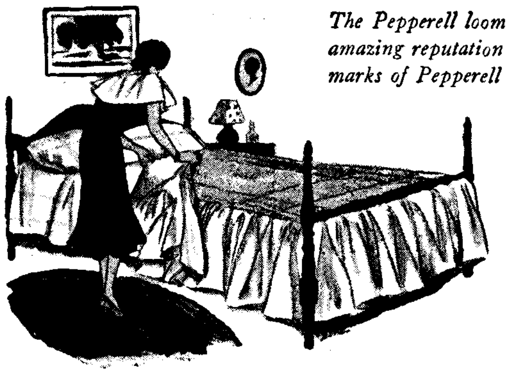
"The minute Herb finished, an' while he was waitin' for the applause, Bill Borah had him by the leg, workin' hard to bring all the back teeth into play while Norris was tryin' for a toe hold, with Smith Brookhart leapin' around with the poker, waitin' for a good openin'. Heaven knows what would have happened if Walsh of Montana, who was actin' as look-out, hadn't yelled out, 'Cheese it, boys, the cops are comin'.'

"Things are pretty bad, 'Lonzo. When I pick up the paper an' see the headline, 'GANG WAR BREAKS OUT AGAIN,' I don't know whether it's Chicago or Washington. No wonder poor Herb spends so much time in the trackless forests of the Rapidan, livin' in a sound-proof hut with every approach heavily mined.

"Lord knows what we're goin' to do about it. The Constitution of the United States may designate the President as the Chief Executive, but where's the good if the Senate won't let him *exec?* Or if he can't even make a suggestion to Congress except through the loopholes of an armored car?"

"I hear there are all kinds of snakes up in those Virginia woods," said Mr. Stubbs.

"The President should worry," shrugged Uncle Henry. "After a senator, a rattler's a treat."



The Pepperell looms since 1845 have built an amazing reputation for fine sheets—under the marks of Pepperell and Lady Pepperell. That reputation applies equally to millions of yards of other household fabrics from the same famous looms.

Now Mother looks for the name PEPPERELL *on lots of* new *household fabrics —the name that says* "THIS CLOTH WILL *WEAR!*"

OF COURSE, since the 'fifties, there have been mellow, soft Pepperell sheets in the heirloom linen chest. The Pepperell label has always been a guaranty of the utmost wear, and fine weaving, and beautiful, strong cotton. So Mother trusts the name as implicitly in other cotton as she does in sheets—in middy blouses for Sister—in wash suits for Brother—in blankets and bedspreads for all of us; Mother *doesn't take chances she can avoid!*

The smart garment-makers realize this—frequently pay a little more for a fabric because it *is* Pepperell-woven—and then tell you about it on the label. They're elated at the persistence with which you insist on seeing that label *before* you spend your good money—and they're rushing to make as many more things as they can of new Pepperell fabrics to help that money buy its worth. If you want to be just a little insistent about getting sturdy household fabrics, write Lady Pepperell at 160 State Street, Boston—tell her the fabric or garment you want—she'll tell you who makes it up with a genuine Pepperell label.

PEPPERELL

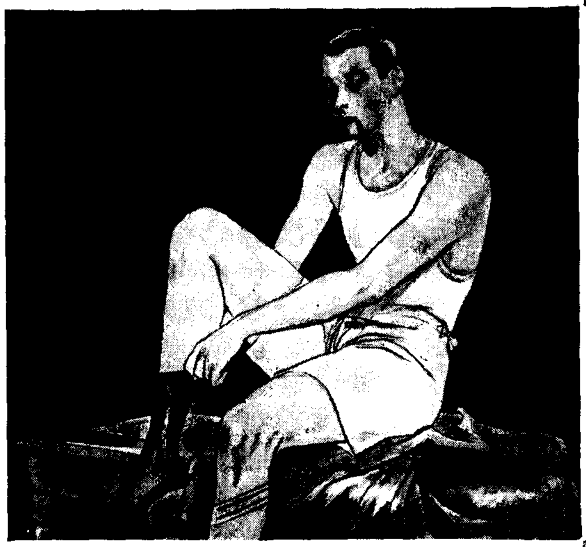
THE NAME THAT PROMISES STOUT SERVICE *in* COTTON

Her Sally Middies help her game, because they are so sensibly tailored. Help Mother, too—they stand rugged wear and washing so well. Made by Sally Middy Company, 20 W. 33d St., New York, of Pepperell Jean, and sold everywhere with this identifying label.

Sally
Sally togs
MADE OF GENUINE
PEPPERELL CLOTH

Let him go full speed ahead in wash suits and camp togs made of Pepperell fabric by Royal Novelty Company, 641 6th Ave., New York. They wear long, launder often, look good throughout. All good stores have them. The labels "Roy" and "Campo" certify that they're made of Pepperell Fabric.

ROY
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PEPPERELL FABRIC
GUARANTEED FAST COLOR
AGE 7 NECK 11



Dad must have his shorts well-tailored, comfortable. But Mother, who often buys them, knows that crisp, long-wearing ones bear the name "Pepperell Jean." Their makers identify this stout fabric by their Pepperell label.

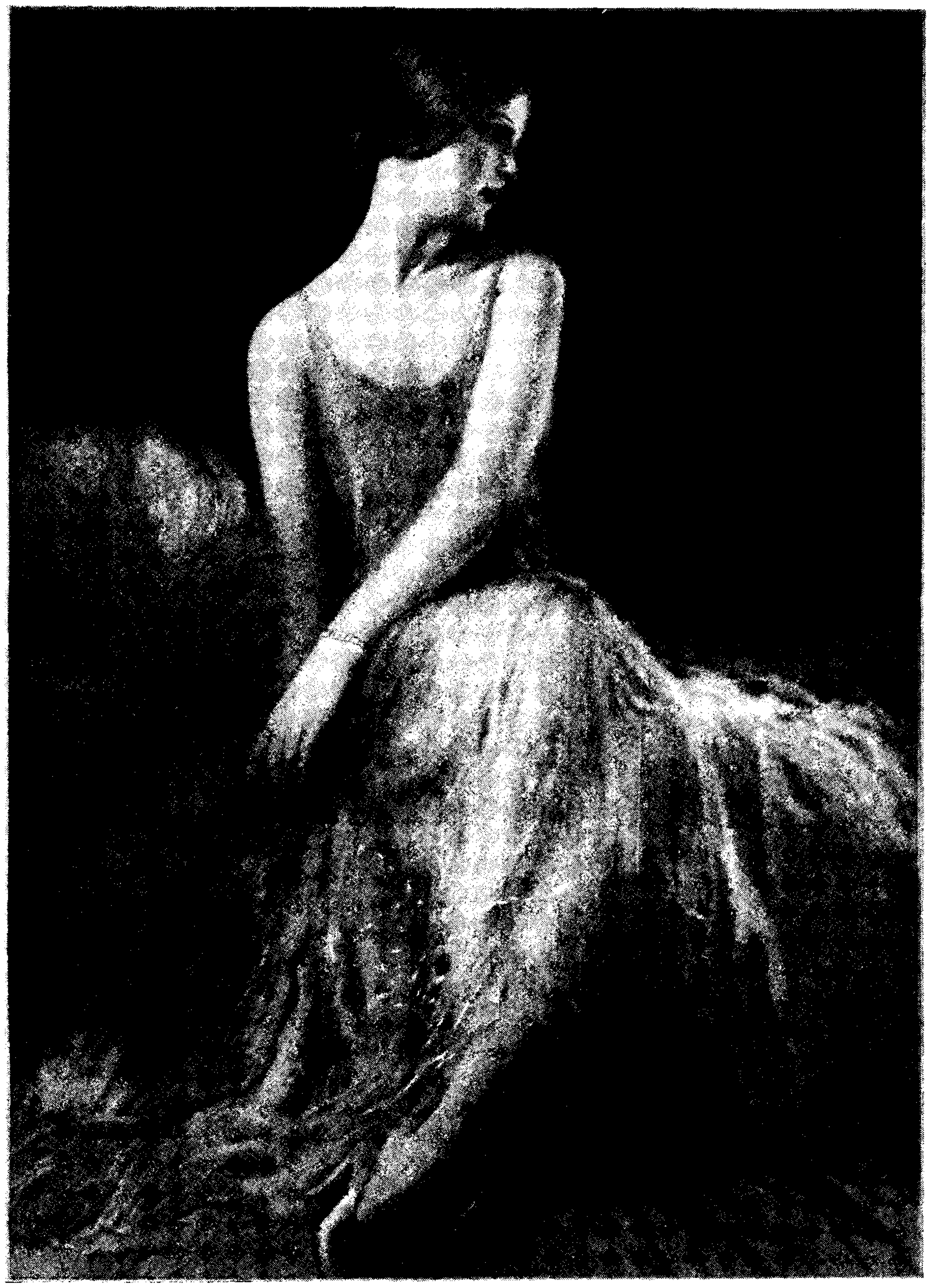
Here are just a few of those who use Pepperell Jean:

D. & S. Manufacturing Co., *Allentown, Pa.*
Ft. Schuyler Knitting Co., *Utica, N. Y.*
New England Mfg. Co., *Worcester, Mass.*
Plymouth Underwear Co., *Boston, Mass.*
Seegull Mfg. Co., *Philadelphia, Pa.*
Sexton Manufacturing Co., *Fairfield, Ill.*
Topkis Brothers, *Wilmington, Del.*
Yale Underwear Co., *Baltimore, Md.*

PEPPERELL
BLEACHED JEAN
TRADE MARK
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PEPPERELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS., GENERAL SALES OFFICES: 40 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

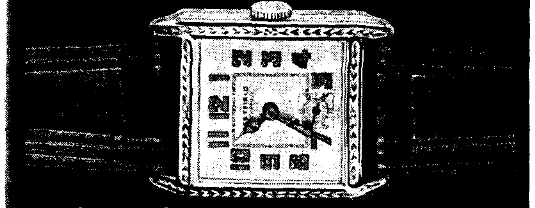
WESTFIELD
The SHOCK-PROOF
WATCH



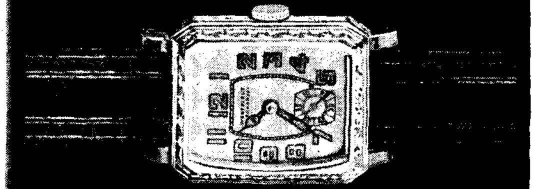
EXPRESS the spirit of Graduation with a smart, enduring Westfield Watch! Trim and modern in lines, its reliable Shockproof movement built to withstand the most strenuous activities — a Westfield Watch is admirably suited to commemorate a day of youthful achievement.

You may choose from among a wide variety of smart new Westfield wrist and strap models for young men and women — now being shown by your jeweler. Handsomely designed, attractively priced, each is the best watch value the money can buy!

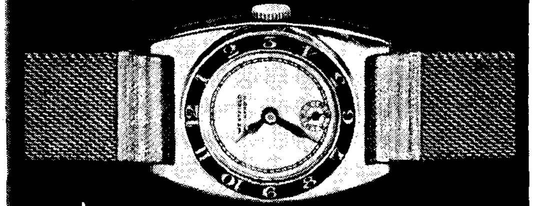
WESTFIELD WATCH COMPANY, 1 West 47th Street, New York



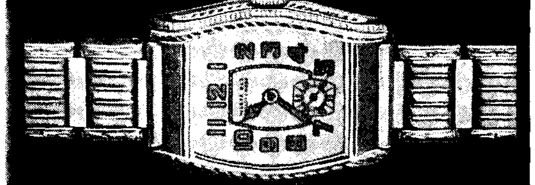
DALTON: Radium dial; handsome shape; engraved . . . . . $\$9^{75}$



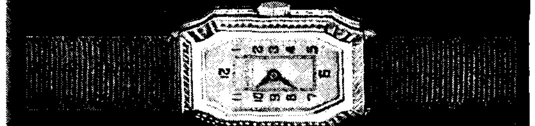
HARRON: Radium dial; attractively engraved . . . . $\$14^{75}$



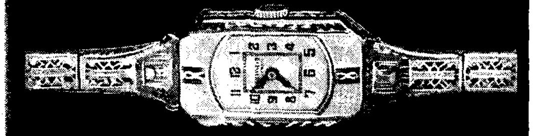
AIR KING: Enamel inlay; with woven mesh band . . . . . . $\$17^{75}$



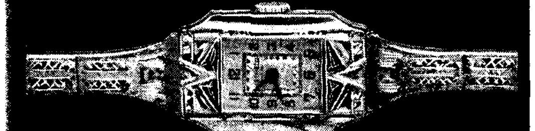
BRITON: Radium dial; engraved; flexible link band . . . . $\$19^{75}$



SYLVIE: Neat, popular shape; engraved . . . . $\$12^{75}$

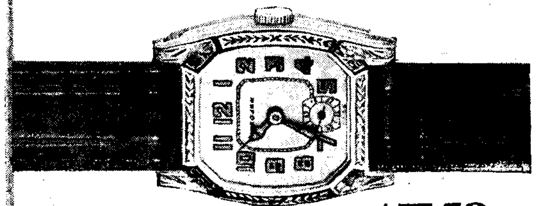


MARIE: Smartly engraved; flexible bracelet to match . . . . . $\$17^{75}$

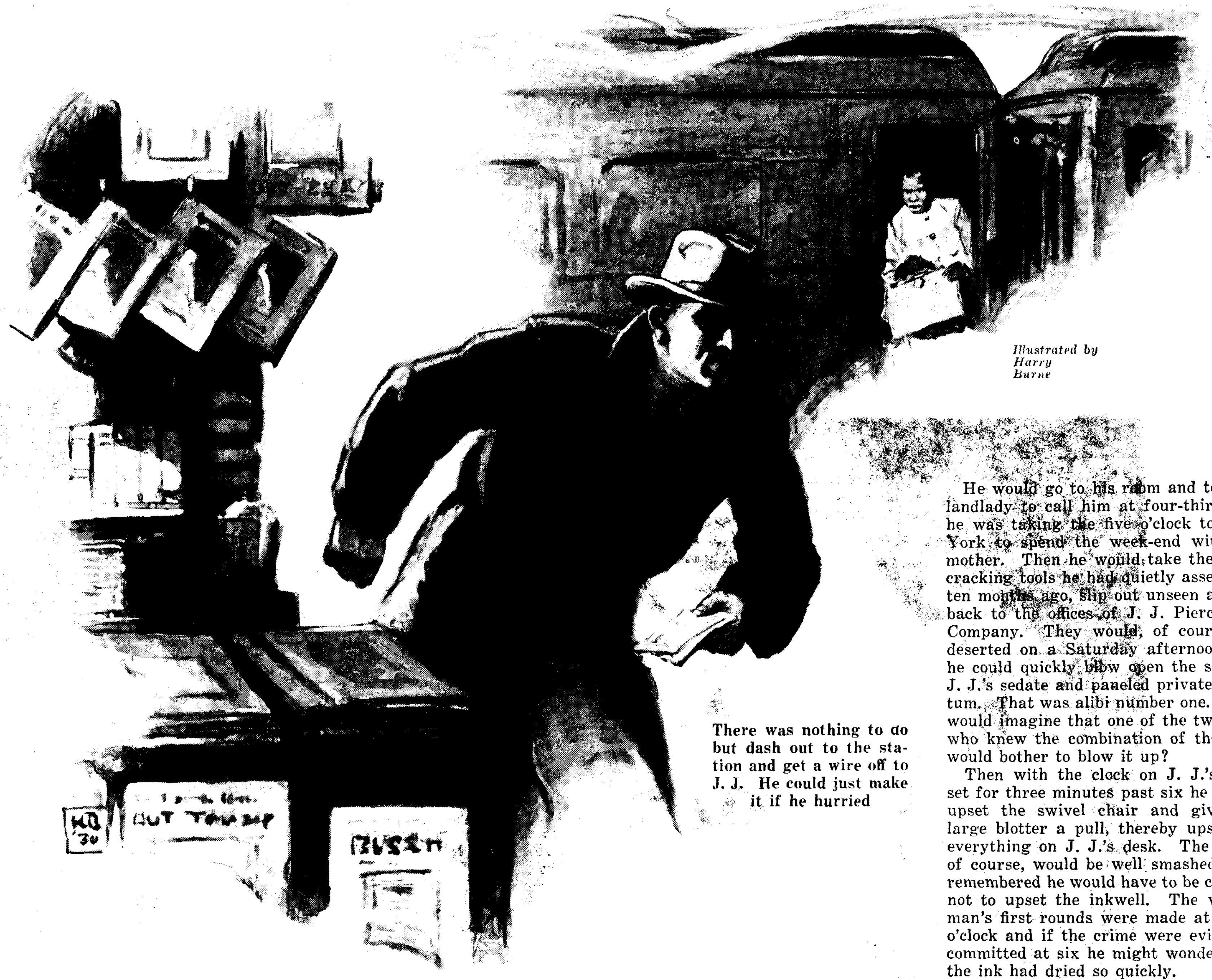


CARRIE: Set with 4 simulated gems; flexible bracelet to match $\$19^{75}$

THE MAN'S STRAP WATCH



TROJAN . $\$7^{50}$



Illustrated by Harry Burne

There was nothing to do but dash out to the station and get a wire off to J. J. He could just make it if he hurried

Just to prove that you mustn't expect too much of Fate even when it's

In the Bag

By Jessie Ford Keena

JOHN COOPER watched the porter deftly swing his bag on the iron shelf above the Pullman seat. Cooper's heavy overcoat, Homburg hat, dark suit, polished shoes and quiet tie were, in their general effect, just like those of every other man leaving Boston this Saturday afternoon on the five o'clock to New York.

The bag too—on the outside—was not distinguished by any particular mark, but John Cooper would have wagered anyone that no other New-York-bound luggage contained seventy-five thousand dollars in one-hundred-dollar treasury notes.

He settled himself in his seat. Thinking over the events of the past two hours he felt vaguely that somehow it had been all too easy. Of course, he'd been planning it for months—ever since old J. J. had announced that every one of seven hundred and fifty employees would receive a hundred-dollar bonus on the fiftieth birthday of J. J. Pierce and Company.

John Cooper stared out of the window of the moving train and wondered why he didn't feel more like a thief. He meant to hide the money in his old room in his mother's house in New York, and leave it there for three or four years and forget about it. No one would ever find it and by the time the inevitable storm had died away he could quietly leave J. J. Pierce and Company and enjoy a perfectly adequate income traveling from lake to lake and mountainside to mountainside in the northern Italy he loved.

Perhaps it was the postponement of the fruits of his achievement coupled with an absolute certainty that he could not possibly be suspected that gave him this strange feeling—a feeling of satisfaction in a job intelligently done rather than the apprehension one would normally feel for the success of a cunning and skillful crime.

That very morning he had put the seventy-five thousand away in the safe in J. J.'s office, and after giving the dials a twirl had turned around to see the beneficent smile on J. J.'s face.

"Fine, boy, fine!" Pierce had said. "It will be safe there till Monday morning. You come in early and arrange it on my desk and I'll be in right at nine."

"Are you going to present all seven hundred and fifty yourself, sir?" asked Cooper, knowing perfectly well that the prospect of personally doling out the largess was just about the only reason old J. J. was becoming so generous.

"Of course, lad, of course," roared J. J. "Every office boy and vice president will get a handshake and a little surprise from J. J. Pierce on Monday morning. How about a little lunch, boy? At the club."

So Cooper had gone with J. J., watching him smile benignly on his employees as they left for the Saturday half-holiday.

Over a table in the corner of the club Pierce had, for the *nth* time, held forth to his secretary on the secrets of his success. Cooper knew it all by heart and had in his mind gone over his plans for the afternoon.

He would go to his room and tell his landlady to call him at four-thirty, as he was taking the five o'clock to New York to spend the week-end with his mother. Then he would take the safe-cracking tools he had quietly assembled ten months ago, slip out unseen and go back to the offices of J. J. Pierce and Company. They would, of course, be deserted on a Saturday afternoon and he could quickly blow open the safe in J. J.'s sedate and paneled private sanctum. That was alibi number one. Who would imagine that one of the two men who knew the combination of the safe would bother to blow it up?

Then with the clock on J. J.'s desk set for three minutes past six he would upset the swivel chair and give the large blotter a pull, thereby upsetting everything on J. J.'s desk. The clock, of course, would be well smashed. He remembered he would have to be careful not to upset the inkwell. The watchman's first rounds were made at seven o'clock and if the crime were evidently committed at six he might wonder how the ink had dried so quickly.

After that, back to his room unseen, to be awakened from a supposedly sound sleep by his landlady—alibi number two.

ON THE way to his room, after leaving J. J., he had worried a little about his chances of getting through unseen but he had long ago decided that the prize was worth the chance and two hours later—at four-fifteen to be exact—he slipped off his collar, shoes and coat and flung himself on his bed, knowing he had succeeded. The time alibi on the train was the only thing yet to be established.

Now as he sat in his Pullman chair he felt inordinately pleased with himself. He knew the scheme itself hadn't been brilliant, but his execution had been perfect. No one would ever suspect him—J. J. least of all.

Just before the train drew into Providence, Cooper called the porter.

"See if you can get me a Boston News Bureau, will you?"

"Yas, suh," smiled the white-coated darky, and as Cooper handed him a dollar bill to purchase the paper he repeated, "Yas, *suh*," with emphasis on the "suh."

When the porter returned with the News Bureau, Cooper gave him all the change.

The darky grinned from ear to ear and puttered around, folding Cooper's coat more neatly, and moving his hat an inch farther back from where it reposed on top of the precious bag and the seventy-five thousand.

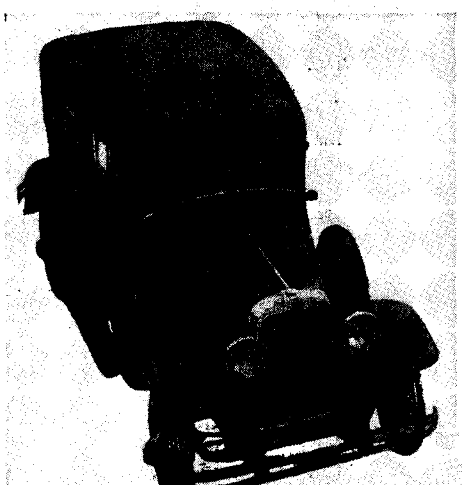
(*Continued on page 32*)

MOTORISTS WISE

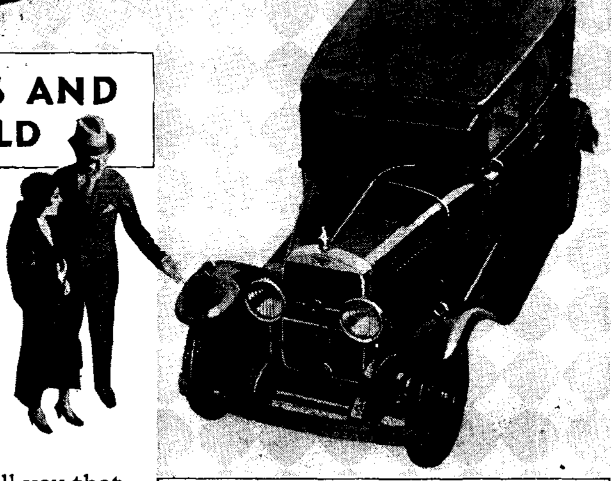
SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Protects THE FINISH IN ALL WEATHER



3102 MILES AND LOOKS OLD



38,464 MILES AND STILL LOOKS NEW

KEEPING a car looking new and beautiful for years is easy for the motorist who keeps the finish Simonized. Millions of motorists who have driven cars for years will tell you that every car should be Simonized—and the sooner the better. In all weather, Simoniz protects the finish from dust, dirt, traffic fumes and other elements that otherwise dull, age and eventually destroy the surface. It makes the finish last much longer and keeps the beautiful colors from fading. Why, even after traveling thousands and thousands of miles, the Simonized car still sparkles like new while the car that has not been Simonized, though driven but a few hundred miles, looks old. Naturally, the Simonized car is always worth more when traded in.

Simonizing is really the modern way of caring for the finish. It saves the busy motorist time, money and keeps his car looking bright and beautiful for years. It's most economical and inexpensive, too. An application of Simoniz lasts for months and guards the finish so well that dust and dirt can be wiped off without scratching. This eliminates polishing and makes it easy to keep a car looking clean and bright at all times with little washing expense.

Simoniz your car . . . it's easy, and you will be surprised at the wonderful difference that it makes in the appearance of the finish. Your car may look worn and discolored, but Simonizing will make it sparkle like new again. Simoniz Kleener thoroughly cleans and removes all grime, discolorations and blemishes—truly the only way to restore the original beauty to the finish. Simoniz then adds a luxuriant depth of lustre and provides the finish with lasting protection.

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener—and your car will look new and beautiful for years.

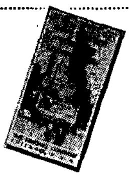
"SIMONIZ" KLEENER
SIMONIZ

"EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH"

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
2101 Indiana Avenue
Chicago, U. S. A.
Send free booklet "HOW TO KEEP YOUR CAR LOOKING NEW."

M

Name..........
Address..........
City.......... *State*..........



In the Bag

Continued from page 31

It was just after six now and Cooper's last alibi was completed. That darky would certainly remember him for a long time to come.

As the train rumbled into New Haven, Cooper stood up and contemplated going out and walking up and down the platform to get the kinks out of his legs and the stuffiness out of his head. It had started snowing, however, and the flakes were small and icy as they rushed past the windowpane, blown by an uncommonly strong wind. Cooper decided to stay where he was and was about to settle himself in his seat when he heard a loud young voice at the end of the car calling, "Mr. Roberts! Mr. Cooper! Mr. Roberts! Mr. Cooper!" Cooper had a moment of near panic as he saw a telegraph messenger waving two yellow envelopes as he cried out the names. The theft must have been discovered! It wasn't possible that he could have slipped up anywhere! But though he knew he was safe he found himself exerting a great effort toward self-control as he tipped the boy and took the telegram.

THE boy went on down the car and into the next one still calling, "Mr. Roberts! Mr. Roberts!" in a peculiar singsong as Cooper slid his finger under the flap and unfolded the telegram. A great wave of relief brought a red flush to his cheeks as he read: "SAFE BLOWN UP STOP SEVENTY FIVE THOUSAND GONE STOP NEED YOUR HELP STOP RETURN IMMEDIATELY STOP PIERCE."

The best time he could make was to go on to New York, arriving at ten o'clock and taking the midnight back to Boston. He would have plenty of time to hide the money. He looked around for the boy to send an answer but the youngster had long since disappeared. There was nothing to do but dash out to the station and get a wire off to J. J. He could just make it if he hurried. Catching sight of the snow outside he grabbed his hat and shook himself into his coat as he rushed down the aisle.

Down the steps to the station he tore and sent the telegram. It was only a matter of seconds but as he reached the platform again he saw that the train was already under way. With a prodigious spurt of speed he just managed to swing himself on to the rear platform of the last car.

He smiled to himself. He'd certainly had the breaks. It would have just been the luck of some poor fool to have missed that last car. A feeling of exultation possessed him as he headed toward his own car. A little more than an hour and he'd be at his mother's, with the money safely hidden, the tools destroyed, and the job finished. Tomorrow morning he would be back in Boston helping detectives compile evidence which would never lead to an arrest. He pushed open the door of his own car and saw the porter fastening the side door and peering back at the New Haven platform.

Cooper remarked that it was a cold night and the darky swung around, his face ludicrous in amazement.

"My Gawd, suh," he stuttered. "Ah thought you was gettin' off at New Haven!"

"What do you mean?" roared Cooper.

"Well, suh, Ah seed you grab yo' hat 'n' coat and rush off 'n a hurry, an' when Ah goes ovah to yo' seat Ah sees the telegram from Boston which say fo' you to return im*medi*ately. When th' train started an' you had'n' come back Ah sweah t' Gawd, suh, Ah thought you'd gotten off fo' good an' had fo'got yo' bag, so Ah throwed it off!"

Mighty Midget

Continued from page 18

Then, with the responsibility of club management on his shoulders, I began to see a change in my brother. As a player he had always been one of the crowd—congenial if not convivial. As manager he shrewdly set himself a course of conduct to which he always adhered: friendliness toward his players but no chumminess.

I recall one occasion when he displayed a quality of quick and bold decision that marked all his acts in an emergency.

Bill Doak was an exceedingly popular pitcher. In the final game, a particularly exciting series with the league leaders, Doak was going great guns. Suddenly, without warning, and when he had only been reached for three scattered hits, Miller Huggins took him out in the sixth inning. The fans roared angrily; but a relief pitcher went in—and the Cardinals won the game. Luckily, I thought. From Miller I never learned why he took Doak out of that game; but others in the know told me, and I believe them, that Miller learned of heavy gambling on the game. This focused on Doak—as to whether or not he'd be knocked out of the box or last through the game. So Manager Huggins promptly yanked his star pitcher to foil the sure-thing betters. It wasn't quite fair to Doak. Miller knew that. But it was the only step he could take for the sake of the game.

Miller was warmly criticized for this; but warm criticism always left him cold. He never hesitated in a decision, however unpopular it might be, once he was sure he was right—and he didn't take very long to make sure.

It is usually forgotten that Miller Huggins had many years of managerial experience before he took over the tremendous job of putting across the Yankees.

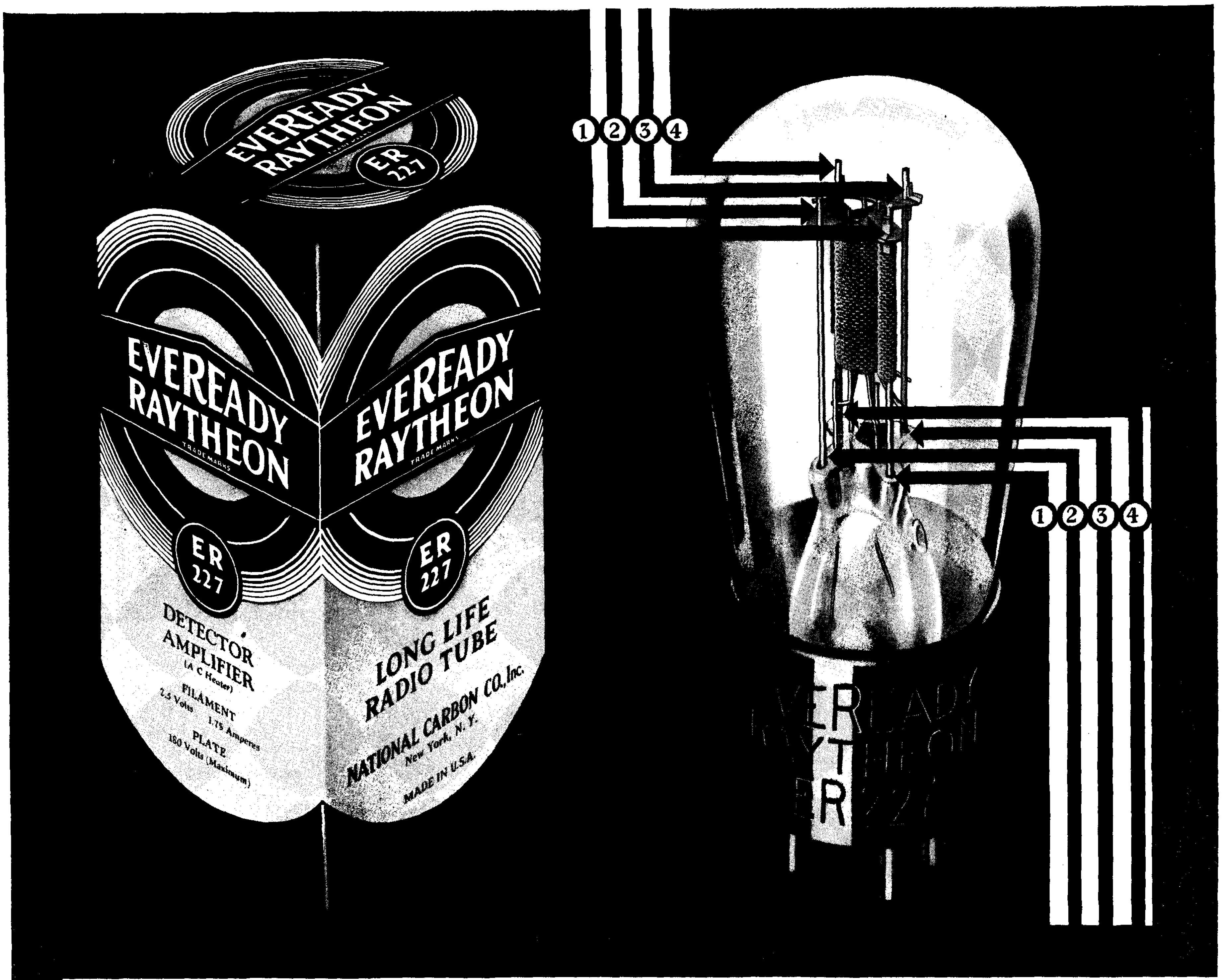
Mighty But Modest

Miller had the highest-priced baseball squad in the history of the game. Which gave him talent, but not ease, for the higher-priced they come the more temperamental the athletes seem to be. Miller received little if any credit when the Yankees soared from basement to main floor and from there, by swift ascent to the pennant, within three seasons. Yankee hard hitters, with Ruth in the lead, Yankee pitching, Yankee fielding—all these were praised. Huggins was left out of the picture.

That suited him. As long as his club won games and behaved well, he cared nothing whatever for personal credit or fame.

I remember Christy Walsh asking him to write newspaper stuff during his first world series. Miller was engrossed with the job of winning the series. I know he had been sleepless for nights during the final spurt for the pennant which he had just barely won.

(*Continued on page 36*)


EVEREADY RAYTHEON
TRADE MARKS
ER 227
EVEREADY RAYTHEON
TRADE MARKS
ER 227
DETECTOR AMPLIFIER
(A C Heater)
FILAMENT
2.5 Volts 1.75 Amperes
PLATE
180 Volts (Maximum)
EVEREADY RAYTHEON
TRADE MARKS
ER 227
LONG LIFE RADIO TUBE
NATIONAL CARBON CO. Inc.
New York, N. Y.
MADE IN U.S.A.
1 2 3 4
1 2 3 4
EVEREADY RAYTHEON ER 227

ASTOUNDING! THE IMPROVEMENT IN YOUR RADIO WITH EVEREADY RAYTHEON TUBES ◀◀

RADICALLY NEW IN CONSTRUCTION AND PERFORMANCE

WITH a set of new Eveready Raytheon 4-Pillar Tubes in your radio, a full-fledged orchestra no longer filters through the loud-speaker like a tea-room trio. If there's a French horn there, you can hear it, and that "banjo" you've been listening to now sounds like the piano it really is. Eveready Raytheon reception surpasses all previous standards. To *keep* your radio at its best, put a new Eveready Raytheon Tube in each socket, *when the tone begins to sound fuzzy.*

A SOUND *improvement*

Examine the illustration. It shows the patented Eveready Raytheon 4-*Pillar construction.* Follow the arrows to the solid, four-cornered glass stem — and to the four rigid pillars imbedded in it, bracing the elements hard and fast.

Look at it this way. Imagine a tall iron smoke-stack, with wires bracing it north and south — in *two* directions. It can still tip over and fall to east or west. But that same smoke-stack, braced north, south, east and west — in *four* directions — will stand through an earthquake. This is the primary difference between Eveready Raytheon 4-*Pillar construction* and the construction of all other radio tubes. While the elements of other tubes can be knocked out-of-line by even ordinary bumps and jolts, Eveready Raytheon elements always stay *anchored* — at the spot where they give you rich, clear, *real* reception.

No other tubes are like Eveready Raytheons. No others can be — the 4-*Pillar construction* (a SOUND improvement) is patented!

Eveready Raytheon Tubes come in all types. They fit the sockets in every standard A. C. and battery-operated receiver now in use. To make your radio a better set, ask your dealer to renew all your tubes with Eveready Raytheons.

★ ★ ★

The Eveready Hour, radio's oldest commercial feature, is broadcast every Tuesday evening at nine (New York time) from WEAF over a nation-wide N. B. C. network of 30 stations.

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC. *General Offices:* New York, N. Y.
Branches: Chicago Kansas City New York San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

YOU CAN HEAR THE DIFFERENCE AND SEE THE REASON

Announcing The

NEW GENERAL MOTORS

with Tone

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
RADIO

THERE is a significant new name in radio—General Motors! Everything that *Product of General Motors* stands for—advanced design, proved performance, exceptional value—is exemplified in the new radios announced by the General Motors Radio Corporation. And, in addition, the entry of General Motors into the radio field is marked by a remarkable new contribution which gives you actual *mastery of tone*—the Tone Selector!

The Tone Selector, an exclusive feature of the new General Motors Radio, brings you radio reception *as you choose to hear it!* If you enjoy the deep, sonorous basses of an orchestra, move the Tone Selector toward "Bass" on the tone-indicator and instantly you hear the tubas, drums and bass viols come out of the background into sharper relief. If you prefer the high-pitched instruments, move the Tone Selector toward "Treble" and the high, sweet voices of the violins stand out, clear and true... Radio has never before been so enjoyable! Now, the exact tone that pleases you most can be found for every type of broadcast program.

When you go to hear the new General Motors Radio you can confidently expect exceptional performance, for here is an

STANDARD

RADIO

Selector!

instrument thoroughly qualified to give it. The tone is extraordinarily life-like, remarkably faithful, in the reproduction of both instrument and voice over the entire scale of expression. Clear, sharply defined separation of stations and far-reaching range bring you the entertainment you want as you like to hear it. The electro-dynamic speaker, of the most modern design, is very carefully matched with the chassis to assure unblurred, unblemished volume from a soft whisper to magnitude that will fill an auditorium.

As noteworthy as this outstanding performance, is the attractive appearance of the new General Motors Radio. The cabinets are made of carefully selected and matched woods, beautifully finished. All five models conform to the traditional lines of fine period furniture. The Hepplewhite Lowboy, with its simple charm . . . the graceful Sheraton . . . the rich Italian . . . the handsome Queen Anne radio-phonograph . . . and the impressive Georgian radio-phonograph—all will delight you when you see them.

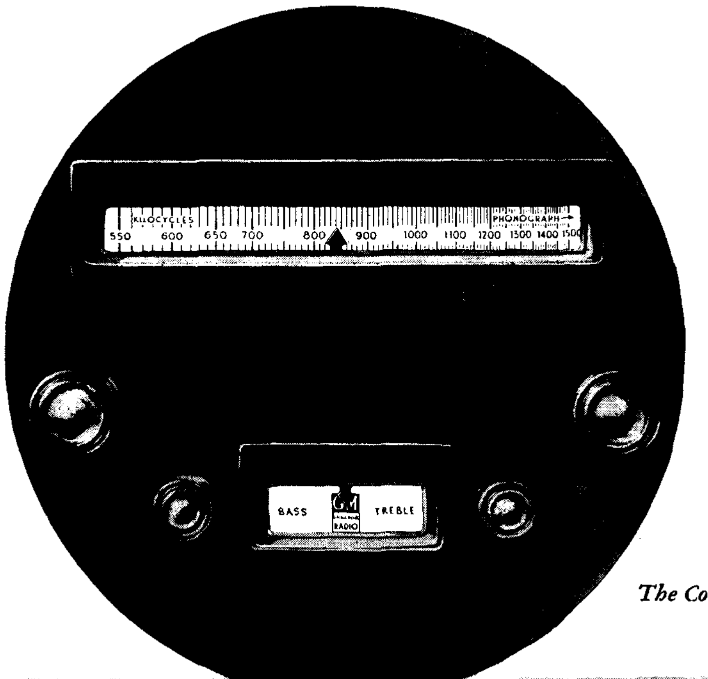
Every model has a totally shielded eight-tube screen-grid chassis, precision-built throughout. Radio models $136 to $172—radio-phonograph models $198 and $270—without tubes. Any model may be purchased on the GMAC plan of convenient payment—through which millions have bought General Motors products.

By all means see and hear the new General Motors Radio. The nearest authorized General Motors Radio dealer will gladly demonstrate the newest and most important development in radio reception—the Tone Selector.

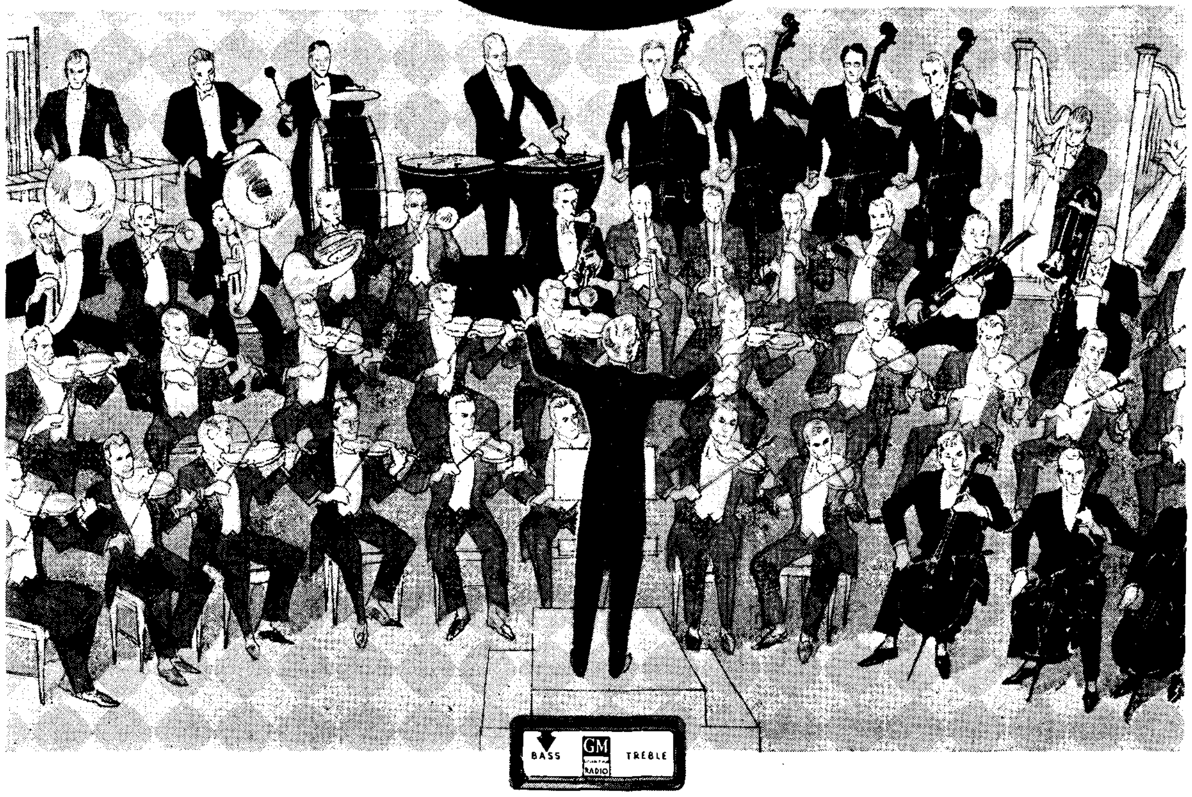
* * *

GENERAL MOTORS RADIO CORPORATION
DAYTON, OHIO

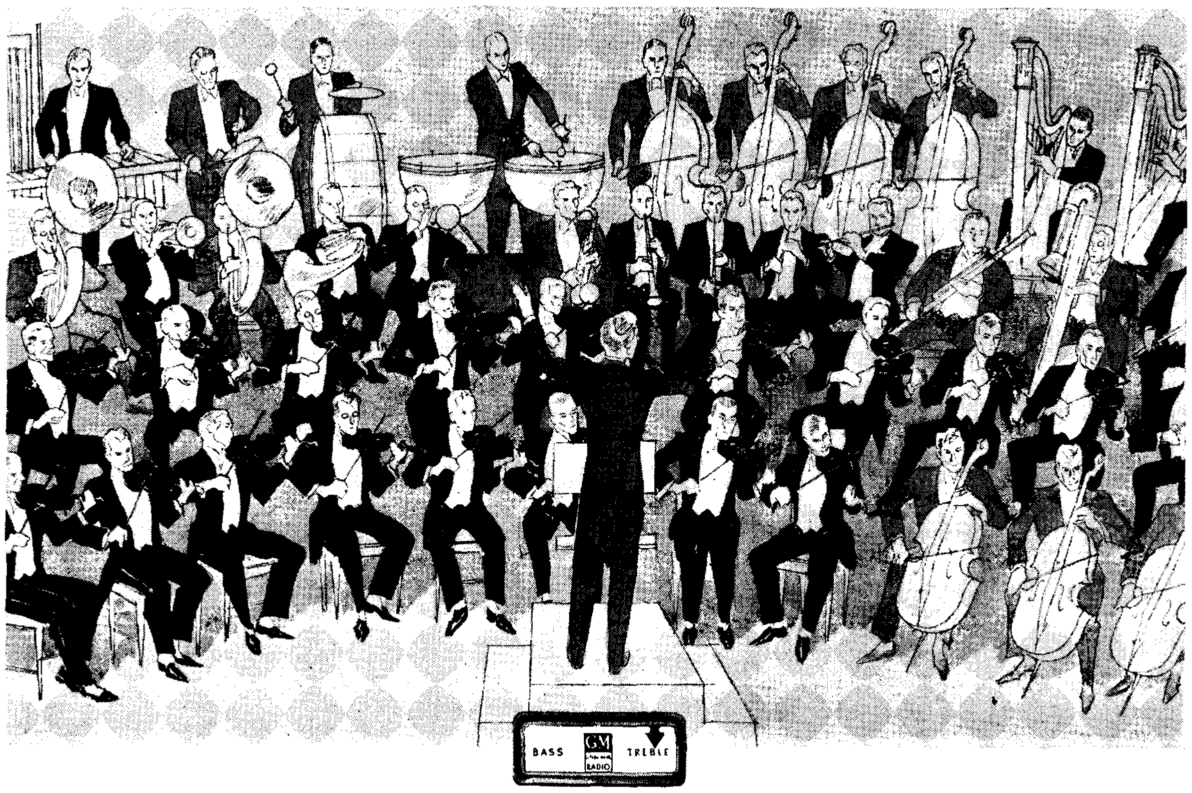
OF QUALITY



The Control Panel



The deep melody of the basses is brought out when the indicator of the Tone Selector is in this position



Reverse the tone indicator to "treble" and the instruments of higher pitch come into sharper, clearer relief

Mighty Midget

Continued from page 32

"I can't write a line," he told Mr. Walsh. "If I did it would be hooey. And I can't, anyhow, while my mind is full of one thing—playing this world's series."

Looking back, it seems logical that from the time Miller joined the Yankees his career should work towards a climax. The very success he had accomplished with a pennant-winning team actually worked against him by exalting the prowess of certain players, where he knew well that, with all their individual value, they were still parts of a machine, unable to function effectively without the other parts.

Ruth was the idol of his teammates and of all American boyhood. He developed a dislike for Miller's insistence on team discipline and broke training rules—repeatedly. The showdown came in St. Louis. Before several of his teammates Ruth openly defied Miller.

Breaking the Idol

Miller, white-faced and tense, walked up to Ruth in the dressing quarters. "You're out of the game, Ruth," he said. "And you're fined five thousand dollars besides."

Ruth laughed: "Try and get it!"

Miller stood close to him, looking up at the big chap.

"Five thousand dollars is the fine, Ruth," he said. "Take off that uniform —you're suspended."

For a moment it looked as if Ruth might lose his head and strike the little manager. Miller stood his ground. Ruth stormed away and quit the team after firing a broadside at Miller.

Everybody thought that would be the last of Huggins. How could any manager withstand the great Ruth, $150,000 jewel of the Yankees, the king of the diamond who packed them in with his home-run swatting and colorful personality?

"This may cost you more than it costs Ruth," I warned Miller after that breach.

"I don't care what it costs," said Miller. "That five-thousand-dollar fine against Ruth will stick so long as I'm manager of the Yankees."

He was right. Miller and Ruth became the closest friends after the Babe had made ample amends, recognizing that Miller's disciplinary measures had been for his good and, what was even more important, the good of the game.

The players knew at once through this striking drama that Huggins was boss and would remain boss. The public began to be aware of it. The dispute, and Colonel Ruppert's upholding of Miller turned popular skepticism regarding the Yankee manager into the beginnings of popular respect.

This quiet little manager went on as though nothing had happened. Miller was always unobtrusive. He had a mild tongue. He didn't believe in the profane or the public method of displaying his authority or superior knowledge of the game. When he had fault to find with a player he never criticized from the bench or the coaching line. He summoned the player to his private office, closed the door and gave him a man-to-man homily.

I, personally, felt the diplomatic keenness of my brother's methods as a manager. It is well known, through the baseball stories of Ring Lardner and others, that players' wives can start more trouble than players, managers and owners combined can stop. For instance, if players' wives travel with the team, or if they don't, salaries are frequently discussed. It is not uncommon for a pitcher's wife to be sitting next to an infielder's spouse watching a game. If the fielder boots a grounder, the pitcher's wife—should her husband be less paid than the fielder—may make caustic comment. Ill-feeling thus started spreads swiftly to the demoralization of a club. That is why Miller Huggins would rather have unmarried than married players. It is also why he and I came to an agreement that, although I saw almost every game, I saw it alone and not in the company of players' wives.

It may also be the reason why Miller himself never married.

I know that my policy was to be most discreet in whatever meetings I had with baseball womenfolk. Indeed, Mrs. Herbert Pennock was the only player's wife who called at my home—and that seldom.

He was no martinet in either domestic or business relations; but he kept them distinct. Far from being a stern mentor—he was the kindliest manager. Few men not actually in the stock market knew more about finance than Miller Huggins, and he was always ready to caution his players about their savings.

Miller entered into the players' baseball lives as one of them. He did business with dignity, but relished pranks, even at his own expense.

Down in Florida when the team was training some of the boys made the most of the fact that a switch in hotel clerks occurred at a late hour of the evening. When Miller went for his customary lonely walk and pipe-smoke one night he returned to the hotel to find himself denied admission. The hotel clerk declared he didn't know Miller, but that he'd been warned that a suspicious character was around the hotel—and a description of that character fitted Miller Huggins.

Miller protested, but a policeman, called, arrested him. He was actually taken to the lockup and charged with impersonating himself. It was only when his calmness spoiled the situation, which had been devised to work him up to fits of anger, that the joke broke down. At that there are thousands of newspaper readers who may still retain the idea that Miller Huggins was locked up in Florida for a misdemeanor.

Playful Players

Scores of practical jokes were played on Miller when it was joking time, and he stood for them. But nobody joked with him when business was to be done on or off the diamond.

Especially after a world's series, when the tension had slackened, the players were in a jovial mood. On the train from St. Louis to New York, just after the Yankees had taken four straight games from the Cardinals, fun ran high —perhaps a little too high. Miller was in his drawing-room, asleep, when in dashed Gehrig and Ruth. They took off his pajamas for souvenirs, and when he protested, were about to lift him up bodily and drop him from the train. Miller dissuaded them, smiled, and found new pajamas.

Elated, the two home-run sluggers invaded Colonel Ruppert's drawing-room. The colonel was not so good-natured as his manager. As Ruth barged from the drawing-room with the colonel's nightwear, Ruppert roared from his berth:

"You're suspended—both of you!"

That Huggins was the master of their game has been proven to the boys more than once.

During the final game with the Pirates in the world's series of 1927 Miller was under fire of silent criticism on his own bench when in the last inning, with Miljus pitching, he refused to order a squeeze play although the bases were loaded.

"This pitcher has passed Ruth to get through Gehrig on to Meusel," said Miller. "He simply can't keep up that control. He'll break."

Miljus broke and a wild pitch won the game for the Yankees.

I saw his strategy work during that same series—and it was typical of the way he played the game brainily—when he sent his men out for batting practice. The Waner brothers and other Pittsburgh stars were sitting watching how the Yanks would hit in practice. Miller sent his two star pitchers, Shawkey and Pennock, out to pitch into the net. Openly they were supposed to try to make a show out of Ruth, Gehrig and the rest of "murderers' row." Secretly, their instructions were to lay them in the groove so that they could be hit and hit hard.

Game to the End

As the Yankees, led by Coombs, stepped up one after another and smacked what seemed the best Shawkey and Pennock could deliver, the Pittsburgh players were noticeably impressed, especially when a mere utility man followed in Ruth's footsteps and pasted three consecutive balls out of the park.

"Lord," Paul Waner cried to his Pirate teammates, "look at those Yankee sluggers!"

Huggins' purpose had been served. When Shawkey and Pennock pitched against the Pirates, the slugging was not too noticeable.

This edge of gray matter, of quick thinking and shrewdness in emergencies was the superficial aspect of Huggins' technique as a manager. He acquired it from a scientific study of the game.

After the Yanks had soared to the front and sagged in one pennant race, that little man sat up every night for three weeks practically telephoning all over the country for players to bolster up his team. The thing preyed on his mind. He wanted to get the very best he could to save the New York team in its critical games. New York won because Miller Huggins spared himself nothing to get what was necessary to make New York a winner; and I believe his death was noticeably hastened by the pressure of the last losing race of the Yanks.

I could see, year in and year out, that the pace of the game—of building a winning team and of keeping it winning —was telling on Miller Huggins. With six pennants and two world's series championships he had made a record unexcelled by anybody. But he had to pay for it. Last year his so-called rest at our home in Florida was nothing of the sort. He played a little golf; but his mind was obsessed, as it always was, by baseball. I knew that Miller was beginning to crack; but he wouldn't tear himself away from the game.

His interest was keen to the end. As he lay dying, he turned to me and asked what the score was up at the ball park. To please him I invented figures favoring the Yankees.

"You're forgetting," he chided me. "Today happens to be a double-header. I want the score of both games."

That was Miller Huggins.

STRAIGHT EIGHT
100 Horsepower
125" Wheelbase
$1195

AUBURN

STRAIGHT EIGHT
125 Horsepower
130" Wheelbase
$1495

Prices f. o. b. Auburn or Connersville, Indiana. Equipment other than standard, extra.
AUBURN AUTOMOBILE CO., AUBURN, IND.

The SWAN Pen
Pen of the British Empire
SINCE 1843
Egypt

ENDURANCE

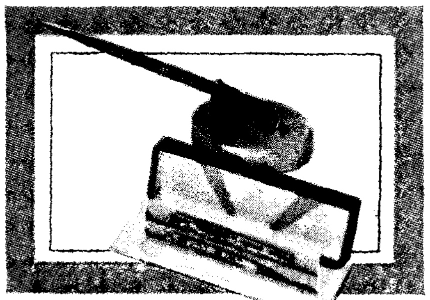
SWAN PENS have proved their supreme endurance through 87 years of test by men of action. There are SWANS in active writing service today that were new 30 and 40 years ago. They have not failed—because the SWAN Nib is incomparably the finest pen point ever made; because the precision and permanence of SWAN adjustment are products of expert craftsmanship. The SWAN Eternal PEN is a perfect writing instrument, finished in fittings of smartly modern beauty. Yet it costs no more than an ordinary pen—though it is guaranteed eternally.

Swan PENS

LONDON
SYDNEY
CAPETOWN
BRUSSELS
BARCELONA
PARIS

MABIE, TODD & COMPANY

NEW YORK
243 West 17th St.
CHICAGO
209 South State St.

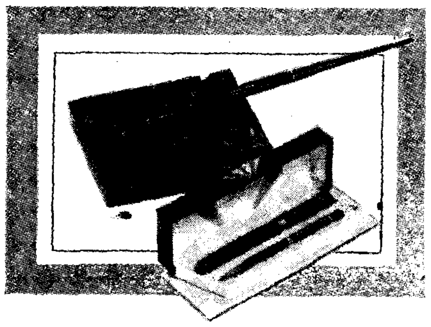


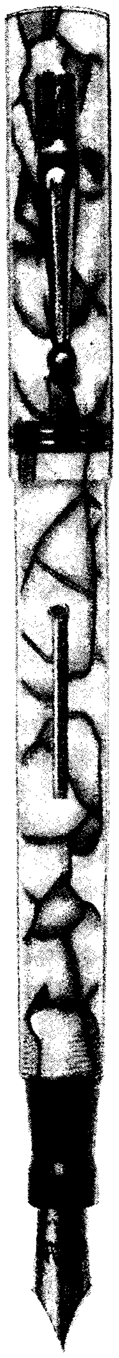
Ladies' Onyx Desk Set $7.50

Italian Marble Desk Set $14.00

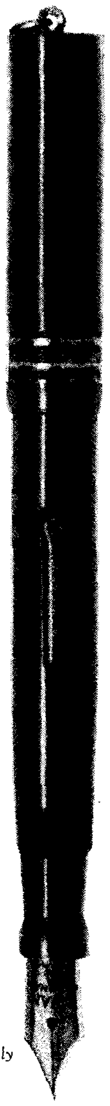
Inlaid Pearl Gift Set $11.50

Ebony Gift Set $8.00

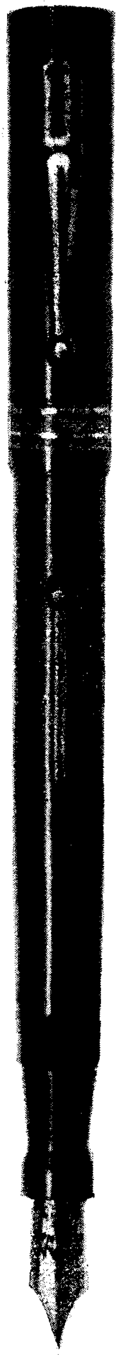




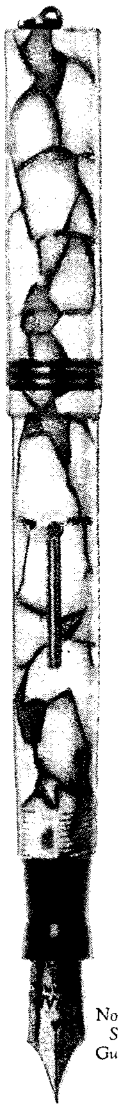
No. P44 Inlaid Pearl Swan Eternal Pen Guaranteed Eternally $7.50



No. E54 Ebony Swan Eternal Pen Guaranteed Eternally $5.00



No. E44 Ebony Swan Eternal Pen Guaranteed Eternally $5.00



No. P54 Inlaid Pearl Swan Eternal Pen Guaranteed Eternally $7.50

Also Makers of SWALLOW PENS...*"America's high-quality, low-priced pen"*

THE STORY OF GOODYEAR CHAPTER 13

Cause

Goodyear has always believed that a superior product, honestly made and sold, is better policy than any seeming expedient.

Even in the early days, therefore, when Goodyear was a small company, it declined to resort to the definite mileage guarantee as a means of increased sales.

All tires are run under varying conditions of speed, road, load, and service, and since these variables greatly affect the life of a tire, a uniform mileage guarantee can only penalize the man who uses his tires properly, while benefiting the man who does not.

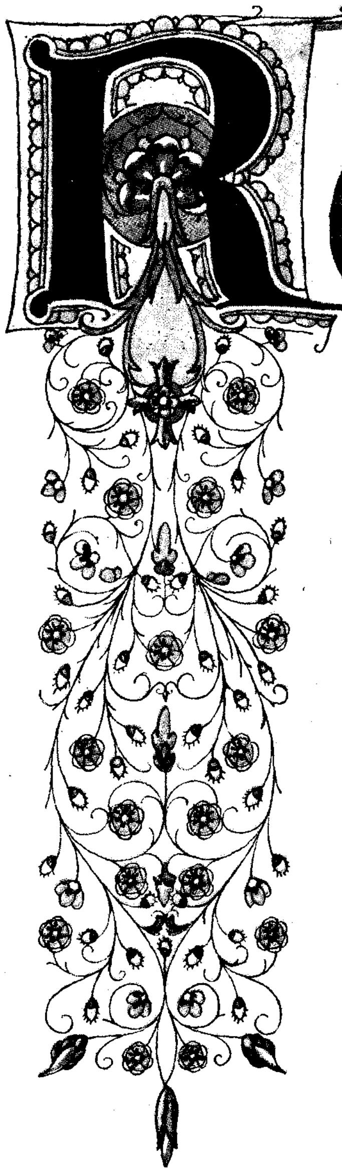
Goodyear has won to world leadership not by employing any expedient guarantee, but by putting every possible value into the tire itself, and by standing behind *every* Goodyear tire as being of a quality which will protect our good name.

P. W. Litchfield
President

GOOD

Copyright 1930, by Th

THE STORY OF GOODYEAR CHAPTER 13



Result

Goodyear annual production of motor vehicle pneumatic tires

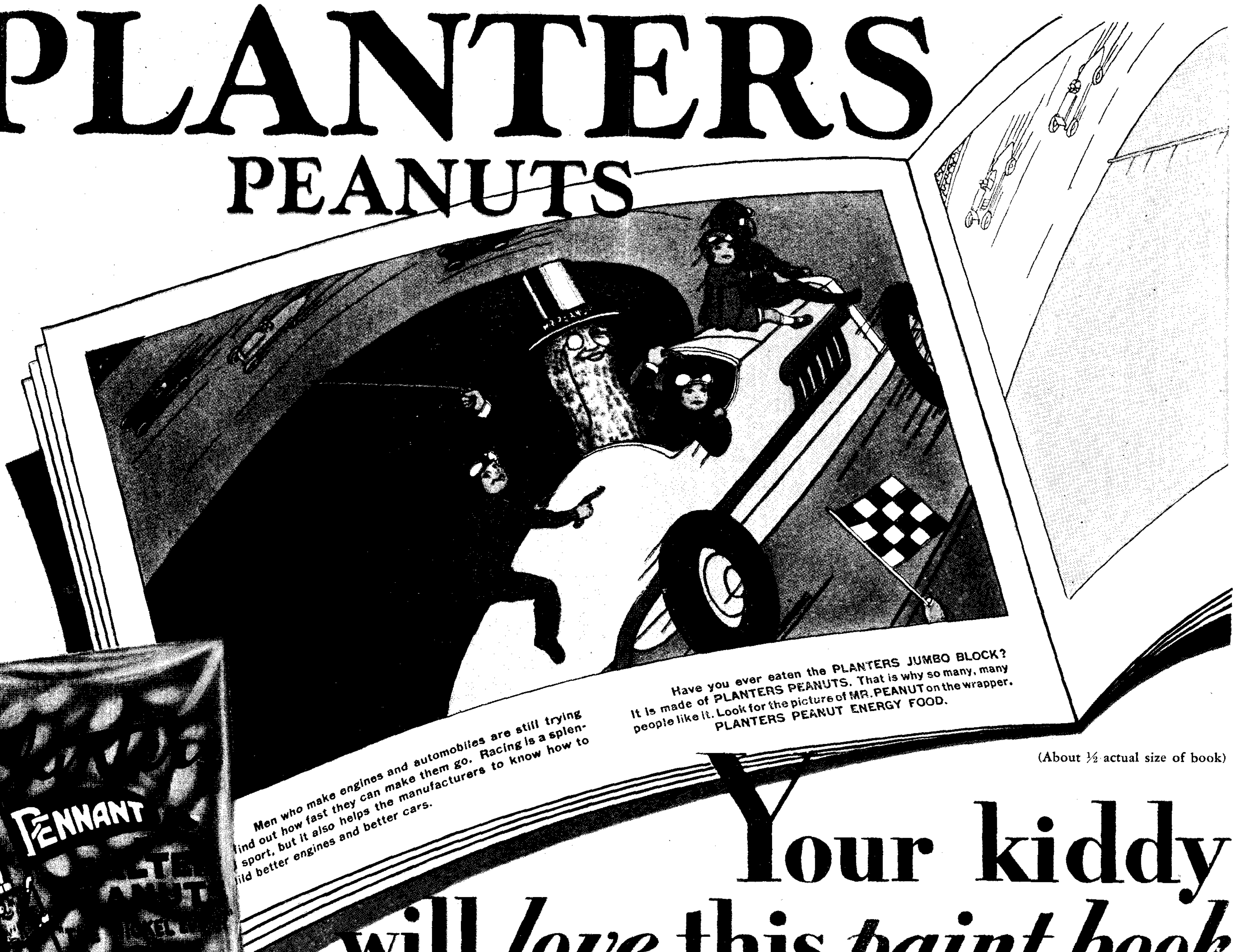
YEAR	TIRES
1902	4,476
1903	7,781
1904	6,666
1905	12,626
1906	23,712
1907	28,307
1908	35,282
1909	94,200
1910	261,888
1911	420,255
1912	1,084,134
1913	1,281,487
1914	1,788,484
1915	2,656,588
★1916	4,118,399
★1917	5,880,544
★1918	3,790,212
★1919	8,137,353
★1920	6,863,140
★1921	5,152,503
★1922	7,887,243
★1923	9,119,335
★1924	10,056,437
★1925	12,458,144
★1926	13,781,714
★1927	16,002,630
★1928	21,575,945
★1929	23,063,150
Total	155,592,635

★ Largest annual production of any rubber company in the world

YEAR

Rubber Co., Inc.

PLANTERS
PEANUTS



Men who make engines and automobiles are still trying find out how fast they can make them go. Racing is a splendid sport, but it also helps the manufacturers to know how to build better engines and better cars.

Have you ever eaten the PLANTERS JUMBO BLOCK? It is made of PLANTERS PEANUTS. That is why so many, many people like it. Look for the picture of MR. PEANUT on the wrapper. PLANTERS PEANUT ENERGY FOOD.

(About ½ actual size of book)

Your kiddy will *love* this *paint book*

SAVE PLANTERS BAGS AND WRAPPERS TO GET YOUR COPY

Pennant
Planters Salted Peanuts
The Nickel Lunch
REG U.S. PAT OFF
Planters Peanut Jumbo Block 5¢

Planters' Peanuts are famous the whole world over for their freshness and finer flavor.

A combination of pure candy and Planters' Peanuts makes a wonderful treat at any time.

About ¾ actual size

CHILDREN take a special delight in following Mr. Peanut's travels and coloring these unusual scenes. Start now to save used PLANTERS' PEANUT Bags and Jumbo Block inside wax wrappers until you have 10 in all. Send them with your name and address to Planters Nut & Chocolate Co., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—and a free copy of this fascinating book will be yours.

Who doesn't prefer PLANTERS' SALTED PEANUTS? These luscious appetizing nuts are the very kings of the peanut crops. They are grown in the heart of the great Virginia peanut fields, roasted and salted with a special richness by PLANTERS own exclusive process.

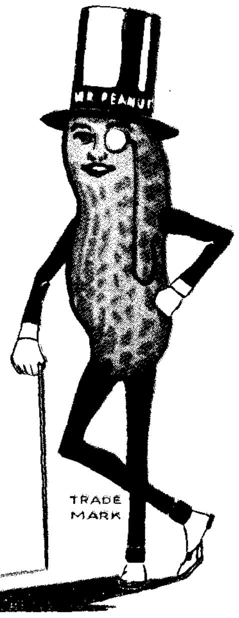
Every package showing the picture of Mr. Peanut is your guarantee of the finest peanut quality known. A bag of PLANTERS is a wholesome, filling meal, just as nourishing as it is enjoyable.

Watch carefully that you always get the ones with Mr. Peanut on the glassine bag—that's the only way you can be sure of getting PLANTERS.

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE CO.
SUFFOLK, VA. WILKES-BARRE, PA. SAN FRANCISCO TORONTO, CANADA

How to get Mr. Peanut's Paint-book →

How happily Mr. Peanut's adventures entertain the youngsters in this 32 page, attractively colored book! The picture shown here is only one of many that hold an untiring interest for the little ones. You can quickly save 10 used PLANTERS' PEANUT Bags and Jumbo Block inside wax wrappers. Mail them to the Planters Nut & Chocolate Co., at Wilkes-Barre, Pa.



Speaking of Women

Continued from page 9

as never was. Li'l' woman was all set to make me one on a Connecticut license. Seems she'd got some friends up Greenwich way to grease the skids for us. Without sayin' a word to me about it, either. Thoughtful little trick, what?"

"Might have been the best thing for you, at that," Tim laughed in the aggrieved face. "If anybody ever did, you need a keeper."

"Not a red-headed one! That's an awful wish to pin on a pal. . . . I don't know, though. Law does give a husband some chance. Nothin' can stop married man's gettin' divorce. But without benefit of clergy, only show a fellow's got is in superior speed and stayin' power. Look, old boy; you don't suppose Nelly's on board, do you?"

"Surely you weren't ass enough to tell her what you were going to do?"

"How do I know? Fellow ain't responsible for what he says or does in terror of his life. Besides, you don't know our little Nell—she's a mind reader. You can tie to this: I don't show my nose outside that door till you tell me you've combed the ship and found neither red hair nor hide of her."

"And if you have given her the slip, what will you do?"

"Search me. Can't go back to New York. She'd only be waitin' on the dock with the double harness. No, I'll just have to settle down and live in Paris the rest of my natural—exile from my native land, Tim—outcast, nomad, man without country, orphan child—until, some day, I die of homesickness and fill an unmarked grave."

"No fear," Tim foretold, unmoved. "You'll go up in spontaneous flame at the New York Bar, or maybe the Ritz; and the gang will pool its sous and build an elegant cairn of empties to mark the spot."

A knock announced the steward who had found Tim on deck. He brought in a silver bucket of ice from which two foil-bound necks protruded. Tim in silence watched him draw one cork and fill the glasses, but grimly gave the fellow pause when he turned to go.

"Half a minute, my man. I'm Mr. Tattersall's doctor, and from now on you'll take your orders from me, or I'll speak to the captain and have the bar closed to him for the duration of the voyage. Shut up, Rollo! You will bring him no more supplies till bedtime, steward; then he can have another pint, but only one. Tomorrow he'll start in tapering off in good earnest. Now mind: next time you answer this bell, come empty-handed."

TIM found himself in due course taking the companionway sill with a higher knee action than the obstacle called for. The noonshine made him blink, too; and the air that swept the decks was, to his taste, a trifle heady. The suspicion shaped that he had possibly blotted up a spot or so more than he really needed, to keep Ralph from drinking himself blind-o, all alone in that stuffy coop of his, down there. But solitary tippling was, as everybody knew, a destroying habit; allowances ought to be made for a fellow who sacrificed himself to combat it.

Tim misdoubted, all the same, his ability to allege the said extenuating motives and keep a straight face. Not with the best part of a Lanson inside him. Tess would only hear him out with that skeptical countenance he knew so well, pronounce a few dry truths about Ralph Tattersall, and blame the poor devil every time she noticed Tim feeling merry and bright, all the way over. Might be just as well, everything considered, to hold Ralph in reserve as a treat for Tess when he simmered down to something less than 120 proof and made himself in other ways more presentable.

To catch Tess in the act of indulging one of her own vices was proportionately gratifying. Tim didn't believe Tess would ever get cured of picking up strays and trying to give them a good time. Lost dogs and cats without a home apparently looked on her as a sort of public institution, and the instinct that led them to her seemed to be largely shared by her own kind. Tess was never so happy as when given somebody in straits to mother, some ill-conditioned girl who was having a bad time hooking a husband, some youngster born to be a bond salesman or vice president in a bank, at all events, nothing better, some grubby painter or scribbler who was trying to capitalize his incompetence by calling his output Modern Art, and finding it hard sledding.

AND now again—and already!—Tess had taken that little beauty in weeds under her wing—the Widdy Lanchester!

The two had come to rest in deck-chairs: Tess doing her bright best to rouse the poor thing out of herself; the young widow giving Tess her head without putting off any of that wistfulness which made her look sheer witchery.

"Tim dear, where have you been? Oh, don't trouble to tell me. As if anybody couldn't see! This is my Tim, Mrs. Lanchester. He isn't a bad egg, really, when sober, and if you don't take him seriously. Tim, what do you think? I walked in on Mrs. Lanchester in her stateroom a while ago, never doubting for an instant but that she was Mona Deane—and it turns out she isn't even related to the Maryland Lanchesters."

"That's a blessing." The blue smile that repaid Tim's was completely impersonal, yet contrived somehow to affirm an established private understanding between them, putting Tim on his honor not to tell about the swimming pool. "We can be natural then, and common as home folks. Traveling alone, Mrs. Lanchester?"

A subdued sweet voice said: "Quite alone, Mr. Macready." And Tess cut in: "Her stateroom is next to ours, you know, dear; and I've promised you will see the chief steward and arrange to have Mrs. Lanchester put at our table. She hasn't done anything about her booking yet, and she wouldn't be happy thrown in with some rowdy crowd—"

"People do take their sea trips in such a holiday spirit, you know, Mr. Macready. I don't like to think of being a wet blanket on anybody's good time. I really can't consent to impose like this on your wife's good nature—and yours—"

"Nonsense! We'll be only too glad to have you, and you can be just as quiet as you please with us, my dear. Besides, we can't tell, maybe you'll save us from being saddled with some impossible person."

"But we're only three," Tim pointed out. "Who's the lucky fourth?"

"Julien de Versennes, of course. We met him as we came up. He's gone below to change his booking now and be with us. I told him to speak about Mrs. Lanchester, too; but perhaps you had better—"

"I'll fix it up if he doesn't"—Tim slightly bowed to the girl in black—"trust me!"

"What can I say?" Two pretty hands described a pretty sign. "You are so kind, both of you!"

"Maybe not," Tim grinned—"maybe just selfish."

Versennes turned up, looking more than ever an English squire but a clever one, clever enough to wear a mail of Continental manner as if it fitted.

"It is all arrange'," he gayly announced. "Allo, Tim! My God! but you are wonderful people, you Macreadys. You take no trouble to book yourselves, as I must and every other ordinary passenger; yet I find the very best table on the balcony is reserve' for you. How do you do that?"

"It's a simple trick," Tim assured him. "Just cross with the same chief steward a dozen times or so, and he will get to remember you. But look here: Tess is sore because you didn't tell her you'd be sailing on this tub."

"I have already explain', I am called home unexpectedly by my affairs. At first I am angry to have all my plans disarrange'; but now, Mrs. Macready is so kind to me, I know I am most fortunate."

Those merry dark eyes intelligibly comprehended Mrs. Lanchester as one of the first reasons why Versennes must know himself fortunate; but her forlorn blue gaze was all for the blue distance of the day, as though tranced by memories which the present, however pleasant, had no charm to dispel.

Racial thrift turned this inattention to account: Versennes traded a Masonic glance with Tim.

And no wonder!

Tim was for all that taken with a twinge of envy.

NOT until they were dressing for dinner did Tess attempt to disburden her conscience. You could tell it was bothering her by the way she opened up. The voice that asked: "Well, my dear! and how do you like pretty Mrs. Lanchester?" was much to idle. Tim, however, knew his book.

"Always did say you had good taste, old girl."

"You do like her, then?"

"You do. That's enough for me."

"Do you know, Tim," Tess, after a wait, announced, "sometimes I suspect you of being downright bright."

"God forbid! I'd rather you loved me for my fine eyes. At that, I don't see what's so bright in remarking that you like Mrs. Lanchester. Don't recall your ever falling for any of your mavericks more suddenly or completely."

"I do think she's enchanting. So does Versennes."

"Tell you so?"

"I've got eyes in my head."

"So has the widdy. Hers are blue, though. I don't imagine they see as much in the long run as your browns, but I bet she can use 'em to some purpose."

"You've taken particular notice of them?"

"If you didn't want me to, why did you pick up with the young woman?"

"I felt so sorry for her, Tim. Do you know, when I knocked at her door, she was all alone in there and crying over a photograph."

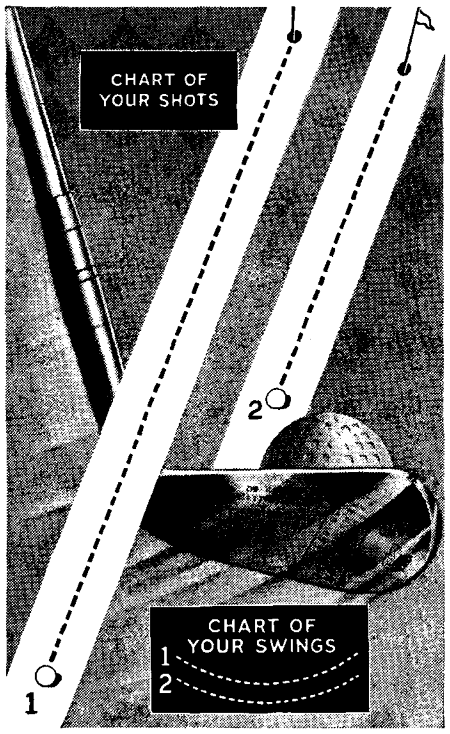
"The late lamented's?"

"I do wish, dear, you wouldn't set up for a cynic."

"You haven't told me yet whose photograph it was."

"I didn't ask. I didn't need to. Whose could it have been but her husband's? They had only been married a year."

(*Continued on page 44*)



Says the Club to Your Arms

"Use the Same Old Swing"

And you do. Zipp!—a clean drive of two hundred yards. Out comes another club. It, too, says, "Use the Same Old Swing." Getting accustomed to the old swing, now. Zipp!—a short pitch to the green. You have played both shots without changing your swing; made better shots because your swing was grooved.

Only through perfect matching of seen and unseen qualities in your clubs, is this kind of playing made possible.

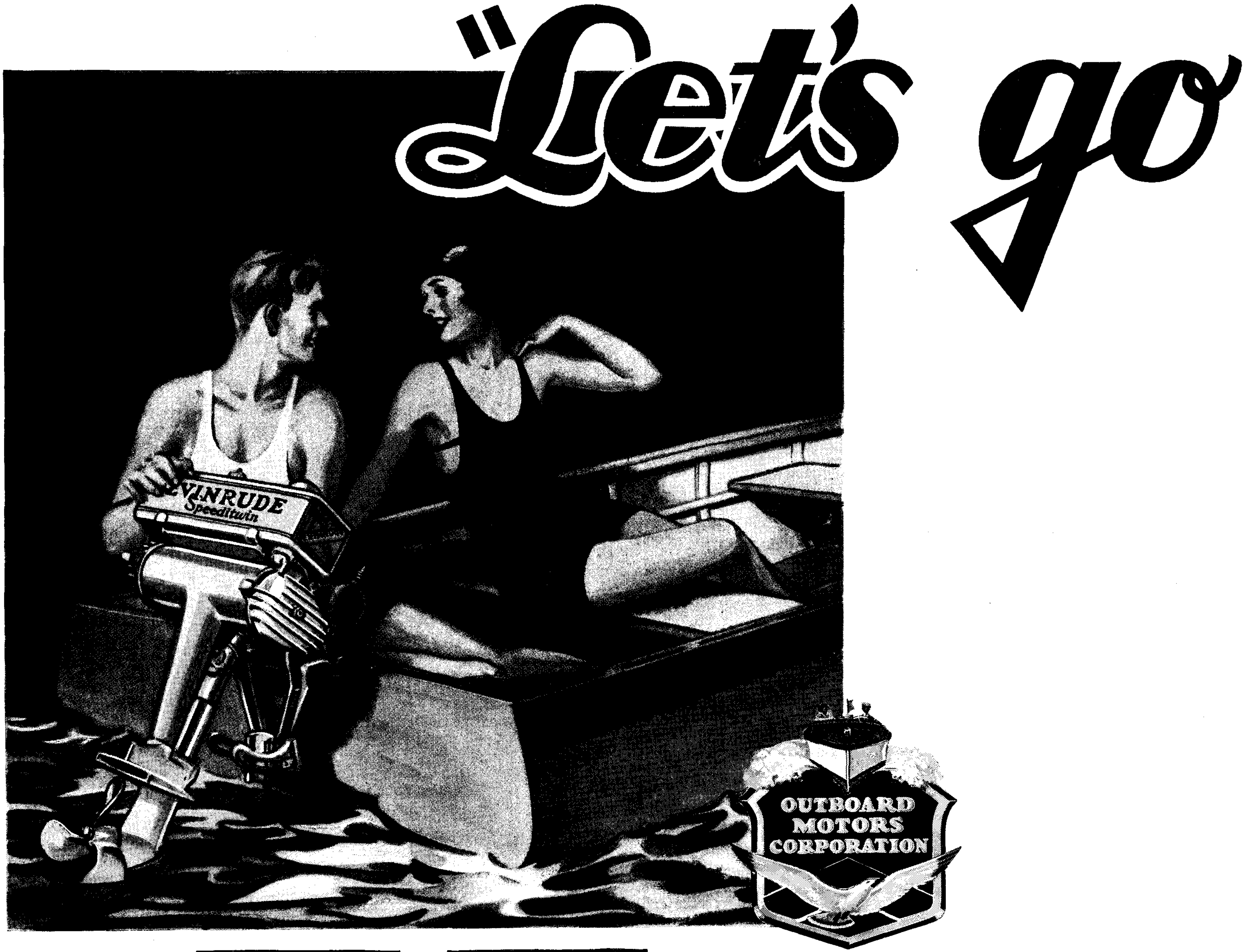
Besides matching in visible qualities, Grand Slam Clubs are matched in swinging weight, feel in head, resiliency, and speed with which the club head answers the swing.

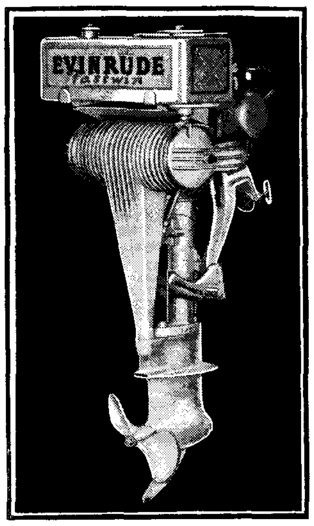
. . . READ . . .

and Lower Your Score

For complete information, illustrations and instructions, write for our *free* catalog and golf booklets. No obligation. Hillerich & Bradsby Co., *Incorporated*, 487 Finzer Street, Louisville, Kentucky.

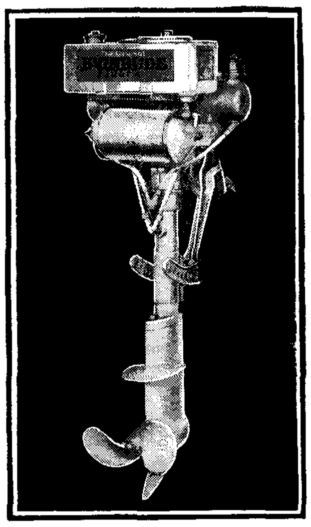
GRAND SLAM Golf Club





EVINRUDE *Fastwin*

Full 14 horsepower; 5 to 35 miles per hour; 82 pounds. Fits practically any type of hull. A great value at only $190.



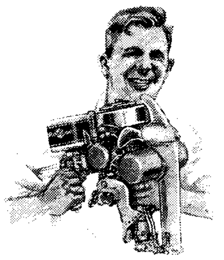
EVINRUDE *Fleetwin*

Full 7 horsepower; 4 to 25 miles per hour; 58 pounds. One of the easiest starting cord-starting utility outboards. $155.

(All prices f. o. b. factory.)

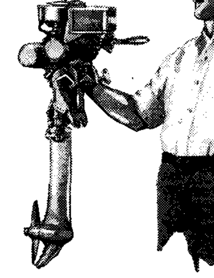
▾▾▾▾▾ *and here's* FOLD-LIGHT

World's Lightest Twin Outboard··Only 29 lbs.



ONLY 29 pounds–that's all this world's lightest twin outboard weighs. *And it f-o-l-d-s!* Up comes the lower unit with the loosening of two lock nuts; down swings the tiller handle to form a comfortable carrying handle. *Snap, snap . . .* in 30 seconds Fold-Light folds to only 11½ x 13¾ x 17 inches, carries as easily and compactly as a traveling bag or packs into the trim, neat traveling case we've built for it.

No doubt about it—never has there been so ingenious or practical a motor for average rowboat, canoe or yacht tender. Full 2¾ horsepower; 3 to 11 miles an hour; runs 2½ hours on a gallon of fuel. First of outboards with the power head cushioned in rubber, minimizing vibration. Automatic circulation of oil to main bearings. Twin silencers.



Fold-Light $145. Write for special literature.

Evinruding!"

Five models to choose from . . . fit any boat, canoe to cruiser . . . 3 to 45 miles per hour . . . easy terms as low as $35 down

"GOOD-BYE to four walls, the jostling on narrow walks, the tension of driving crowded highways! All these *have* to be . . . . . but listen! I know another world — bounded by shady shores, forever roofed with blue sky, paved with calm, cool water. *Let's go Evinruding!*"

Go! . . . go with pal or pals! Glide lazily along or fly over the surface like a skipping stone that spends itself only at your command . . . 45 miles an hour in a hydroplane. It's more fun than flying, with twice the sensation of speed that your car can give.

Speeditwin — Fastwin — Fleetwin — Fold-Light

Mighty "flagship" of the Evinrude fleet of outboard motors is *Speeditwin*, world's speed champion in its class, although a service model throughout. *Speeditwin* is built in two sizes — 22 and 20 horsepower, either model the soundest sort of choice for runabouts, heavy rowboats or cruisers. Cord-starting, $250 and $220 respectively. Electric starting, 22 H. P. only, $315.

For similar but lighter craft, 14 horsepower *Fastwin* is first choice, being a smaller edition of Speeditwin and possessing all its features at a lower price — ball and roller bearings, underwater silencing, propello-vacuum cooling and many other advancements.

Excepting work boats and cruisers, and where high speeds are not sought, 7 horsepower *Fleetwin* is suited for the same classes of boat service. Then . . . then there is 2¾ horsepower *Fold-Light* — that sensational, new lightweight that *f-o-l-d-s*. Read all about it on the opposite page.

Remember . . . Evinruding is still the practical, simple sport it has always been. Thousands enjoy Evinruding without owning a boat, as boats can be rented nearly everywhere you go, and Evinrudes give complete satisfaction on any hull built by any one of America's hundreds of reputable boat builders.

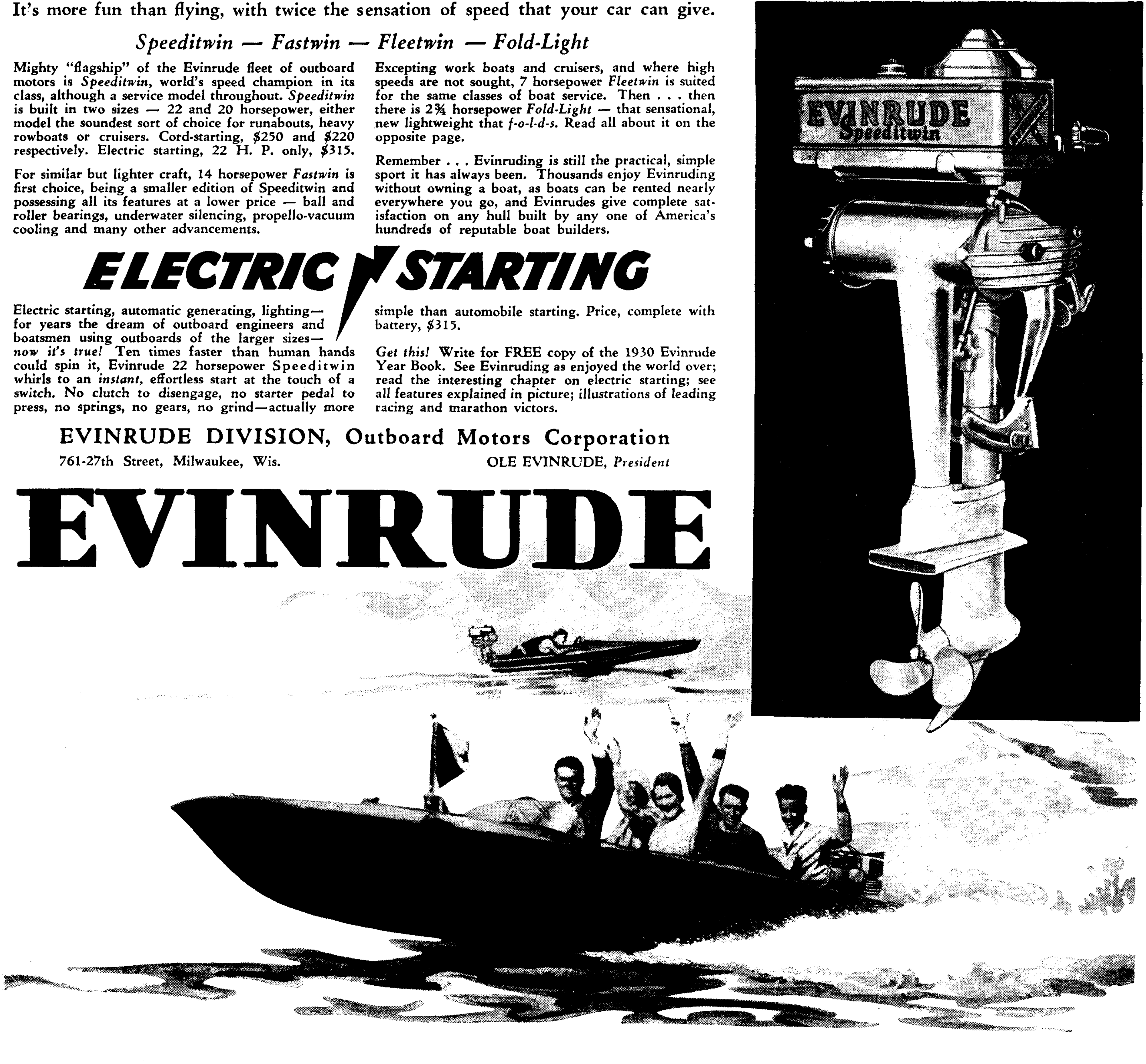
ELECTRIC STARTING

Electric starting, automatic generating, lighting—for years the dream of outboard engineers and boatsmen using outboards of the larger sizes—*now it's true!* Ten times faster than human hands could spin it, Evinrude 22 horsepower Speeditwin whirls to an *instant*, effortless start at the touch of a switch. No clutch to disengage, no starter pedal to press, no springs, no gears, no grind—actually more simple than automobile starting. Price, complete with battery, $315.

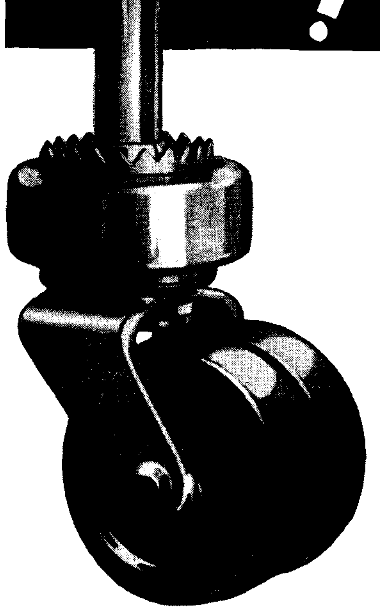
Get this! Write for FREE copy of the 1930 Evinrude Year Book. See Evinruding as enjoyed the world over; read the interesting chapter on electric starting; see all features explained in picture; illustrations of leading racing and marathon victors.

EVINRUDE DIVISION, Outboard Motors Corporation
761-27th Street, Milwaukee, Wis.
OLE EVINRUDE, *President*

EVINRUDE



HOW QUICK *is your chair* on the Getaway?



HAVE you ever stopped to realize that as small a thing as poor casters on your office chair can make or mar a business day?

Casters that fail to roll *smoothly*, that squeak, stick, bind and gouge, are a bugbear to any office—and a poor buy at any price.

Install Bassick Casters!

For quiet, easy operation—without damage to floor or floor coverings—Bassick office chair casters are unexcelled. They dress up the general appearance of your office—put new ease and comfort in the long hours you spend in your office chair. That Bassick Casters are used by leading office chair manufacturers as standard equipment is significant of their unquestioned quality.

Bassick Casters and NoMar Furniture Rests for sale by leading office supply houses everywhere.

MAIL THE COUPON
for complete Information

Bassick

For 34 years the *buy-word* for fine casters and furniture rests.

THE BASSICK COMPANY
Bridgeport, Conn.

Send complete information concerning the use of Bassick office chair casters and NoMar Furniture Rests.

Name....................

Address....................

CW-2

Speaking of Women

Continued from page 41

"What else did she tell you about him? Not that it matters, I expect, so long as he wasn't a Maryland Lanchester."

"He was a young Englishman, she says, an artist. That's how they met. She was taking a course in interior decorating somewhere, and he was one of the instructors. Now she is all alone, she's going to Paris to finish her studies. She says she can't bear to be idle."

"I bet she won't be, long. Interior decorating?" Tim mused. "Didn't know pretty widows went in for that sort of thing; always thought of it more as the first resort of intending, and the last of finished, divorcées."

Tess held this too cheap. "Versennes is a widower," she pensively resumed. "He isn't any older than you are, at least not much, and his daughter's to be married before long. He told me this afternoon. One of the reasons he's hurrying home is to be present at the formal betrothal. That will leave him terribly lonely."

"How do you know?"

"You are a beast, Tim, really!"

"But Julien's a good scout; and when a man's buried one wife and married his daughter off, I say he's done his stretch and ought to be permitted to do what he likes with the rest of his life."

"I expect Versennes will, in any event."

"Then why plot to wish the Widdy Lanchester on him as Number Two?"

"Good Heavens! I'm doing nothing of the sort. But when I see so plainly how taken he is—"

"That doesn't necessarily mean he wants to marry the wench."

"It would be too romantic . . . Love at first sight!"

"Women like you, old girl, are a public menace. There ought to be a law. . . ."

"And she's too young to remain a widow, and too sweet to be left to the mercies of the first adventurer."

"Well!"—Tim gave up—"it ain't my funeral. And they do say the Faubourg St. Germain takes care of its own. But if the worst comes to the worst, Tess, and your fond hopes go flop, all I ask is that you won't bet any real money on the said first adventurer."

Mrs. Lanchester, on her side, stood, pleasingly *en déshabillé*, with a dark face steadfast to that partition of enameled woodwork.

THEY were talking about her in there, those two nice people. She didn't need the faintest rumor of their tongues to tell her that. They would be. It was the first chance they'd had since Tess Macready's spirited adoption of her. And Tess Macready (you didn't have to tell Mrs. Lanchester) was a woman who knew not only the world but her husband; knew he had an eye for other pretty women and a sociable disposition. It wasn't likely she would lose much time sounding him out.

Not that she had any need to worry. The Widow Lanchester had learned her lesson. She was through with married men—forever! For all of her, Tess could keep her restless Tim, and welcome.

That thoughtful gaze returned to the bed, on which two dresses waited, courting her choice, two dinner gowns of the plainest and most expensive sort. One was white, without a relieving trace of color; the other as severely black. Both were decent wear for a widow woman dining in public.

Mrs. Lanchester couldn't afford to go wrong, particularly tonight. Too much depended on how the French regarded mourning. Perhaps they didn't approve of white mourning in Paris.

With a wag of a dubious head Mrs. Lanchester sat down to mull it over. It wasn't that she wouldn't look radiant in black; with her skin and hair, it was simply that she did want to make a perfect first impression; and white was not only widowish but, in a way, well—virginal. She would look like a young girl in the white, too young to have learned much about life, too pitiful to be left unconsoled.

The glimmer died in the eyes that looked back across the rich litter of her dressing table, the glowing countenance clouded. Mrs. Lanchester contemplated, for the first time seriously, a great renunciation.

Mrs. Lanchester was in love. She had been in love for weeks now with a woman whom she had made in her own image, who was herself transfigured, spiritualized, ennobled by a splendid grief, and who asked no more of this life than that it might suffer her to go saintly all her days, as a nun from every worldly bond divorced, although devoted to the seven deadly virtues by no vows but those of a broken and a burning heart; a widow who was never wedded, a bride of the grave.

It was such a beautiful picture, so pathetic and becoming, Mrs. Lanchester had cherished it with a sincerer passion than any she had ever known. To put it by would cost her something. Yet it had to be, with this as with every love in the life of women wise enough to know that no love lasts.

Mrs. Lanchester with a heavy sigh turned from the mirror to a framed photograph which had been watching her, the portrait of a young man with a worried mouth and hungry eyes, and fed on sweet and bitter memories till her own eyes were like violets drenched with dew, her own mouth a very glyph of woe.

She steeled her heart at last and, opening one of several brand-new black traveling bags, hid the photograph in it.

Mrs. Lanchester went out presently all in her widow's proper black, with her pearls and, in her eyes, a mist of unshed tears.

The pearls were real.

Almost everybody was still dressing, the promenade deck for the time being deserted. She found, well aft, one rank of untenanted chairs. Here she rested, snug in her fleecy wrap, until the deck steward came along.

One hand described a pale and graceful signal.

"I wonder, steward, if you could bring me a cocktail out here, a dry Martini."

" 'Nk-you, madam: a dry Martini."

"And, steward! you might make it a double."

" 'Nk-you—"

"And, steward!" a new voice put in—dryly—"make it two and tell 'em to shake up another round while you're fetchin' the first."

" 'Nk-you, sir!"

The steward trotted aft.

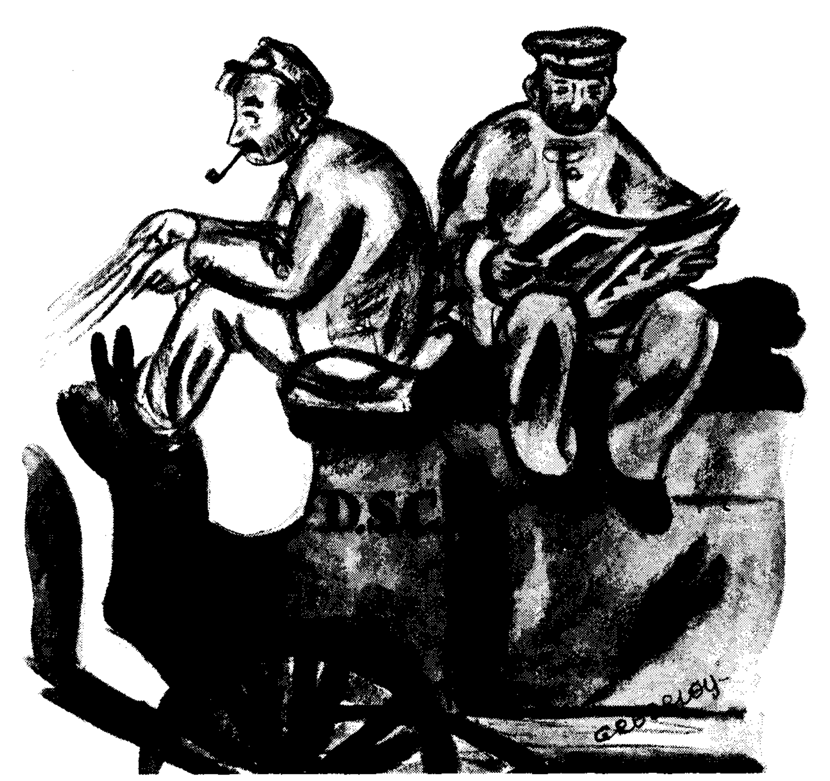
Mrs. Lanchester sat very still, in a stunned silence, the storied turrets of her dreams crashing about her ears.

THE man who had come upon her by way of the 'thwartship alley said with a quiet chuckle: "Hello, Lona!" Then he sat down, uninvited. "I call this a large, pleasant surprise. But this is the first time I've been outside my cabin. Stowed away just as the last gong rang, without any luggage or duds but these"—he opened his topcoat to display a starched white bosom and stomacher—"so had to wait till it was dark before I could decently be visible. How are they breakin' for you, Lona?"

"Rollo!" The sweet sad music of Mrs. Lanchester's voice was no more. "Oh, my God! You *would* turn up on board—of all people!—and spoil everything."

"How come?" Mr. Tattersall with unruffled urbanity wondered. "You up to some little game or other, Lona? Putting one over on the seagoin' yokelry? Well! you needn't lose any sleep about me. I'll play along, just for the fun of watchin' you work—I'll never spill the beans."

(*To be continued next week*)



"Of course, Albert, that price includes the Oberammergau Passion Play."

The gift that keeps on giving ❖

AN ILLINOIS WATCH

A watch is so intimate a possession. To trifle with the selection of such a life companion for the graduate you delight to honor is to miss all the precious significance of its purpose—enduring accuracy and endearing charm.

An Illinois is all you can ask in a watch. Encased in every one of these new, exclusive, attractive designs is that golden perfection of watchmaking which has made Illinois renowned for accurate timekeeping for sixty years. So modestly priced, too, for what they will give in return—eloquent, abiding beauty and long, dependable, faithful service.

Select a good jeweler. He will be glad to show you his complete presentation of the latest Illinois Watches for men and women. Their beauty speaks for itself. He will vouch for their worth, for he knows the name Illinois has marked fine watches since 1870.

❖ ❖

AS ILLUSTRATED

ILLINOIS MEN'S STRAP WATCHES (*top row—left to right*)

The Ensign – 17 jewels, 14k gold-filled case	$45.00
The Finalist – 17 jewels, 14k gold-filled case	55.00

(*bottom row*)

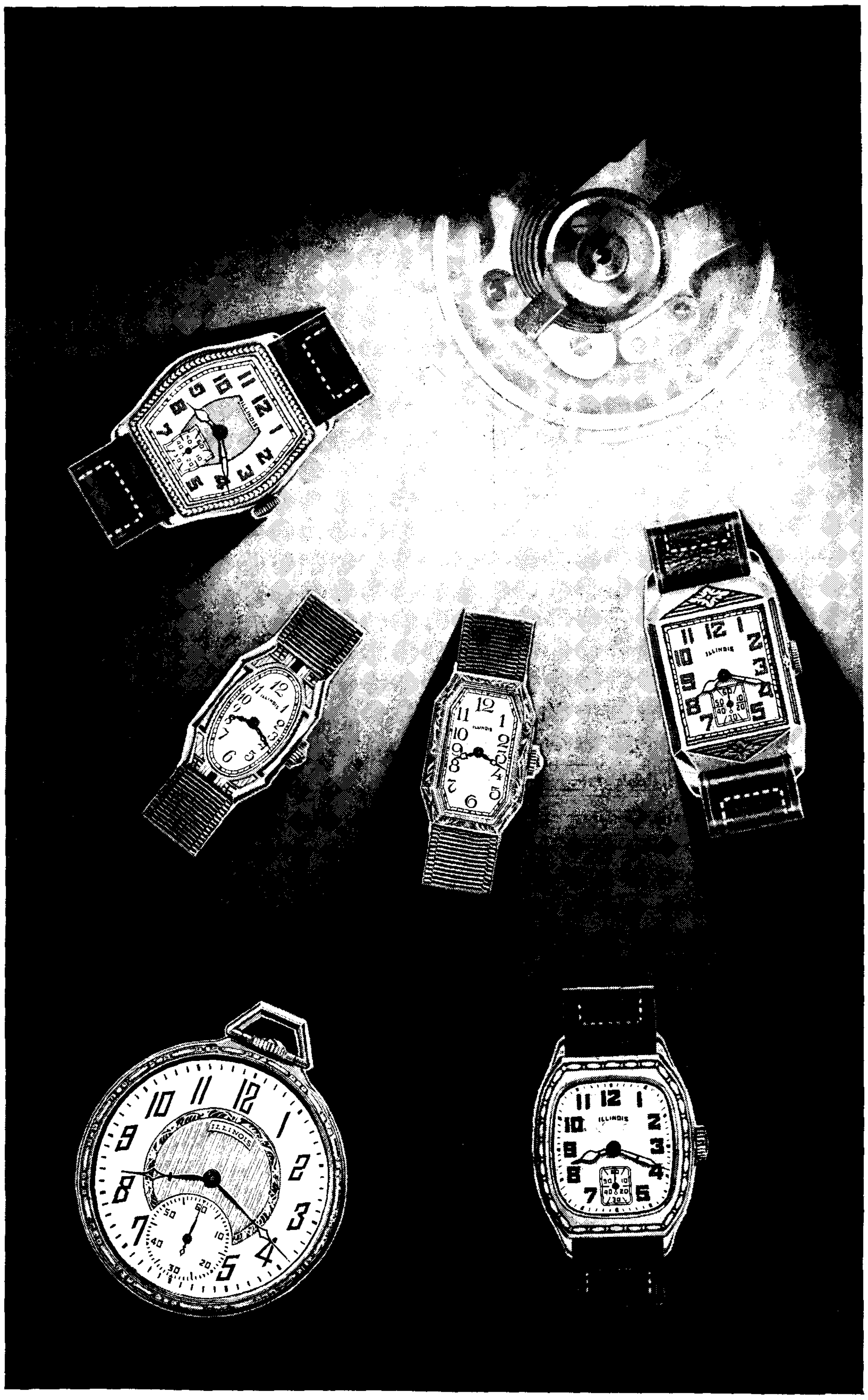
The Beau Brummel – 17 jewels, 14k gold-filled case	$50.00

ILLINOIS LADIES' RIBBON WATCHES (*left to right*)

The Brighton – 17 jewels, 14k solid gold inlaid enamel case	$65.00
The Newport – 17 jewels, 14k gold-filled case	50.00

ILLINOIS MEN'S POCKET WATCH

The Rialto – 17 jewels, 14k gold-filled case	$50.00



The Birthright of every Illinois . . . the beauty of marvelous precision.

The ILLINOIS WATCH

Fine Watches since 1870

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS ILLINOIS (*BUNN SPECIAL*) RAILROAD WATCHE

Curves are Fashionable

Continued from page 17

This Year—It's Europe

"The voyage was all too short . . . ."*

A common sentiment in regard to our TOURIST Third Cabin. And no wonder, when the food is so excellent, the service so exemplary, fellow passengers so agreeable . . . everything, in short, so exactly as it should be! And think of the money saved . . . with rates as low as

$105 (up) one way **$185 (up)** round trip

From New York, Boston and Montreal to principal European ports. Choice of *Majestic,* world's largest ship; *Belgenland,* famous world cruiser; the superb new *Britannic; Doric,* and many others, including TOURIST SHIPS *de luxe* —S. S. *Pennland* and S. S. *Westernland,* now carrying TOURIST Third Cabin as the highest class on board in former Cabin accommodations. S. S. *Minnekahda,* carrying TOURIST Third Cabin exclusively.

***Quoted from a passenger's letter to us.**

30 Principal Offices in the United States and Canada. Main Office, No. 1 Broadway, New York. Authorized agents everywhere.

WHITE STAR LINE
RED STAR LINE
ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE
International Mercantile Marine Company

you? Where did you come from?"

"I'm Mary Ellen Whittaker," said the vision. "And I came from Bamborough."

Roger crossed over to her then. "Oh, but you couldn't have," he said, with that grave smile of his. "I've never seen you."

"I—don't suppose you have," said Mary Ellen.

She made a place beside her, and Roger sat down. "Do you know what I think?" he said. "I think you came out of a fairy book."

"Well—I came out of a book," admitted Mary Ellen.

"I like books," said Roger.

They were still sitting there, just like that, when the others came down. They came noisily, with laughter and bits of talk, never quite finished. Katherine in a scrap of scarlet, with no back worthy of mention, and earrings four inches long. Leonie in green—her sea-serpent dress, Carty called it—with two inadequate points held up in front by a string of brilliants. Dick, so precisely the pattern of the successful young business man that he was comic: clean and unremarkable, already buckling his belt one hole tighter than was comfortable, his eyebrows slightly surprised at his own good fortune—including Katherine—and a resolutely breezy manner. Carty Collins, a slightly paler edition of Dick: clean and unremarkable, a little younger, a little thinner, a little more surprised at his own fortune—including Leonie.

Dick was very hearty, consciously the genial host, pouring out the cocktails. He stopped when he saw Mary Ellen. "By Jove," he said, "you're looking good tonight."

"What is it? A masquerade?" asked Katherine smartly.

"Yes," said Mary Ellen. "I'm masquerading as myself."

THINGS happened fast after that first night. Things always happened fast where Katherine was—and Leonie. Swimming: a race to High Rock and back again. Fishing: to see who could catch the most fish. A picnic lunch up Gray Back "and whoop 'er up and see if we can get there in an hour." Everything was a competition with Katherine. When people wanted to be unpleasant, they said the reason she married Dick was that so many other girls wanted to marry him too.

In the afternoon they had out the three canoes. Katherine was still in her bathing suit, her short black hair slicked tight from her bright face. Leonie had a brief brown skirt, with an orange sweater and a beret stuck on sideways to keep the set in her permanent; orange-colored socks and bare legs. Mary Ellen wore stockings. She wore also a white jersey dress, with a band of orchid round the bottom four inches below her knees, and a purple jacket. Her hair was gathered up in the back of her neck and tied with an orchid ribbon; the wind ruffled the curls over her head.

Katherine and Leonie exchanged glances. "Fancy!" said Katherine. "A ribbon!"

Then she called to the others: "Let's have a race. All the way round the lake—follow the shore line. Come on, Roger. . . ."

But Roger was already settling himself in the canoe with Mary Ellen and did not even hear her.

It was obvious at once that Mary Ellen and Roger would never win that race. The other two boats pulled away strongly. They were well matched: Katherine a little better than Leonie; Carty Collins, excited by Leonie's urging, a shade stronger than Dick. Mary Ellen paddled without violence. Roger, it seemed, hardly paddled at all.

"What's the hurry?" he said, with his forthright, pleasant grin. He looked almost unbearably nice and big and blue-eyed and lovable in a white woolly sweater.

"There isn't any hurry," said Mary Ellen. And presently she laid down her paddle altogether, and leaned back against a cushion that Roger had brought, and watched the glad colors of the leaves overhead. Roger obeyed the rule about following the shore line very literally. The branches shut down over them and made a quiet place, shot green and gold.

Roger looked thoughtfully after the other two canoes, their occupants breaking their backs over the paddles. "You know," he said shyly, "I think that—well, *life* and everything ought to be a coöperation and not a competition."

"I think so too," said Mary Ellen. "I think you're happier if you don't try for it too hard. . . ." She was thinking that all her hardest trying had never brought her one minute alone with Roger in a canoe.

Things were really awfully nice after that. Roger told her about an experiment he was making with rest glass: so pale you could hardly see the tint—but he wanted to get it colorless. . . . Mary Ellen had never fancied herself a scientist, but it all sounded simple the way Roger explained it, and rather exciting.

Mary Ellen told Roger about her work, too. She expected him to be interested, somehow—and he was.

That night they drove twenty miles to the Jig Saw to dance. Dick said Mary Ellen looked like a princess with her pale gold dress and her hair up high—which was a good deal for Dick to say. Carty said he'd teach her the Mince Pie Whirl, if she liked, but he'd rather teach her the Kiss-Me-Quick—which was a good deal for Carty.

"Do you like moons?" asked Roger, close to Mary Ellen's elbow.

"I'm very fond of moons."

"So am I," said Roger. "And there's an extra nice one in the sky." He drew her outside to see it.

"It's cold," said Mary Ellen softly.

"You wouldn't be cold," said Roger, "if you were up close to me."

IT WAS on the way home that the thing happened. They all went out to the cars together. "Come on, Roger," said Leonie. But Roger was already handing in Mary Ellen and did not hear her.

"Let's race," said Katherine quickly.

Roger had his car out first, not because he was in the greatest hurry, but because he had been last into the parking space. He was racing down the dark woods road at fifteen miles an hour, Mary Ellen tucked up close and hardly cold at all, when the other two came roaring up behind him. Carty Collins drew alongside, forcing Dick back; they heard Katherine's high voice, feverish and wild: "Quick, Dick, the other way. Don't let him beat you. . . ." And the next instant Dick's car lunged into the gutter on the right.

That small woods road was never built for three cars abreast. Dick's off wheels plunged into the loose soil halfway to the hubs; he jerked the wheel frantically—too hard. Dick had been drinking a little, there was no doubt of that. There was a crash as he veered in on Roger.

As automobile accidents go, it was not much. Dick flew up in the air like a jack-in-the-box, clean over his own windshield, landing with that peculiar alcoholic bonelessness that protects from injury. Katherine and Roger, on the two outsides, had a bump and a bruise apiece and nothing more. But Mary Ellen was caught by a twisted bit of fender just below the knee.

They were all around her in a minute. Roger's arms were around her, lifting her up. "My dear, my dear. . . ." He was unaware of what he said, because he was so frightened. But Mary Ellen would gladly have suffered graver injuries, from bigger pieces of flying metal, just to hear him say it.

They took her to a doctor. Not serious, he said; have to keep off her foot a few days. He cleaned the cut and bandaged it. It hurt, rather. But Mary Ellen did not mind much, because she sat on Dick's lap, and leaned against Carty . . . and Roger held her hand. He looked a little queer and white when he carried her out again to the car.

"Gosh, I'm sorry," muttered Dick unhappily. "I didn't mean to, honest. Here, let me sit on the floor and hold your foot."

"I'll drive," said Carty, "and you'll never feel a jiggle."

"I'll hold you tight," said Roger. "There, are you comfortable?"

"I never was so comfortable in my life," said Mary Ellen.

Katherine drove Dick's car back to the cottage, and Leonie drove Carty's.

THE next day, somehow, everything was different.

It was pleasant, of course, to lie on the sofa beside the wide low windows and watch the sun on the water. It was pleasant in the morning to wear the flowered negligee, and in the afternoon the rose velvet negligee with the pointed long sleeves, and in the evening the little white negligee, all made of rows and rows of fine lace sewed together with a frill around the throat.

But somehow . . . there was a strain in the atmosphere. Mary Ellen felt uneasily that she had spoiled the party by getting in the way of Dick's fender. When Katherine suggested the daily swim, and Roger said he would stay behind with her, she insisted that he go. He went finally—with Katherine—and Dick stayed instead.

Mary Ellen was sorry for Dick. He was so wretched over the accident. He looked tired too . . . and worried. Mary Ellen always felt as if she ought to do something about it when people were unhappy.

Dick had torn his coat the night before, and when they were alone, Mary Ellen mended it. It was all so quiet and comfortable that Dick relaxed finally in the big chair beside her; it struck Mary Ellen that she had never seen him relaxed before. He talked, at last, about the things that mattered to him. His work at the plant. Business was bad. The advertising manager wasn't coming up to expectations. The Acme shell frame wasn't taking hold. . . . "Katherine doesn't love me," he blurted suddenly. "This Roger Blaine . . . I thought . . . I don't know, after we were married . . . she'd love me more. There'd be just the two of us . . . at first, I mean . . . and afterwards. . . ."

He could not say it right out; Dick had the inarticulateness of the professional talker. But he was a family man at heart.

(*Continued on page 48*)

Flashing across the Courts

with speed, their bodies tense as tempered steel

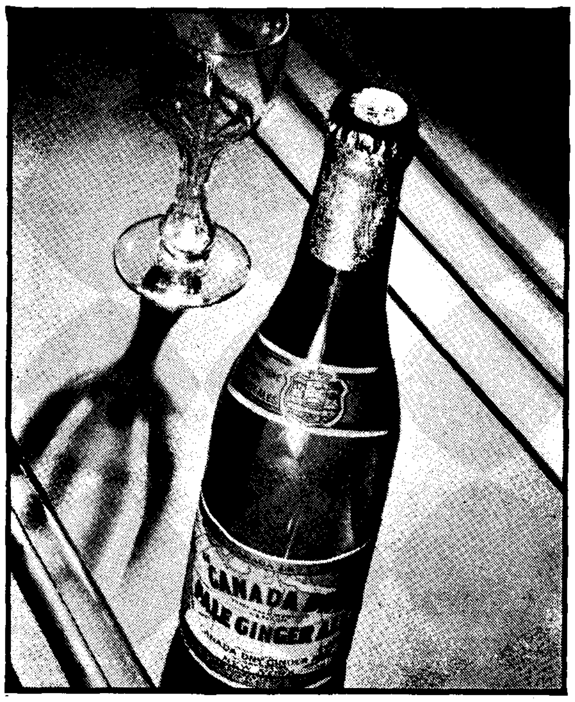
LIKE A SPRING UNLOOSED, their bodies snap in a smashing serve . . . racket meets ball in a powerful sweep as they drive shots down the side-line . . . tense at the net they wait and volley in the fore-court. . . .

Here are sportsmen . . . lean, sun-tanned, clear-eyed. And here is the sportsman's beverage, "Canada Dry." Matching in vigor the healthy bodily activity of countless men and women of this country, this fine old ginger ale gives them exhilaration and keenness, more zest and delight as they steel themselves for the strenuous play before them.

No wonder! This fine old ginger ale has excellence. Its very foundation is "Liquid Ginger"—which we make from selected Jamaica ginger root by a special process. This process is exclusively controlled by us and, unlike any other method, retains for "Canada Dry" all of the original aroma, flavor and natural essence of the ginger root. Rigid laboratory control assures uniformity, purity and highest quality. A special process of carbonation enables "Canada Dry" to retain its life and sparkle long after the bottle has been opened.

Under such careful methods of making, this fine old ginger ale has quite rightly won the approving nod of connoisseurs the wide world over. In great hotels and clubs . . . on transatlantic liners . . . in London, Paris, New York . . . in many, many homes throughout this country.

Serve it in your home. At dinner, at luncheon, its marvelous flavor adds new delight to a meal. In the Hostess Package of 12 bottles "Canada Dry" will always be conveniently on hand.



"CANADA DRY"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

© 1930

Watch your husband slick his hair

...you can tell if he is going to be bald!

DOES he lean over the wash basin and slosh water on his hair? Tell him to stop while he still has some hair left!

Wildroot Hair Tonic does this "slicking" better than water—and does his hair *good* instead of *harm.* Have him try it a month. See how much better his hair looks. No dandruff—no itching—no harsh dryness. Get this reliable Hair Tonic at any drug store, barber or hairdresser.

For a luxurious shampoo try Wildroot Shampoo. The bottle is extra big.
WILDROOT CO., INC., BUFFALO, N. Y.

WILDROOT
Hair Tonic
SHAMPOO...WAVE SET...HAIR DRESS

Tune in on the Wildroot program, Wednesday mornings, 10:45, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, N. B. C. Red Network.

Curves are Fashionable

Continued from page 46

Mary Ellen comforted him, the way she comforted complainants who found eleven eyeglass chains in a dozen box. Dick was looking happier when the others came back.

But they all acted so strange that when Leonie proposed a tramp across country to Karn, Mary Ellen insisted again that Roger go. So he went—with Leonie.

Carty stayed with Mary Ellen that time. He had caught his thumb between the float and the edge of a canoe, and she bound it up for him.

"I'm afraid Leonie doesn't love me any more," he said suddenly. He was like a little boy, telling her; he had an ado to keep his chin from shaking. "This Blaine . . . he must make a lot more than I do. I'm afraid I can't do things for her . . . the way she wants them. Leonie doesn't want to keep house. She wants to live in a hotel, like Katherine. She wants . . ."

Mary Ellen was very comforting. Carty was looking a lot more cheerful when the others came.

That night they went to dance at one of the other cottages; Mary Ellen was pleased, because she would have Roger to herself. Her couch had been moved in front of the fireplace. The fire sang and chattered on the hearth and the lights were low. It ought to have been perfect. But it wasn't.

Mary Ellen was miserable at a scrap of talk she had overheard before the others went.

"Cat," said Leonie.

"Sly," said Katherine. "That's what she is."

"I never thought she'd try to steal another girl's man."

"I never thought she could. . . ."

The memory gave Mary Ellen a restraint that she could not break away—as if she were seeing Roger through a thin wall of ice. She wasn't trying to steal Roger—was she?

Perhaps she would not so much have minded stealing Roger, if Roger had seemed more willing to be stolen. Whether it was the morning with Katherine, or the afternoon with Leonie, Roger was different that night. Not that he was less kind, of course. But there was a rigidity in his kindness. His sensitive long fingers twisted the fringes of her shawl. When they tried to talk about his work, there wasn't anything to say. There was nothing to say about . . . life. It was too warm to need an arm to keep you from being chilly. It was raining and there wasn't any moon.

"Shall—shall I read to you?" he said.

"Yes, do," said Mary Ellen. She wondered afterward what it could have been that he had read.

THE next day was the last of the house party, and everybody was glad of it. It rained—not an ordinary rain, but a wild pouring gale that twisted trees out by the roots and made noises down the chimney.

Mary Ellen did her best to keep the party going. "We might have a candy pull. . . ."

"And get all gummed up," said Leonie.

"I couldn't eat the stuff," said Katherine. She was dieting, for her figure.

"We might play games. . . ."

"Ticktacktoo," said Leonie with scorn.

Mary Ellen said that if anyone had any mending. . . . She had always felt apologetic about sewing; but she didn't now. Dick brought her a lot of golf stockings with no heels, and was pathetically grateful. Carty brought a fistful of buttons, and showed her the places where they went on. But Roger said rather stiffly that he wouldn't need to trouble her.

Mary Ellen could not make Roger out. He was quiet—withdrawn. A strange look, like bewilderment, overlay the clarity of his blue eyes.

At four o'clock a big tree blew down across the only road and made it impassable. It didn't improve anybody's disposition the least bit when they found that they should have to stay another night.

At five o'clock, the maid left. She said she had been hired till Monday night, and she wouldn't stay till Tuesday morning, "not for nobody." And actually she departed, walking, with her effects tied up in a bundle. In the bundle also were the mushrooms for the evening soup, the evening chicken and vegetables, and the whole of the pastries. There was the dickens and all to pay when these facts were discovered.

"We'll get supper together," said Mary Ellen cheerfully.

"*Together!*" said Katherine. "*I* can't cook."

"Neither can I," said Leonie firmly. "And I'm not hungry anyway." She was dieting, too, of course, and was very particular about starches.

In the end, Mary Ellen and Dick and Roger and Carty got the supper. Mary Ellen sat in a big chair with her foot up, and the men brought the entire contents of the ice box and arranged them before her.

"First," she said, "we'll make a menu." . . .

PRESENTLY there was the sound of hilarity from that kitchen. There was a noise of Carty beating eggs; a noise of Roger cutting celery; a noise of Dick running a lot of water and chopping ice to soak the lettuce. A cheer went up when Carty found the oranges.

Once Katherine and Leonie came out to see what was going on. They looked at Mary Ellen, her cheeks pink, directing operations; they looked at Roger stirring batter and Carty measuring out sugar, and Dick down on the floor having a perfectly desperate time with a can opener—and laughing . . . and then they turned round and went back.

"Run right away, children," said Carty. "We're going to surprise you."

Nevertheless, when supper was ready, they were surprised. Anybody would have been. Cream of celery soup. An enormous scallop, stuffed full of hot vegetables and little squares of ham and eggs sticking up through bubbly tomato sauce. Honey biscuits, piles of them, as big as a minute. A rosy-looking salad, made of cherries stuffed with jelly, on lettuce leaves miraculously crisp. An orange pudding with meringue an inch and a half deep. Crackers and toasted cheese and coffee.

There is something very soothing about hot food on a cold night when the wind makes noises in the chimney. Presently things began to brighten. Carty told the story about when the elephant broke loose. Roger told the story about when he blew up the laboratory. Dick told the splittingly funny story about when the new advertising manager came and he thought he was the furnace boy and took him down and showed him the furnace. Then Leonie told Katherine in an aside about the time she burned her hair off and had to wear a wig, and Katherine thought it was so funny that she repeated it for the others, and they all laughed a great deal.

They played a crazy guessing game. They played a still crazier game called detectives. And then they played a perfectly insane game that they made up themselves and called ticktacktoo. Over that they grew so uproarious that Dick had to let out another hole in his belt to give himself room to laugh.

They sat a long time over the table because they had forgotten to get up.

IT WAS ten o'clock.

Upstairs Katherine Hammon and Dick were talking.

"Dick," Katherine said, "you know I've been thinking. We—we've been married three years, and maybe sometimes you think I don't love you as I should. You mustn't ever think that again. Dick, I *do* love you, darling."

Dick Hammon looked at his wife. And suddenly his professional breeziness all dropped away from him and the weariness, and that look of trying to keep up. His face broke, and he drew her to him.

Downstairs, Leonie sat on the window seat with Carty beside her. She had picked up the white Shetland shawl from Mary Ellen's couch and wrapped it round her shoulders—though it was not really cold. The shawl covered the hardness and brightness of her dress and made her look all different—gentler, more feminine.

"I don't care anything about living in a hotel," she was saying. "Honest, Carty. I think it would be kind of fun to have a little house. I—I wouldn't want to be like Katherine, and not know how to cook or *anything*. . . ."

Carty Collins' anxious young face was suddenly radiant.

In the kitchen, Mary Ellen and Roger had just finished the dishes. Roger had been high-spirited enough while they were with the others, but afterward—while he washed, and Mary Ellen perched on a high stool and wiped—he had fallen silent. Now he came and stood beside her, looking gravely down.

"It isn't true, is it?"

"What?"

"What they said."

Mary Ellen knew at once what he meant. So he had overheard it too—that scrap of talk between Katherine and Leonie. The whole world crashed about her. She had been happy, just for this little bit of a while she had been happy, herself with Roger, and now she should never be happy any more.

But Mary Ellen was honest too. "You mean about—stealing?" she said steadily. "Yes, I guess it's—true."

Roger's lips tightened. "That settles it, then."

"Yes," said Mary Ellen. "That settles it."

"I'm sorry."

"I'm sorry, too," said Mary Ellen. She thought she could not bear it, the way he looked then, so sorrowful and nice and far away.

"I won't bother you any more—honestly. But . . . I couldn't help loving you. You were so—*real*. Which one is it—Dick or Carty? Katherine said Dick, and Leonie . . ."

"What are you talking about?" cried Mary Ellen. "I—I was trying to steal *you*."

"But, darling," said Roger. "How could you steal something you always had?"

All of a sudden he was kissing her. He was kissing her round chin and her little joke of a nose and her eyelids and her lips. His arms were round her, very, very tight. And Mary Ellen just exactly fitted into the curve of Roger's arms.

We've put RUBBER HEELS on B & O cars

THE RUBBER HEEL *is symbolic of the riding comfort made possible by placing rubber pads in the trucks.*

ONE of our people—as often happens with us—brought forward an unusual suggestion that makes for even greater smoothness in the riding comfort of our trains.

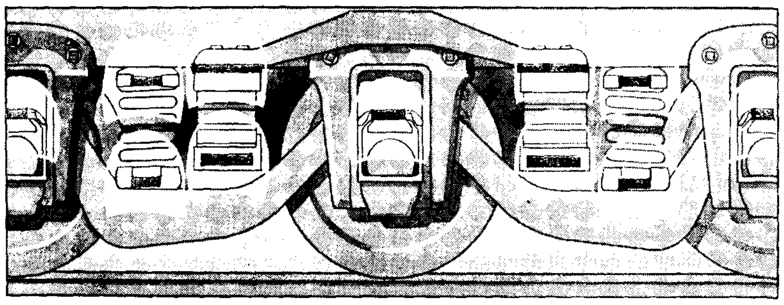
You know the shock-absorbing qualities of rubber heels. Well, this simple idea is being applied to Baltimore & Ohio cars. Each truck has fifty-one rubber pads placed at points where the frame rests and at spring ends—wherever metal touches metal. You really ride on rubber over polished steel rails.

It sounds smooth, and it is . . . wonderfully so.

We have a firm conviction that if travelers are given a smooth joltless ride, if they can relax and read without strain, the chances are they will remember the trip as a restful experience and want to ride on our road again.

To increase the number of such friends is one reason we have spent over 400 millions to improve the service of our road. And by the thoughtful attention of our employees we try to make every journey a pleasure.

We hope this latest effort—to give you a comfortable ride by putting *rubber heels* on our cars—will appeal to you. Won't you ride with us soon and see how thoroughly restful it is?



Standard Pullman six-wheel trucks used on Baltimore & Ohio cars. And to make riding even smoother we are putting rubber pads at the spring ends and wherever metal touches metal on all B & O passenger cars. This tends to eliminate vibration and make riding more restful.

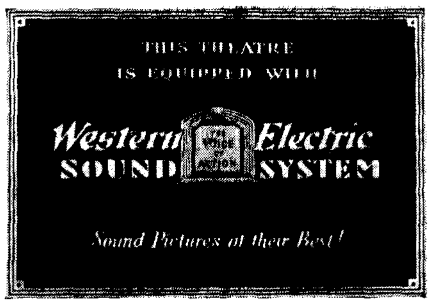
The B&O

BALTIMORE & OHIO

Which theatre to-night?
let the EAR TEST *decide . . .*

ROYAL
LYRIC

H*ear talking pictures reproduced* NATURALLY
. . . . look for this sign in the lobby


THIS THEATRE
IS EQUIPPED WITH
Western Electric
SOUND SYSTEM
Sound Pictures at their Best!

"That's my favorite theatre too. Their talkies always sound so natural."

You'll say the same thing about theatres equipped with the Western Electric Sound System. It is made by the makers of your telephone — people who for more than 50 years have known how to build good sound reproducing apparatus.

Don't simply ask what picture is playing or who is the star. Select your theatre by EAR TEST. Enjoy all the art that producers and actors put into the dialogue and the music.

Find out which houses in your neighborhood are using Western Electric equipment — look for the identifying sign in the lobby.

Western Electric
SOUND SYSTEM
THE VOICE OF ACTION
Northern Electric in Canada

MADE
BY THE MAKERS
OF YOUR
TELEPHONE

Right from the Heart

Continued from page 19

of saying, "I don't know," too often.

Essential high blood pressure occurs early in life, is generally inherited, and causes no symptoms until it is increased by the hardening of the arteries in old age.

The victim is warned to lead a calm and healthful life, and for that reason often lives to a more comfortable old age than the person who starts out with a normal pressure. He must not do anything to excess: must eat moderately, make haste slowly, not allow himself to get angry or too excited, must not get fat and must rest regularly and thoroughly. A grand life for all of us, if we but knew it.

Reëducation Needed

The high blood pressure which is caused by disease of the arteries, or of some organ through which the blood must flow at a disadvantage, is not a trouble which should cause panic and alarm if it is properly watched and treated. The world associates such pressure with apoplexy, and I have known perfectly happy and healthy people to take to their beds in panic when it was discovered accidentally that their pressure was high—the state of panic, of course, being the best way in the world to send the pressure higher.

We should be able to acquire a philosophy about having our blood pressure go up, just as we acquire it about the first gray hairs and the knowledge that we are not able to do what we once could.

The poor medical profession is torn by two conflicting criticisms: They do not tell enough of the truth, or they tell too much and frighten their patients to death.

If all patients were alike our course would be easy. But unfortunately some of them want the truth, in order that they may live accordingly, and others use the truth only to distort it, and remember all the dire things they have heard about conditions like their own.

The treatment of the high pressure of middle and later life varies a good deal with the individual. In many cases simply changing the way of living will send the pressure back to a normal level, for there is no serious trouble in any one organ, but all the organs have been overworked. The patient had been trying to do at fifty or sixty what he could do comfortably at twenty or thirty, and his body, ignoring the egotism which makes him refuse to grow old gracefully, has insisted that he grow old more rapidly.

These people illustrate how much the state of one's nerves and the mental state influence blood pressure. Remove such factors as worry and hurry and competition from their lives and they become normal.

There is a complex nervous mechanism which helps control the tension of the arterial walls, and while this mechanism is not directly under the control of our wills, it is greatly influenced by the central or voluntary nervous system. The person who has never had a physical examination and has to have one in order to get a job or life insurance, often approaches the really simple ordeal with a high degree of nervousness. If the blood pressure reading is taken at once, before the doctor has the patient's confidence, it will generally be above normal. If another reading is taken later, when the patient realizes he is not to be drawn and quartered, it will generally be down to normal. This probably accounts for the fact that those who keep themselves in a state of turmoil, as many of us do, are subject to high blood pressure, and makes it likely that saying, "My high blood pressure makes me nervous," is putting the cart before the horse.

The high-strung person of middle age, to whom excitement and activity are the breath of life, generally resents the advice given to him when his blood pressure gets high. The last thing he wants to do is to keep calm. He enjoys getting mad now and then, and likes to catch a train by the skin of his teeth. He wants to eat a good meal when he feels like it; attend banquets and so forth, and then go without food, but with plenty of indigestion, for the next twenty-four hours.

A real job of reëducation has to be done with this type of person if he is to be made well. Both doctor and patient have got to believe in the power of mind over matter in order to make even a start at it. And the patient must desire health enough to find his happiness in new paths.

The dietary restrictions for high blood pressure are no longer hard to obey, unless there is excessive trouble with the kidneys. The keynote of the diet is moderation, and next in importance comes regularity.

Likewise the restrictions on activity are not unreasonable. Who wants to run for trains, or to get really tired, or to overtax his strength at sports?

Nowadays, we hear even more of low blood pressure than we do of high blood pressure. But we are a good deal more in the dark about what causes it than we are about high blood pressure. We do know that it is often associated with general poor health, with the depleted state often following operations or long illnesses, and sometimes with a depleted condition of the blood.

That low blood pressure is a disease in itself is very doubtful. It is probably merely a symptom. As such, I don't believe it deserves all the attention it gets. The emphasis, I believe, should be put more upon the poor health that accompanies it. When the blood pressure is much below what is supposed to be the normal level, there is generally a loss of "pep." The person who is apparently free from disease, but who has not enough spontaneous energy to carry on his daily tasks, who is easily tired and generally listless, will probaby be found to have an abnormally low blood pressure. But I believe his freedom from disease is only apparent.

It is the doctor's job to find what hidden source of chronic infection is keeping the patient low, not only in blood pressure, but in energy. That there is probably some such hidden infection we suspect, because many infections, especially those which linger on, have a definite effect of lowering arterial pressure.

Don't Worry

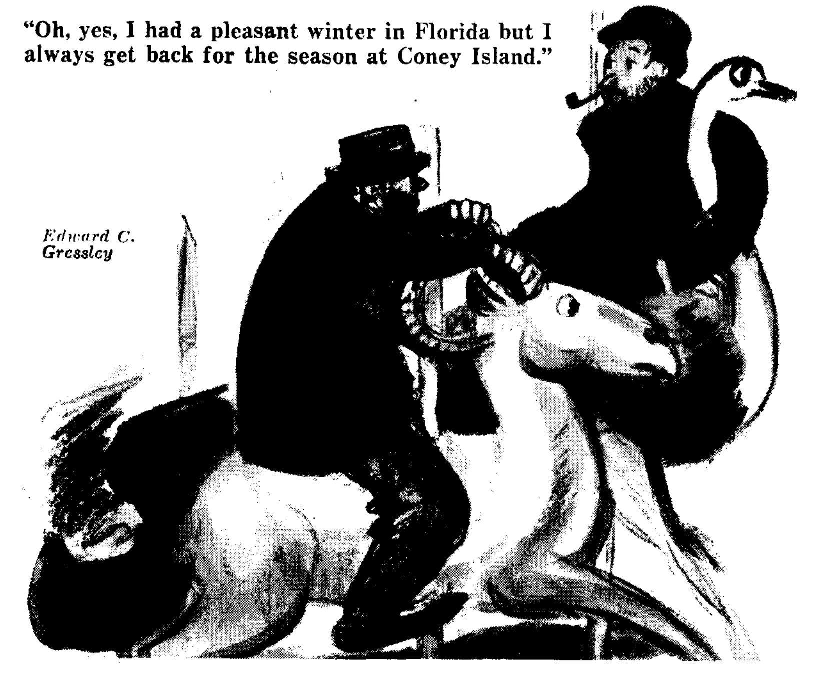
There is not the obvious necessity for the patient to know that his blood pressure is low that there is for one to know that his pressure is high. There are no particular precautions for him to take, and he is in great danger of feeling "lower" if he knows that his pressure has fallen a little. The obvious remedy for low pressure, an active life, he has not the energy to carry out. If his general health is taken care of, the blood pressure will take care of itself.

What, then, should every man know about his blood pressure, if anything? Of course, if everyone did what we hope some day everybody will do, had himself thoroughly examined every year, during health, and oftener if he does not feel fit, knowledge about one's own blood pressure would be universal.

The time-honored standard of normal blood pressure—one hundred plus one's age, is not absolutely inflexible. Most adults feel well with a pressure of one hundred and twenty for years after they have passed the age of twenty; and many people run consistently a little higher than one hundred plus their age without having any of the symptoms of high pressure, although a lower level is more often found than the high normal. If an adult has a pressure much below one hundred and twenty, even if he feels well, he should have himself looked over for possible sources of infection.

If the pressure is really high it should be watched regularly and a régime prescribed by a doctor should be followed. In either case, however, the pressure itself should not be greatly worried over or talked about. While we may not be able to add a cubit to our stature by taking thought, we can certainly add several degrees to a high blood pressure reading by thinking about it and, conversely, we can increase our depression by worrying about it.

"Oh, yes, I had a pleasant winter in Florida but I always get back for the season at Coney Island."



more than a fast shave...

skin comfort

Try this FREE 7-day Test—now!

"*2½ Minutes to Shave*" is only half the story of LatherKreem! Use it for a week...then you'll realize what real skin comfort means.

For LatherKreem contains ingredients which not only *soften* the toughest beards quickly but leave a *soothing, healthy glow* on your face. It is sanitary, antiseptic, pure and efficient and for that reason it has been approved by America's leading Bureau of Sanitation and Health.

LatherKreem is the original American-Made "*No-Brush, No-Cup, No-Soap, No-Rub*" shaving cream. Used the world over for twenty years.

Buy your tube or jar any place where shaving preparations are sold. Large tubes, 35c. Medium jars, 50c. 14-oz. jars, 75c. Slightly higher in Canada. Send coupon for a FREE 7-day trial tube.

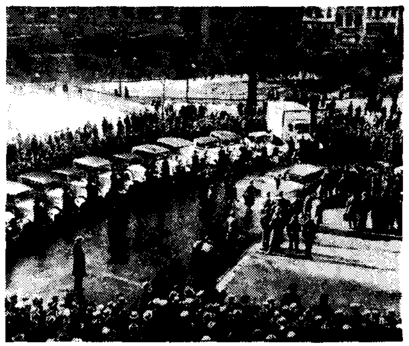
Krank's PRODUCT
LATHER KREEM
MORE THAN A FAST SHAVE -- SKIN COMFORT
A KRANK'S PRODUCT
LATHER KREEM
REPLACES SOAP AND BRUSH FOR SHAVING
NO BRUSH NO SOAP NO CUP OR RUBBING
JUST APPLY AND SHAVE
A. J. KRANK MANUFACTURING CO. SAINT PAUL, MINN.
Tested and Approved 4250 Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

A. J. KRANK CO., Dept. 214, St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me one week's supply of LATHERKREEM without cost.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

Worn Out *at last!...*

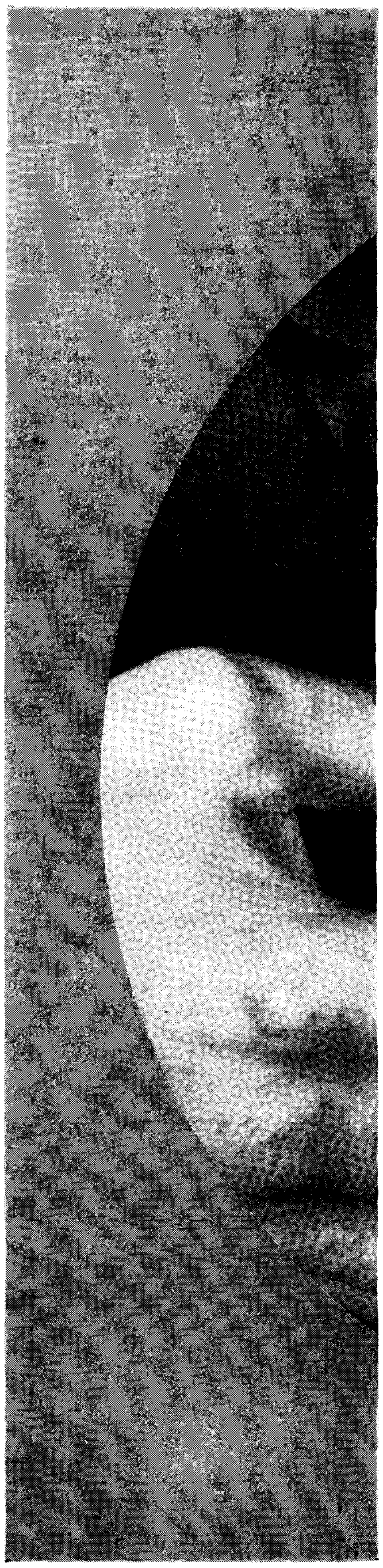


Jan. 21st 1929

The beginning of the long, long grind, when the Silver Fleet rolled away from City Hall, New York, N. Y., on its 30,000-mile trip through 46 states.

The end of the trail . . . ticking off the last of 47,892 miles with the 1930 Unit of the Goodrich Silver Fleet.

Apr. 24th 1930



Here's that Silvertown from the 1929 Silver Fleet, honorably retired from service after 47,892 hard miles

THERE it is . . . in the big picture at your right. Worn out. Through. Ready for the discard.

After 47,892 of the hardest, toughest miles we could find for it!

A standard six-ply Silvertown taken from stock in January 1929 for service on the 1929 Silver Fleet . . . driven 30,000 miles in 10 months through 46 states . . . transferred to the 1930 Goodrich Silver Fleet . . . and punished for 17,892 more miles before it cried quits!

Proud of it? Naturally! This tire, you see, was one of *fifteen* that came back with the 1929 Silver Fleet with the record of never having been off the rim.

We wanted to see how much farther those tires could travel.

So we put four of them back in service with the 1930 Silver Fleet. Sent them out on the road *again.* And the average for the four was practically the total mileage of this.

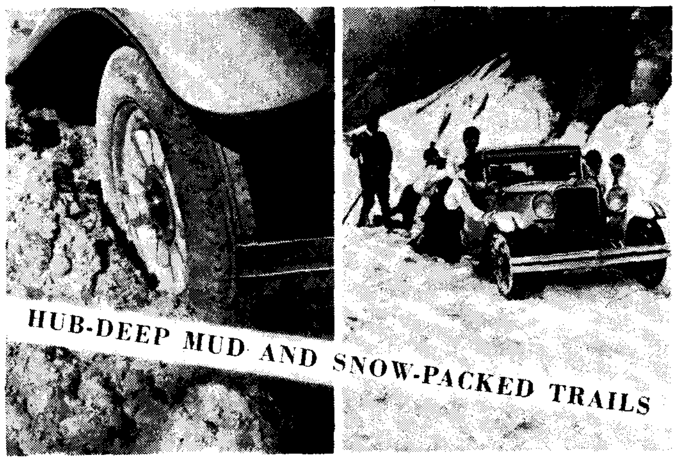
We're not going to tell you that every Silvertown will make such an amazing record. We do say that every Silvertown in this size *can.*

That's because the *quality* is *there!* The tire is *built to stand it!* It *can* out-perform any on the market . . . and *will* for anyone who gives it a chance!

Your Goodrich dealer is showing blood brothers to this record smashing Silvertown. Tires exactly like it in materials, manufacture and ability to stand up.

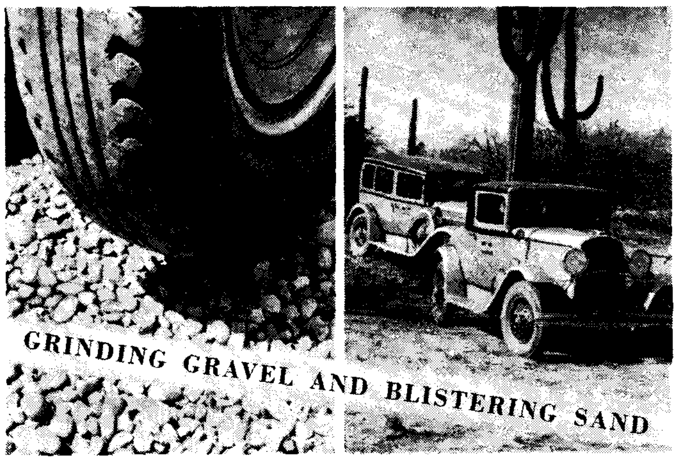
So see your dealer right now.

He has Silvertowns in sizes for your car . . . at prices much lower than you would expect. The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Established 1870, Akron, Ohio.



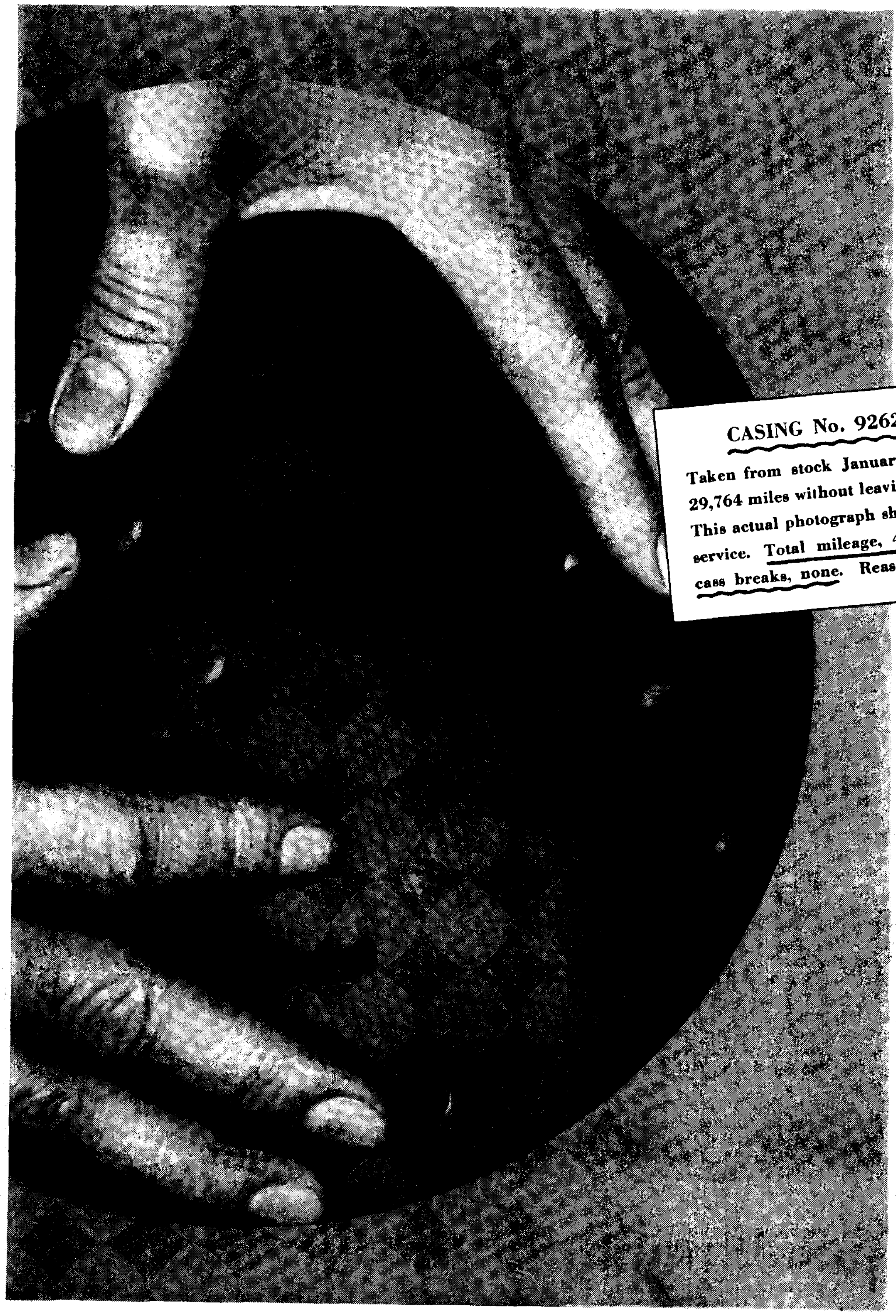
Mud was a common occurrence with the Silver Fleet . . . sticky mud, soupy mud, mud hardened into sharp-edged ruts. And as a climax, the Fleet bucked heavy snowdrifts in June in the Northwest.

Touring through Mexican border states, last year's Silver Fleet mastered hundreds of miles of punishing gravel, only to find itself faced with the blistering heat and rasping, abrasive wear of desert sands.



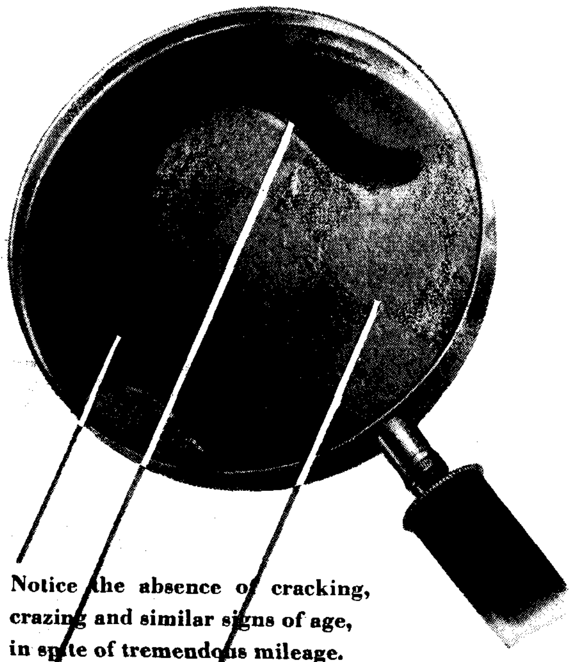
Goodrich Silvertowns...

after 47,892 miles..



CASING No. 92624451 (6.50-20 6-ply Silvertown)

Taken from stock January, 1929. Placed on Silver Fleet . . . Driven 29,764 miles without leaving rim. Transferred to the 1930 Silver Fleet. This actual photograph shows exact condition of tire when retired from service. Total mileage, 47,892. Punctures, 8. Blow-outs, none. Carcass breaks, none. Reason for removal, two nails embedded in tread.



Notice the absence of cracking, crazing and similar signs of age, in spite of tremendous mileage.

See how sharp and clean cut edges remain, ample demonstration of Silvertown's superior tractive power.

The tread has worn down smoothly, with no signs of cupping, soft spots or irregular wear.

another B. F. Goodrich Product

Over 32,000 rubber articles, representing more than a thousand distinct rubber products — Goodrich Silvertowns · Zippers · Rubber Footwear · Drug Sundries · Soles · Heels · Hose · Belting · Packing · Molded Goods.

Your Pipe

lets you think

NO two ways about it—your pipe does help somehow when time comes for the brain to click along on all cylinders. You've noticed it. It's not a matter of stimulating brain cells, for then you couldn't think *without* a pipe—and anybody could think with tobacco and a match.

What really happens is that pipe-smoke shuts out the little distractions and lets you concentrate. Your pipe lets you take full swing with *all you have.*

That's why the leaders of men, the captains of every degree, are apt to love their pipes. They've found friendliness there, trustworthy help through knotty problems, companionship that wears well.

If *you* haven't met a good pipe filled with good tobacco, now's the time. Just be sure it is a *good* pipe, for the others are not so friendly toward strangers. And so you can be sure it's good *tobacco* too, we'd like to be there with several pipefuls of Edgeworth. See the coupon? That's your free ticket for a generous glad-to-meet-you packet of the genuine. All around the world you'll find it always the same—for old Edgeworth never changes.

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA
HIGH GRADE
READY-RUBBED

Edgeworth is a combination of *good* tobaccos—selected carefully and blended especially for pipe-smoking. Its quality and flavor *never change.* Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready-Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes—15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin.

EDGEWORTH
SMOKING TOBACCO

LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St.
Richmond, Va.

I'll try your Edgeworth, and I'll try it in a *good* pipe.

My name ____________________

My street address ____________________

And the town and state ____________________

NOW LET THE EDGEWORTH COME! B-7

Fu Manchu's Daughter

Continued from page 24

"Sir Denis," I gasped—

Wiry fingers gripped my throat, squeezing me to silence; but:

"Here!" Smith replied. . . .

The word was cut off shortly—significantly. . . .

There came a stirring up above—a sound of voices—of movement . . . shuffling.

My brain began to work rapidly, despite all the maltreatment my skull had received. This was an unexpected visit of some kind! The house was being cleared of its noxious elements, of its prisoners; made presentable for inspection!

Possibly—the thought set my heart hammering—Weymouth, after all, had secured some clue which had led him here. . . .

I listened intently.

Short, regular breathing almost in my ear warned me that the slightest sound on my part would result in that strangling grip being renewed.

Yes! It was the police!

There were heavy footsteps in the lobby above—deep voices.

Those sounds died away. . . .

I TOLD myself that the search party had gone up to explore the higher floors—and I wondered who was posing as owner of the house—and what had been done with the body of Li King Su.

The cellar in which I lay possessed drumlike properties. I distinctly heard heavy footsteps on the stairs—descending.

Perhaps the searchers had been satisfied! Perhaps they were about to go!

Louder grew the footsteps . . . louder. . . .

Then, I heard, and recognized, a deep voice—

Weymouth!

At that, I determined to risk all.

A significant choking sound which came from the darkness behind might have warned me—for, even as I opened my mouth, a lean, oily-smelling hand covered it—a steely grip was on my throat! . . .

"I trust you are satisfied, Inspector?" I heard, in a quavering female voice. "If there is anything else—"

"Nothing further, madam, thank you!" . . . *Weymouth!* . . . "Evidently she didn't come here. I can only apologize for troubling you. . . ."

Receding footsteps . . . murmurs of conversation.

The bang of a street door!

My head dropped back limply, as the deathly grip was removed; a whisper came out of the darkness:

"A divine accident—*wasted!*"

Nayland Smith was the speaker . . . and I knew that that indomitable spirit was very near to despair.

What possibly could have led Weymouth here? Clearly, he had no information to justify a detailed search; no warrant. "Evidently *she* didn't come here. . . ." In those words the clue lay. And who was the old woman of the quavering voice?

Rapidly, these reflections flashed through my mind—but uppermost was a sense of such bitter, hopeless disappointment as I had never known before.

Truly, it was Fate.

Perhaps, as Fah Lo Suee believed, as Li King Su had believed, the day of the West was ended; perhaps we were obstacles in the way of some cataclysmic change, ordained, inevitable—and so must be brushed aside. . . .

When presently we found ourselves back in that room where the figure of Kâli sat, immutable, on a lacquer dais, I told myself that nothing which could happen, now, could stir me from this dreadful apathy into which I had fallen. And, as had been the case so often in my dealings with this fiendish group, I was wrong.

From my place on the divan I stared across at Nayland Smith where he sat limply in the armchair. Then I looked quickly around.

Some time before I had suspected the tall lacquer cabinet—because of its resemblance to one I remembered at Abbots Hold—of being a concealed door. I had imagined that the figure of Kâli which surmounted it was moving. I had been right.

The masked door opened and Fah Lo Suee came in.

She wore black gloves, carried a white silk shawl, a lace cap and a pair of spectacles! . . . Her smile was mocking.

I might have known—from her uncanny power of mastering languages and dialects—who the "old woman" had been!

"A difficult moment, Shan," she said composedly. "Something I had not foreseen or provided for. A keener brain—such as yours, Sir Denis—might have challenged the gloves, even in the case of a very eccentric old lady!"

She began to pull them off, revealing those beautiful, long, feline hands.

"But my hands are rather memorable," she added—without hint of vanity and simply as a statement of fact. "A late but expected guest was traced here. Fortunately, the taxi driver upon whose evidence the visit was made was uncertain of the number! But it was very clever of the Superintendent—following a telephone call from the lady's last address—to find the man who had driven her from the station. . . ."

She turned her long, narrow eyes in Nayland Smith's direction . . . and I saw his jaw harden as he clenched his teeth. I know, now, that already he *understood.*

"I respect you so much, Sir Denis," she went on, "that I know your removal is vital to my Council. But I promise you it shall be swift—"

Nayland Smith remained silent.

"A traitor has already paid the price which we demand. When Li King Su and yourself are found together—the inference will be obvious. And I have arranged for you to be found at the Limehouse end of the canal."

Then, Sir Denis spoke.

"Congratulations," he said. "You wear the cloak of your lamented father gracefully."

Perhaps some shade of emotion passed swiftly across the impassive face of Fah Lo Suee; perhaps I only imagined it. But she continued without pause:

"For you, Shan, I have pleasant duties in China—where I must return immediately, my work here undone." Again she stared at Nayland Smith. "But I am not greedy, Shan, and you shall not be lonely."

She clapped her hands.

The door from the lobby opened. . . .

And Rima was pushed into the room by the Nubian!

OVER those first few moments that followed I must leave a veil. Exactly what took place I shall never know. The shock of it stupefied me.

" . . . They said you were ill, Shan. . . . I came right away without waiting to speak to a soul. . . ."

Those words reached me through a sort of drumming in my head. Now, I saw Rima's grave eyes turn to Fah Lo Suee in such a look of loathing horror as I had never seen in them before.

"Shan!" Rima's voice suddenly rose to a high emotional note; she moved forward. "Tell me—"

"Be silent, child," said Fah Lo Suee. "Sit there."

She indicated an armchair. Rima's despairing glance met mine; then she obeyed that quiet, imperious command. Fah Lo Suee signaled to the Nubian to go. He withdrew, not wholly closing the door.

"Shan attracts me," Fah Lo Suee went on. "Apart from which he has qualities which will prove useful when we move in Egypt. But I don't want to steal him from you"—she glanced at Rima—"and he would be unhappy without you. . . ."

We were all watching her. There was absolute silence in the room when she ceased speaking. Of the many violent scenes I had known from that dark hour when Sir Lionel's voice—or so I had supposed at the time—called out to me in the wadi where we were camped, this quiet, deadly interlude before the amazement to come recurs most frequently in my memory.

"It is very simple, Shan"—she turned to me. "Sir Denis has checked me—would always check me. He knows too much of our plans. So do you. The others can wait. If Superintendent Weymouth had come here *alone*—he would have remained. . . . After you have gone . . . he will become dangerous. But he must wait. . . .

"His arrival here tonight was an unfortunate accident—due to my consideration of your happiness. . . ."

I MET the steady gaze of those enthralling eyes. "Your happiness. . . ." As though, unwittingly, she had communicated her secret thoughts to me, I grasped the truth; I saw the part that Rima was to play. *I*, alone, might prove difficult. Rima, helpless in the power of Fah Lo Suee, would make me a pliant slave! Suddenly:

"More and more," said Nayland Smith, "I regret the absence of Dr. Fu Manchu. I would rather deal with *him* than with his daughter!"

Fah Lo Suee turned, suddenly.

"Why do you assume my father to be dead?" she asked.

Nayland Smith exchanged a rapid glance with me; then:

"I don't assume anything of the kind," he rapped, with all his old vigor. "I know he's alive!"

"How do you know?"

"That is *my* business. Kindly confine yourself to a statement of your own."

There were some moments of silence; then:

"Dr. Fu Manchu," said Fah Lo Suee, "is alive—yes. You were always a clever man, Sir Denis. But his age prohibits travel. . . ."

I dared not trust myself to look at Nayland Smith. It was incredible.

She didn't know that Fu Manchu was in England!

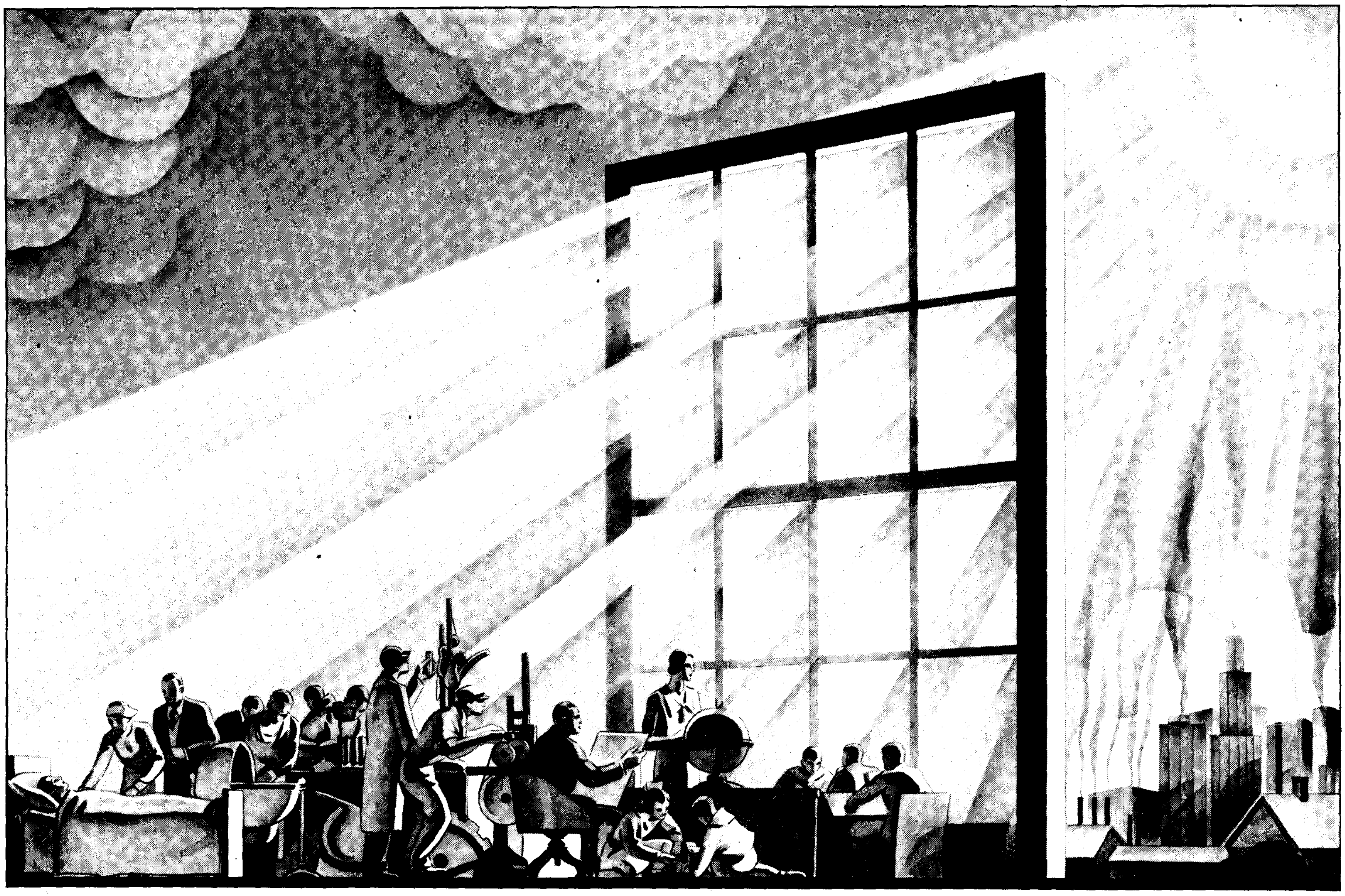
Smith made no reply.

"The work that he laid down," Fah Lo Suee went on, "I have taken up. The Si Fan, Sir Denis, is a power again. But time is precious. The unforeseen visit of Superintendent Weymouth delayed me. There are only two members in England, now. They will leave with me. . . . Shan, do you choose that yourself and Rima shall travel as baggage, or will you bow to—the inevitable?"

(*Continued on page 56*)

LUSTRAGLASS
FLAT-DRAWN

AN AMAZING NEW GLASS FOR WINDOWS........TRANSMITS ULTRA-VIOLET SUN RAYS, YET COSTS NO MORE THAN ORDINARY WINDOW GLASS........A BETTER, BRIGHTER, CLEARER, PERFECTLY FLAT GLASS



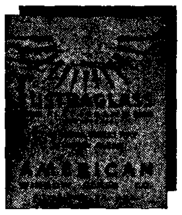
YOU have heard of those mysteriously invisible rays of sunlight called the Ultra-Violet rays, and their beneficial effect on the human body. You have heard also that the more valuable of these rays cannot pass through ordinary window glass.

Now, after thirty years of glass making, and many years of research and experiment, the American Window Glass Company is able to announce the production of a new flat drawn glass that will transmit 15 to 20%* of the Ultra-Violet rays of sunlight at 313 mu.—a better, flatter, clearer, more lustrous glass *at no greater cost than ordinary window glass!*

This new glass—Lustraglass—is the "whitest" of all glass made for windows. The greenish cast characteristic of window glass has been almost entirely eliminated.

Lustraglass is a really superior window glass with the added value of Ultra-Violet ray transmission. Since it costs no more than ordinary window glass, every window of every dwelling, office, hospital, school, and factory can be glazed with this new glass.

Send for the Lustraglass booklet. It tells the whole interesting story of this new glass. Lustraglass is sold by reliable dealers everywhere.


Look for this label on every pane of genuine Lustraglass

**See Lustraglass Booklet for table of transmission.*

AMERICAN · WINDOW · GLASS · CO.

Makers of Quality Window Glass, Armorlite Scatterproof and Bulletproof Glass, Picture Glass, Photographic Dry-Plate Glass, Ground and Chipped Glass, 3/16" Crystal sheet and Improved Quartz-Lite.

Farmers Bank Building, PITTSBURGH, PA.

LOCKER ROOM LEGEND NO. 3
No. 4 will appear in this space June 7

"Even You can miss one sometimes!"

Scotland's best loved golf professional is a dour, walrus-moustached giant who strikes the ball with a "divine fury." Even his waggle is ominous, fraught with the threat of something terrifying to come. He looks as though he meant to annihilate the rubber core, to scourge it off the face of the earth.

Upon one occasion, this Thor-like slugger had as his foursome partner an attractive lady whose golf skill did not match her charm. Indeed, her shiny new clubs merely attenuated a duffer's tendency to slice and top.

The lady's shots, deflected at weird tangents, found ugly lies in heavy rough from which her partner, his face a stolid mask, repeatedly brought off prodigious recoveries.

Finally, one of the lady's drives lodged among the roots of a bush. Her rescuer peered at the ball as an ornithologist might study a rare bird's egg. Then, calling for his deepest faced niblick, he hauled off and demolished the bush. Concussion sent the ball thirty yards down the fairway.

His fair partner gloated openly, but not, I must confess, from a proper appreciation of this really extraordinary exploit. You see she had never seen him hit so short a ball before.

"Well, well!" she said, smiling sweetly. "It's a comfort to know that even you can miss a shot sometimes."

G. T.

. . .

Yes, the golfing gods can nod, though this particular one didn't, and even the Super-Harlequin golf ball—precision missile that it is—can be dubbed. What's more, no bush is needed as an accessory before the fact of a foozle, if your timing is out of whack.

By the same token, it is comforting to know that when your swing is grooved and your touch is true, the Super-Harlequin will give you greater distance and greater accuracy than you can get with any other golf ball. Don't take our word—prove this broad claim by personal trial.

The tempered cover turns the trick. Only in the Super-Harlequin is the blend of rubber and gutta vulcanized by a patented process which tempers the outer shell.

Because of this unique cover the Super-Harlequin does not mushroom at impact—hence flies quicker off the club face.

Your hitting power goes into distance, instead of being partly absorbed by the cover.

"Tempering" is the secret of Super-Harlequin's resiliency, its eager response to the niblick from ugly lies in clinging grass or deep sand. A great ball for recoveries—and even the best of us visit the jungle.

Get full value from your strokes—tee up a Super-Harlequin today and listen for the tell-tale click which means extra yardage.

85¢ each *Your "pro" has them* $10.00 the doz.

Super
HARLEQUIN
The Endorsed British Ball
AMERICAN GOLF COMPANY, 115 Federal St., Boston, Mass.
New York Detroit Chicago Los Angeles

Fu Manchu's Daughter

Continued from page 54

"Agree!" rapped Nayland Smith. "A hundred chances of helping the world present themselves to a live man—but not to a synthetic corpse."

"Shan!"

Rima, wild-eyed, was staring at me. She had sprung up from her chair.

"What?" I asked dully.

"I don't know the meaning of it all—I can only guess; but you wouldn't *bargain*, Shan?"

Nayland Smith caught my wandering glance, and:

"He would, Rima," he answered. "So would I—if I had the chance! Don't be foolish, little lady. This isn't a game of tennis. It's a game of which you don't know the rules. There's only one thing to play for . . . life. Because, while one of us lives, there's always a chance that that one may win! Agree, Greville! It's nine thousand miles to China—and with two active brains alert, anything may happen."

I closed my eyes. This was agony. An age seemed to pass. Had Nayland Smith some scheme behind his words? And where did my duty lie? . . . My duty to Rima; my duty to the world? . . .

"I will agree," I said at last—and my voice was one I could never have recognized—"on the distinct understanding that Rima is not to be harmed or molested in any way—and that Sir Denis is released tonight."

Opening my eyes, I glanced quickly at Fah Lo Suee. Her expression was inscrutable. I looked at Rima. She was staring at me—an uncomprehending stare. . . . Lastly, I looked at Nayland Smith. His steely eyes regarded me wistfully. He twisted his lips in a wry grimace and shook his head, as:

"Your second condition is impossible," Fah Lo Suee replied.

AND as she spoke the miracle happened; the thing of which to this very hour I sometimes doubt the reality, seeming, as it does now, rather part of a fevered dream than an actual occurrence.

I don't know what prompted me, as that bell voice ceased, to look again at Rima. But I did so.

She was staring past me—at the lacquer cabinet where Kâli sat—the hidden doorway Fah Lo Suee had closed again.

I twisted around.

Very slowly—inch by inch—inch by inch—the door was opening! Then, suddenly, it was opened wide. Out of the darkness beyond two figures came; first, the Dyak, who on entering the room, instantly turned again to the lacquered door and dropped on his knees; second, the Nubian—who also prostrated himself!

Thirdly, and last, came a figure whose image must remain imprinted on my mind forever. . . .

It was that of a very tall old man; emaciated to a degree which I had hitherto associated only with mummies. His great height was not appreciable at first glance by reason of the fact that he stooped very much, resting his weight on a stout stick. He wore a plain black garment, resembling a cassock, and a little black cap was set on his head. . . .

His skull—his fleshless yellow skull—was enormous. I thought that such a brain must be that either of a madman or of a genius. And his face, a map of wrinkles, resembled nothing so much as the shriveled majesty of the Pharaoh Seti I who lies in the Cairo Museum!

Deeply sunken eyes emitted a dull green spark.

But this frail old man radiated such *power* that I was chilled—it seemed to be physical; I could not have experienced a more dreadful sense of impotent horror if the long-dead Pharaoh himself had appeared before me. . . .

Those sunken, commanding eyes ignored my existence. Their filmy but potent regard passed the groveling men, passed me, and was set upon Fah Lo Suee. Then came a sibilant command, utterly beyond my powers to describe:

"*Kneel*, little thief! *I* am standing. . . ."

I twisted around.

Fah Lo Suee, a chalky quality tingeing the peach bloom of her skin, had lowered that insolent head! As I turned, staring, *she dropped to her knees!*

And now I saw that Nayland Smith, bound as he was, arms and ankles, had got on to his feet. Through the tropical yellow of his complexion, through the artificial stain which still lingered, he had paled.

"Greeting, Sir Denis. Be seated."

Smith's teeth were clenched so hard that his jaw muscles stood out lumpishly. But, relaxing and speaking in a low, even tone:

"Greeting," he replied—"Dr. Fu Manchu. . . ."

THREE times, heavily, Dr. Fu Manchu beat his stick upon the floor.

Two Burmans came in and saluted him!

I knew them. . . .

They were the dacoits who had been present at the Council of Seven in el-Khârga.

Dr. Fu Manchu advanced into the room. Extending a bony, clawlike hand, he indicated the kneeling Fah Lo Suee.

And, without word or glance, eyes lowered, Fah Lo Suee went out with her dreadful escort! It was in my heart to pity her, so utterly was she fallen, so slavishly did that proud woman bow her head to this terrible, imperious old man.

As he passed the prostrate figures of the Nubian and the Dyak, walking heavily and slowly, he touched them each with his stick. He spoke in a low voice, gutturally.

They sprang up, and approached Rima!

Throughout this extraordinary scene, which had passed much more quickly than its telling conveys, Rima had remained seated—stupefied. Now, realizing the meaning of Fu Manchu's last order, she stood up—horror in her eyes.

"Shan! Shan!" she cried. "What is he going to do to me?"

Dr. Fu Manchu beat upon the floor again and spoke one harsh word. The Nubian and the Dyak stood still. No sergeant of the Guards ever had more complete control of men.

"Miss Barton," he said, his voice alternating uncannily between the sibilant and the guttural and seeming to be produced with difficulty. "Your safety is assured. I wish to be alone with Sir Denis and Mr. Greville. For your greater ease, Sir Denis will tell you that my word is my bond."

He turned those sunken, filmed eyes in the direction of the big armchair, and:

"You needn't worry, Rima," said Nayland Smith; "Dr. Fu Manchu guarantees your safety. . . ."

I was amazed beyond reason. Even so fortified, Rima's eyes were dark with terror. A swift flow of words brought the Dyak sharply about to take his instructions. Then, he and the Nubian escorted Rima from the room.

I tugged, groaning, at the cords which held me. I stared at Nayland Smith. Was he holding a candle to the devil? How could a sane man accept the assurances of such a proven criminal?

But, as though my ideas had been spoken aloud:

"Do not misjudge Sir Denis," came the harsh voice. "He knows that in warfare I am remorseless. But he knows also that no mandarin of my order has ever willingly broken his promise."

The Nubian had closed the door leading to the lobby. Dr. Fu Manchu had closed that of the false cabinet as he came into the room. No sound entered the arena where this menace to white supremacy and the man whose defenses had defied him confronted one another.

"It is a strange fact," said Dr. Fu Manchu, "that only the circumstance of your being a prisoner allows of our present conversation."

He paused, watching, watching Nayland Smith with those physically weak but spiritually powerful eyes. The Chinaman's *force* was incredible. It was as though a great lamp burned in that frail, angular body.

"Yet, now, by a paradox, we stand together."

Resting on his ebony stick, he drew himself up so that his thin frame assumed something of its former height.

"My methods are not your methods. Perhaps I have laughed at your British scruples. Perhaps a day may come, Sir Denis, when you will join in my laughter. But, much as I have hated you, I have always admired your clarity of mind and your tenacity. You were instrumental in defeating me, when I had planned to readjust the center of world power. No doubt you thought me mad—a megalomaniac. You were wrong."

He spoke the last three words in a low voice—almost a whisper.

"I worked for my country. I saw China misruled, falling into decay; with all her vast resources, becoming prey for scavengers. I hoped to give China that place in the world to which her intellect, her industry, and her ideals entitle her. I hoped to *awaken* China. My methods, Sir Denis, were bad. My motive was good."

HIS voice rose. He raised one gaunt hand in a gesture of defiance. Nayland Smith spoke no word. And I watched this wraith of terror as one watches a creature uncreated, inacceptable, who figures hideously in some disordered dream.

His sincerity was unmistakable; his power of intellect enormous. But when I realized *what* he defended, what he stood for—and that I, Shan Greville, was listening to him in a house somewhere in Regent's Park, I felt like laughing hysterically. . . .

"Your long reign, Sir Denis, is ending. A blacker tragedy than any I had dreamed of will end your empire. It is Fate that both of us must now look on. I thank my gods that the consummation will not be seen by me. . . .

"The woman you know as Fah Lo Suee—it was her pet name in nursery days—is my child by a Russian mother. In her, Sir Denis, I share the sorrow of Shakespeare's King Lear. . . . She has reawakened a power which I had buried. I cannot condemn her. She is

(*Continued on page 58*)

FOLLOW the LEADERS and Better your game

Rule One: Wear a supporter . . . observed by trained athletes, but too often ignored by those whose need is greatest . . .

SUMMER time is sport time . . . outdoor time. Whatever activity stirs your blood and renews your energy . . . golf, tennis, swimming, baseball . . . you'll play better and play safer if you wear an approved athletic supporter.

Whether you are fifteen or fifty . . . or any age between . . . let a *Pal* or *Bike* act as your unseen partner . . . guarding and increasing your speed and power . . . lessening fatigue . . . improving your form and performance.

The first rule in every game

In no other way can you protect the delicate cords and structures of the vital, least rugged zone of your body against slips and awkward strains. Ask any college coach or trainer and he will tell you that a supporter is essential safety equipment in every vigorous sport.

If you were trying for one of his teams, he would go further. He would forbid you even to practice without one. How much greater your need . . . in strenuous week-ends and "afternoons off" . . . to take the precaution trained athletes never neglect.

Super-support: supreme comfort

The finest athletic supporter made, *Pal's* superb quality and exclusive patented features insure long life and lasting comfort. Stout ribs of live rubber knit into its cool, porous pouch provide super-support, yet never bind . . . never chafe . . . never hamper freedom of action.

Slow to absorb perspiration, *Pal* comes out soft and snug as new after washing. A frankly *de luxe* type, it is economical to buy and use because it outwears two or three ordinary supporters and costs as little as a dollar. (In Canada, $1.25 and up.)

Ever since American sport was young

Bike for 55 years has been first choice of American sportsmen. It is a simpler, one-piece, all elastic supporter, whose ingenious design and sturdy strength make it the safety reliance of thousands of athletes, coaches and trainers today.

The most popular supporter of its type, *Bike* is easy to wear . . . easy to wash . . . easy to buy at 50 cents and upward. (In Canada, 60 cents.) Like *Pal, Bike* is sold by druggists and sporting goods dealers everywhere.

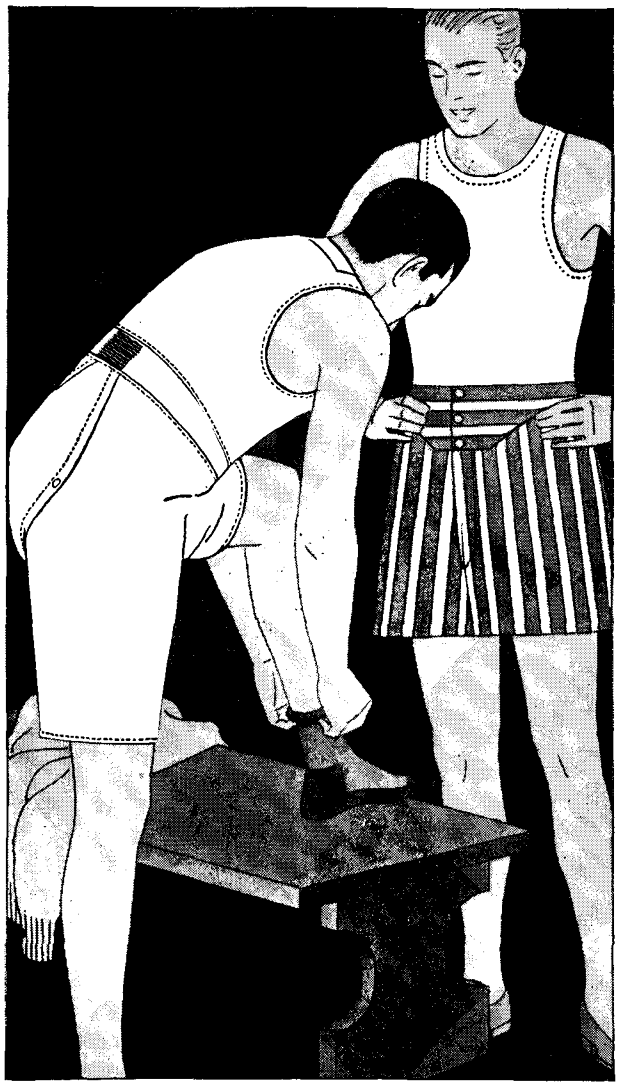
Pal and BIKE

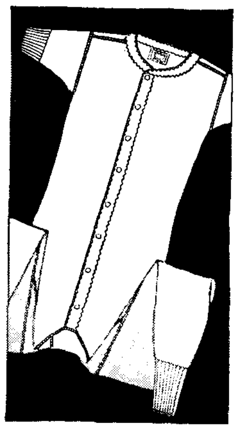
ATHLETIC SUPPORTERS

BAUER & BLACK

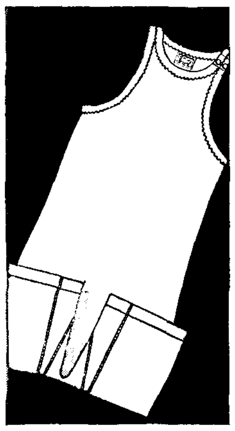
DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
Chicago • New York • Toronto

HANES HAS PRICED
UNDERWEAR
LUXURY
SO LOW
EVERY MAN CAN AFFORD IT!





Men's Elastic-knit Lightweight Union Suits from $1 to $1.50. Long or short sleeves, three-quarter or ankle length. For work or play and year-round wear in sections where temperatures are never extreme.



At left: $1 Samsonbak *Athletic Union Suit with patented tug-of-war belt. Others from* 75c *to* $2. At right: Hanes *Shirt and Shorts,* 50c, 75c, $1 *the garment. Shirts of combed cotton, mercerized cotton* (Durene) *and white or colored rayon. Shorts in white and smart new color effects.*

Knit Athletic Union Suit—shoulder-button style—fine combed yarn, knitted to comfortable measurements. $1.

Compared with a new Straight-Eight, the first horseless carriage always turns up a good laugh. But for real mirth, for that ultra-modern feeling, gaze on a pair of red flannels. Men, man's underwear has come a long way. And the P. H. Hanes Knitting Company has helped push it up a lot of hills and over many rough spots.

Millions of men now wear Hanes Underwear. They are sure it is the finest that little money will buy. They know that whatever the style, it is always cut full-sized to exact measurements, that it is made of soft, comfortable materials, expertly finished, and that it will wear as only such fine underwear can.

Get your favorite style for summer now, and there's the same low-priced luxury for your boys. If your regular store can't show you the complete line, write to P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

HANES UNDERWEAR
FOR MEN AND BOYS
TRADE MARK HANES
FOR EVERY SEASON

Fu Manchu's Daughter

Continued from page 56

my flesh. But in China we expect, and *exact*, obedience. The Si Fan is a society older than Buddhism and more flexible. Its ruler wields a sword none can withstand. For many years Si Fan has slumbered. Fah Lo Suee has dared to awaken it!"

He turned his dreadful eyes on me for the first time since he had begun to speak.

"Mr. Greville, you cannot know what control of that organization means! *Misdirected*, at such a crisis of history as this, it could only mean another world war! I dragged myself from retirement"—he looked again at Nayland Smith—"to check the madness of Fah Lo Suee. Some harm she has done. But I have succeeded. Tonight, again, I am Lord of the Si Fan!"

Quivering, he rested on his stick.

"I had never dreamed," said Nayland Smith, "that I should live to applaud your success."

Dr. Fu Manchu turned and walked to the lacquer door. Reaching it:

"If you were free," he replied, "it would be your duty to detain me. My plans are made. Fah Lo Suee will trouble you no more. Overtake me if you wish—and if you can. I am indifferent to the issue, Sir Denis, but I leave England tonight. Si Fan will sleep again. The balance of world power *will* be readjusted—but not as she had planned. . . .

"In half an hour I will cause Superintendent Weymouth—whom I esteem—to be informed that you are here. Miss Barton, during that period, must remain locked in a room above. Greeting and good-by, Sir Denis. Greeting and good-by, Mr. Greville."

He went out and closed the door. . . .

Nearly a year has passed since that night when, for the first and I pray for the last time, I found myself face to face with Dr. Fu Manchu—the world's greatest criminal, perhaps the world's supreme genius—and a man of his word.

Unable to credit the facts, a few minutes after his disappearance I shouted Rima's name.

She replied—her voice reaching me dimly from some higher room. She was safe, but locked in. . . .

And an hour later Weymouth arrived—to find Nayland Smith at last disentangled from the cunning knots of the Sea-Dyak!

"It was possible, after all, Greville, but a damned long business! . . ."

I write these concluding notes before my tent in Sir Lionel Barton's camp on the site of ancient Nineveh. Sunset draws near, and I can see Rima, a camera slung over her shoulder, coming down the slope.

We are to be married on our return to London.

Of Dr. Fu Manchu, Fah Lo Suee, and their terrible escort, no trace was ever discovered!

Even the body of Li King Su was spirited away. Six months of intense and world-wide activity, directed by Nayland Smith, resulted in . . . nothing! "My plans are made," that great and evil man had said.

Sometimes I doubt if it ever happened. Sometimes I wonder if it is really finished. Before me, on the box which is my extemporized writing-desk, lies a big emerald set in an antique silver ring. It reached me only a month ago in a package posted from Hong Kong. There was no note inside. . . .

The End

Sea Pride

Continued from page 15

was no doubt that she could still be towed. Captain Thomas sent for the chief mate, Mr. Callis.

"Get the Lyle gun ready to use," he ordered. "And have that new twelve-inch hawser leading up from the after-peak. We're taking her in tow. See her? There she lies."

The Eastern Lord was clear in sight now to the naked eye, but spray-hidden for seconds together like a half-submerged reef.

"As long as we keep her heading into the seas she won't go down, Mr. Callis. They've a forward hatch smashed."

The Mexoil herself continued to behave beautifully. The long fore and aft bridges, raised eight feet above the windswept deck, gave her men a way to pass her entire length in safety. Her huge reciprocating engines pounded on monotonously; their vibration was constant and reassuring between the tremendous impacts of seas.

Captain Thomas changed course so that the Mexoil would cut across the bow of the Eastern Lord to a position to windward of her. With the tanker under such perfect control, he could come within easy range for the line-throwing gun, which the chief mate had already cleared in the shelter of the stack on the after boat deck.

When the two ships were at the closest point in passing, Captain Thomas went out on the wing of the tanker's bridge for a look at the Eastern Lord. She was, in fact, a ship that might well make her commander contemptuous of all others: long, narrow well-decks ending in high flare of fo'castle head and poop, two masts and four king-posts, six hatches, glass-enclosed ends to her bridge-wings, and wide monkey bridge above that.

With his back half-turned to the blinding wind, Captain Thomas searched the freighter's bridge for a sight of her captain. He was not sure of Captain Johnson until a man's head and broad shoulders appeared on the flying bridge, coming straight to the forward rail in the teeth of the wind.

Because the man stood at the rail without moving, and stared steadily at the tanker while blown salt water dashed over his bare head, and while his footing swooped away until he could look straight into the crests of oncoming seas, this had to be Captain Johnson. The ships passed so close that the two commanders could see the expression of each other's faces, but as if that were not enough Captain Johnson raised binoculars and fixed them upon Captain Thomas. After a moment he lowered them with a motion that seemed to slam them to the deck, and disappeared from the flying bridge.

Captain Thomas brought the Mexoil carefully into position, heading into the seas dead to windward of the Eastern Lord, and then sent for the chief mate again.

"I want the line fired across her fo'-

castle, Mr. Callis. Keep trying until you get it there. They'll lose men if they try to shift it up there themselves. Send them a three-inch line on the gun line, and then the twelve-inch hawser through that fairlead in the stern—but you've done this before, haven't you?"

The chief mate grinned bleakly. "Many times, sir. I—"

The mate broke off as the wireless man threw himself into the wheelhouse again, waving three slips of paper at the captain.

Captain Thomas read them one after another, his face set as it had been for the first S O S. Only when he had finished, two fine wrinkles appeared between his eyes.

"Captain of the Eastern Lord says he won't be salvaged by us, Mr. Callis. We used to know each other and we weren't friends. He says he won't take a line from us, and he's radioing for another vessel to take him in tow."

WHILE the mate's face shifted into lines of mental effort, the wireless man broke in bitterly: "Ain't no other ship within fifty miles. He'll be done for inside two hours the way he's going now. Damn it—excuse me, sir, but I knew there was something funny when they asked for your full name a few minutes ago."

Captain Thomas could see at a glance from the bridge-wing that the wireless man was right about the Eastern Lord: she was definitely lower in the water than she had been ten minutes before, and the gap in the forward hatch was widening all the time under the sea's hammering.

"Send 'em the line anyway, Mr. Callis," he snapped. "Their captain's crazy but they won't all be. Somebody'll take it quick enough."

The mate had hardly left when the chief engineer reappeared without being sent for, and followed the captain out on the starboard wing of the bridge. The canvas dodger above the forward rail gave shelter enough for talk.

When Captain Thomas had explained the new situation, Mr. Hatch grinned twistedly. "Ain't that like Bully, now? They'll love this yarn in Shanghai."

"He's crazy," the captain repeated. "I'm firing a line anyhow. Somebody'll make it fast all right."

"Do you want to bet on that?" inquired the engineer quickly.

But before the captain could answer, the report of the Lyle gun carried forward, reduced to a flat "pop" by the wind. It was possible to follow the flight of the projectile with the naked eye. The first shot went true, leaving a stout line trailing fairly across the freighter's fo'castle head.

With the seas running over her as they were, the only possible way for her men to reach the fo'castle head was to cross the lower bridge and then crawl forward along the cargo booms above the fore well-deck.

"Watch," Captain Thomas barked, "and we'll see. Take the bridge binoculars. I've got my own."

There was movement amidships on the Eastern Lord. A knot of men in oilskins appeared suddenly on the lower bridge, and moved forward cautiously. A single figure ran down the ladder from the navigating bridge and faced them, back to the forward rail.

"It's Bully," the chief whispered. "They're going to rush him!"

The knot of sailors spread out swiftly, and closed on the captain from all sides like the clutching of a hand. Bully had taken off his oilskin coat; the bright buttons and braid of his uniform blouse could be seen distinctly from the wheelhouse of the tanker. He struck the first man with his fist; the arm had curved short and smooth, but the man went back with a jerk and fell hard. Bully's arm tore away from two men, and one of them sagged under an uppercut that traveled less than six inches, his arms slipping down along Bully's thighs. Bully took out a man with his left as cleanly as the leaders had gone to his right.

Then the others found their holds and the captain's head rose above a squirming tangle of five or six black bodies. The knot shifted back and forth on the plunging deck, then crashed into the bulkhead of the captain's cabin, and broke, leaving one more sailor on hands and knees, not trying to rise.

"That wasn't no accident," Mr. Hatch said loudly. "Bully used his weight in that."

But Bully was out in the open now; there were two men between him and any shield for his back. Bully was working his fists threateningly, like a shadow-boxer. Through the glasses Captain Thomas could see his head rear up and back. Then, as three of the remaining four rushed again, the fourth, who had stayed behind, snatched a heavy wooden fire-bucket from a rack at his feet and brought it down with a long swing on the captain's head. Bully staggered, and the three carried him to the deck. Oilskinned arms began to rise and fall with vicious regularity as he still struggled weakly.

But two other men came running low along the forward bulkhead of the cabin, one stripped to the waist, the other with a blue sleeve torn clear out of his uniform blouse. They bent over the group on deck. The uniformed man jabbed twice with his fist so that two of the sailors threw themselves backward and writhed on the drenched planks.

"Brass knuckles, that was," gasped Mr. Hatch. "I know the look."

The remaining two sailors scoured for the after ladder, and tumbled down out of sight. Bully Johnson got slowly to his feet without any help, and stood looking out at the Mexoil.

"Bully always did have his officers with him," muttered the chief.

"Reckon they won't be taking a line," Captain Thomas said. "I was wrong about that. But they'll go down a good while before any other ship can get here."

THE captain and the chief engineer went back to the chartroom, where there was an after window from which they could keep an eye on the Eastern Lord. The Mexoil's engines were kept going ahead very slowly, just holding her in position against the wind and sea. The two men smoked grimly, staring out of the sheltered window. Each time a sea dashed over the freighter, sending the white smoke of spindrift as high as her mastheads, and filling her well-decks for minutes together, she rose a little more sluggishly.

"Is he really crazy?" growled Mr. Hatch. "Going to drown all hands for a positive fact?"

"Maybe he still hopes to last until somebody else shows up, or maybe he looks for a break in the storm that'll give him a chance to fix that hatch or even the steering-gear itself. He can't do anything banging around like he is now. He's got two boats left, anyway."

"Tomorrow morning there'll be a break in this storm," Mr. Hatch said. "Not before, unless I've run this way twenty years for nothing."

The wireless man spoke up suddenly from halfway up the inside ladder: "Eastern Lord's in touch with a passenger liner, sir—North Carolina. She'll be here in three hours."

"All right, Sparks," Captain Thomas said; and then turning to the chief engineer, "but Bully Johnson won't be here then. There! See that. She'll do well to last half of three hours."

(*Continued on page 60*)

WHERE IS THE
"TENDER
SPOT"
ON YOUR FACE?

Double-dense lather soothes as you shave

Prove it—make this "tender spot" test

A FEW months ago we announced . . . "*Lifebuoy Shaving Cream is here!*"

Overnight we were deluged by requests for trial tubes. Men—thousands of them—wrote "Fine! Let's try it. With that wonderful Lifebuoy ingredient it must be a *wow!*"

Now they've tried it. And they write us again. "It's great! Wonderful! Just as good as we expected."

Every day their letters pour in. "Gives me the smoothest shave I ever had," say hundreds. "Never knew shaving could be so easy," say others. Still more write, "Those painful tender spots have completely vanished."

No need for "tender spots" now

Almost every man has a pet *tender* spot that hurts when he shaves. On the neck, chin, upper lip, cheekbone or Adam's Apple.

But there's no need for them now. With Lifebuoy's double-dense healing lather the razor slides right over even the tenderest spots—without the slightest irritation. Thousands know this to be true.

Make this test yourself

Don't wait until you need more shaving cream. Get the big red tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream at your druggist's today.

Or send coupon below for a free trial tube.

Then lather up with Lifebuoy. Shave as you always do. When you come to a tender spot, notice the difference. See for yourself how easily the razor takes off every hair—slick as a whistle—without leaving a bit of sting or burn.

That's because Lifebuoy's lubricating and antiseptic lather soothes and protects. Try Lifebuoy Shaving Cream now!

LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

LIFEBUOY
Shaving Cream
LIFEBUOY
Shaving
Cream

ends *tender*face

LEVER BROTHERS CO., DEPT. 105
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
Please send me a 12-day "Show me" trial tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream.

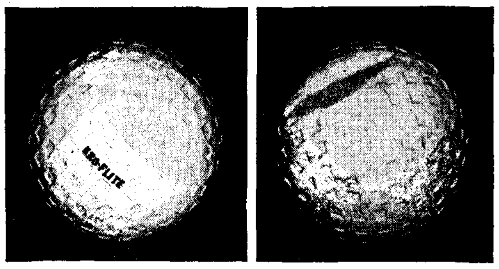
Name...

Address...

City.............................. State....................

Present size or new size..

the Toughest Golf Ball in the world



Here are the two present size balls that showed up best in tests on the Guillotine. On the left is the Kro-Flite, the toughest ball in the world. On the right is the next most durable ball of the few balls that can compare with the Kro-Flite in distance.

THE GUILLOTINE is the laboratory equivalent of the worst shot that any golfer ever made. It's a heavily weighted steel knife that drops on a golf ball, hitting it exactly as a clubhead does on a viciously topped iron shot.

Recently, all the new size golf balls that are anywhere near the Kro-Flite in distance, were put to the Guillotine. There were a lot of reputed "tough guys" in the group.

But of them all, the Kro-Flite alone was able to stand up under the Guillotine. Most of the others were completely ruined—slashed right through to the rubber winding.

But the Kro-Flite came through with nothing more than a barely-perceptible dent. Even after this terrific abuse, it was unhurt—perfectly playable—ready for a long life and a merry one of far-flung, straight-flying drives and straight-rolling putts!

And this is no new honor for the Kro-Flite. In hundreds of Guillotine tests—in the present size, and now in the new size—the Kro-Flite has always carried off first honors. The Kro-Flite, in every test, proves its right to the title "The Toughest Golf Ball in the World"!

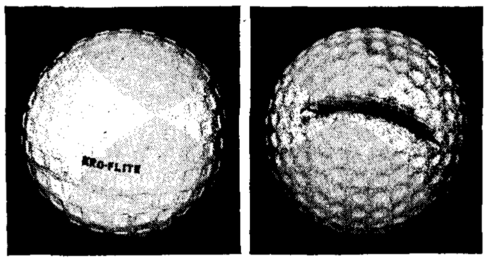
Kro-Flite has distance too

In recent Driving Machine Tests at Chicopee, Mass.; Putney, England; and Pinehurst, N. C.; with every ball that is made in the new size, the Kro-Flite once again proved that it is one of the longest golf balls made.

For in these tests the Kro-Flite fell but a trifling distance behind its famous brother, the Spalding Ball. And this Spalding Ball, this mighty Ball of the Champions, is recognized by golf's greatest as the longest ball the game has ever known.

This season play either size—and in either size play the only ball that combines first-grade distance with maximum durability—play the Kro-Flite!

Your Professional, your Spalding Dealer, or any Spalding Store can supply you. Present size or new 1931 size . . . dimple or mesh . . . plain white or Spalding Multidot Marking—75 cents each.



And here are the two balls in the new 1931 specifications that put up the best defense against the Guillotine. On the left is the Kro-Flite, still the Champ. On the right is the runner-up, the next most durable ball of the same group.

KRO-FLITE

MADE BY Spalding

each 75 cents

© 1930, A. G. S. & Bros.

(*Continued from page 59*)

A quarter of a mile astern, the Eastern Lord lay with a great list forward, her propeller raised almost to the surface. The seas marched steadily down on her, their long gray backs streaked dirtily with foam.

The sound of the wind in the tanker's rigging found its way into the chartroom in an unending whine keyed low and intense. Sparks came in to report the North Carolina still thirty miles away. Captain Thomas held him with a lifted hand.

"Call Captain Johnson on the Eastern Lord, Sparks. Tell him if he can't see his ship won't last an hour, we can. Ask him if he'll take the line now."

When Sparks returned he would not give Captain Johnson's reply verbally. He handed up another slip of paper. It read simply, "*Go to hell.*"

Captain Thomas folded the slip carefully and put it in his pocket. He stood straight a moment, looking around the chartroom, then he called the second mate in from the wheelhouse.

"Tell the mate to report to me here, mister. And the chief pumpman."

When they appeared, the captain gave more orders: "Mr. Callis, I want a hose coupled up to the 'midships connection, starboard side. Open deck valves of number four tank. The saloon house'll give you a lee to work in. Pumps, get steam on your main cargo pump. We're going to want it in about ten minutes."

"Wait a minute," the chief engineer broke in. "Wa-ait a minute before you pump no oil, Skipper. Bully Johnson ain't going to give you no credit for anything you do. You can pump out your oil and pull him through and he'll laugh at you, that's all."

Captain Thomas explained carefully: "Yes, sure, but he'd be losing his ship. That feeling of sitting by in a lifeboat and watching your command go down—I've never had it, but I know it's hell. I wouldn't see it happen to any seaman if I could help it. I'm figuring how I'd feel if it was the Mexoil, and his is a better ship than mine."

"Ah-h," said the chief disgustedly, "there ain't nothing sentimental about Bully. And, anyway, it's a prime bet that chief mate of his was one of them that slapped you with the brass knucks that time—you just seen how he can use 'em."

The captain shook his head. "I can't help it, Chief. I won't see him lose his command. If he lost her like this he might have to give up the sea altogether, and I'm thinking how I'd feel in a case like that."

Mr. Hatch turned away. "Oh, all right. Go ahead. We can spare the oil. But if I was in your place I'd let him stew in his own blasted juice."

WORKING in salt water often driven above their waists, the Mexoil's mate and his men led a sixteen-inch, metal-ribbed hose from the cargo connection to the rail of the ship, and made it fast with its great nozzle trained over the side. The first strokes of the cargo pump, far down in the stomach of the tanker, were like a great, labored pulse; crude oil spurted, then poured in a brown flood into the water alongside.

The oil slick broadened, drifted away before the wind, became a huge blot of calm in the ragged sea. Under its smooth weight waves were smothered, reduced to a sullen heaving. The Mexoil cruised slowly back and forth, pumping oil. The sea was like an unfinished painting of a storm; in its midst the Eastern Lord rolled easily in a great patch of blankness. Men swarmed out on her forward deck, suddenly almost dry, and set to work like ants on the broken hatch. Other men appeared on her poop and after deck. They grouped about her steering-gear, toiled and waved signals to her wheelhouse. The Mexoil went on pumping oil. The Eastern Lord sank no lower. Her rudder was still under water.

After half an hour of this the men cleared away suddenly from the Eastern Lord's poop, and the big ship began slowly to turn, to swing her bow toward the Mexoil. Captain Thomas could see dirty water from her bilge pumps spurting overside in an increasing stream. She stopped swinging when she headed north once more, and the captain and Mr. Hatch went out again on the wing of the bridge to watch her.

"Well," said the chief, "Bully's got the steering-gear fixed all right. He'll beat us to New York by two days."

Captain Thomas nodded silently, and turned to give the orders to stop pumping oil and to put the Mexoil back on her old course. The Eastern Lord, low as she was, met the seas outside the oil slick without faltering, and was drawing steadily away to northward when Sparks brought in the last message from her to the North Carolina: *Proceeding under own power. No assistance required.*

At the head of the ladder the chief engineer paused and shot a sidelong glance at the captain. "How about a game of acey-deucy tonight, Skipper?"

"Fine, Chief," Captain Thomas said. "Bring the board up. Right after supper."

NEARLY a week later, when the Mexoil was tied up to her pier in Bayonne, New Jersey, and the captain had returned on board from his first trip ashore, he stopped at the chief engineer's room.

"What's the good word?" inquired Mr. Hatch.

"Captain Johnson's a hero, it seems, Chief. Pulled his ship through a desperate situation, and fought off all offers of help. Because of the salvage he saved his owners, they gave him a bonus of five thousand dollars, and as soon as he had it he resigned his command and is going to set himself up in some kind of business on shore. Me, I got a cussing from the company for pumping over that oil, which, according to Bully, was wasted."

"Well," said the chief, "what'd I tell you about that baby?"

Captain Thomas' mouth straightened. "You were right, Chief. But I thought his ship—his name at sea—" The captain's voice changed to a kind of wonder at what he was saying. "Why, Chief, if I'd known as soon as he got hold of a little money he'd quit the sea—and him not thirty-five—I'd have sailed away and left him in his juice."

But an hour later Mr. Hatch climbed the ladder and called Captain Thomas out on the lower bridge. From there he pointed silently.

A big black freighter was stepping past the Mexoil's stern, so close that the name Eastern Lord on her bow could be read easily. She was well-trimmed now, with no sign of her recent battling left. The gray-green water of the harbor parted hurriedly before her sharp bow, while a breeze snapped out her houseflag and ensign.

"Boston-bound, I guess, Skipper," said the chief. "She goes there right often to finish discharging, then out again for the East."

The Eastern Lord changed course sharply, heading straight for the Narrows, while her wake curved in a comet's tail of foam. Seagulls flapped and squealed after her, eager but reconciled to her passing; she was for the sea.

Captain Thomas watched her in dead silence, then suddenly he laughed aloud, a grim, amused bark.

"Oh, to hell with the men. It was her I was pulling through."

Both Were Young

Continued from page 13

a melancholy, compassionate eye toward Lollie.

"Better think it over, sister," he urged. "The world's crowded with guys that never caught the bassoon bug."

"Say—" Gilbert's startled protest got no farther. Lollie's elbow stabbed him commandingly.

"Never mind about that," she said. "Where's the nearest minister?"

"If you're bound to tie yourself up to that kind of grief, you might as well go over to the piano works and give my wife's old man your business. He's still justice of the peace and I wouldn't put it past him to marry a bassoon player free!"

"Where's this piano factory?" Lollie was briskly businesslike. Belden Plimsoll himself could not have spoken more straightly to the point. The blue-chinned man set down his coffee mug and went swiftly out.

"Say—" Gilbert began once more.

"Sh-h! Where's this factory?"

THE proprietor gave morose directions. Her hand on Gilbert's sleeve, Lollie led the way to the door and to the car. The blue-chinned man had not yet started his own but as Gilbert drove away the sound of a starter arose behind them, and the yellow eyes of headlights resumed their dogged watchfulness.

"What's the idea?" Gilbert was now suffered to voice his grievance. "Why'd you want to pull off a crazy line like that? That bird'll think we're going to get married!"

His manner suggested with rather too much heat the fantastic absurdity of this idea, and there was a slightly strained effect in Lollie's laugh.

"That's just what we want, isn't it?"

"What? Get married? To you?"

Once more, under provocation in the matter of tone, Lollie successfully ruled her spirit.

"Hardly, darling! You're quite safe with me, honestly. But don't you see that unless this detective puts it into their heads nobody could possibly have any such wild notion about us? And if anybody shows any sign of thinking that we're going to elope, we know who's behind your friend back yonder, don't we? Well, then?"

"That's right." Gilbert coughed admiringly. "You're not so dumb as I thought."

"I have my moments," said Lollie. "You turn left here."

"What's the sense of trying to find this factory as long as we're just making a bluff?" Gilbert, however, took the left-hand road.

"Because we want to sell the idea as thoroughly as possible to your pet detective, don't we? If we don't seem interested enough to look up this justice of the peace, he may think we were just joshing or something."

"Yeh. But what do we say when we get there? What are we going to tell the watchman?"

Lollie sighed. "Still afraid I'm going to stage a shotgun marriage on you? It wouldn't be legal without some witnesses and we'd have to get a license, too, so you're quite safe."

"Louder and funnier," said Gilbert. "What I mean is—"

"I know what you mean, darling. We go in and ask the night watchman about giving you some lessons on your bassoon. Fair enough?"

The old car quickened its pace.

"You certainly aren't so dumb, Lollie!" Gilbert coughed. "I was wondering how I'd get a chance to learn how to play. This might be the answer." He thought it over. "I could come out here every night and—"

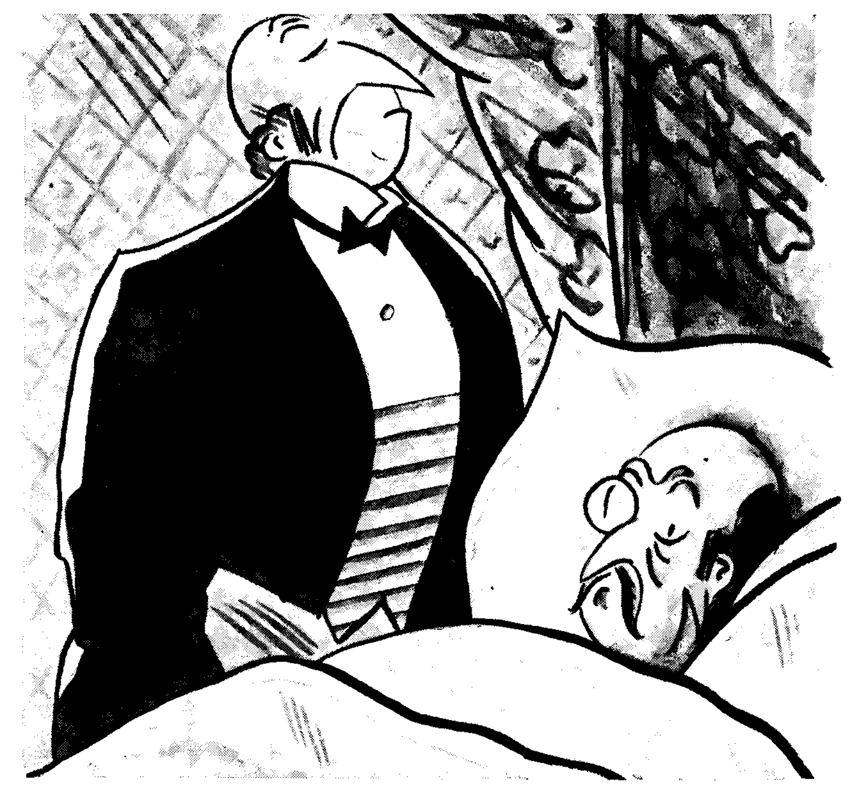
"Sh-h! Listen!"

Above the grumble of the weary car, below it, rather, a mutter as of a melancholy giant, prisoned far underground, came through the night, took form.

. . . hearts are asleep in the deep
So bee—
ware! Bee—
wa-a-are!

Again, like a patient horse under spur, the ancient car lunged onward.

(*Continued on page 62*)

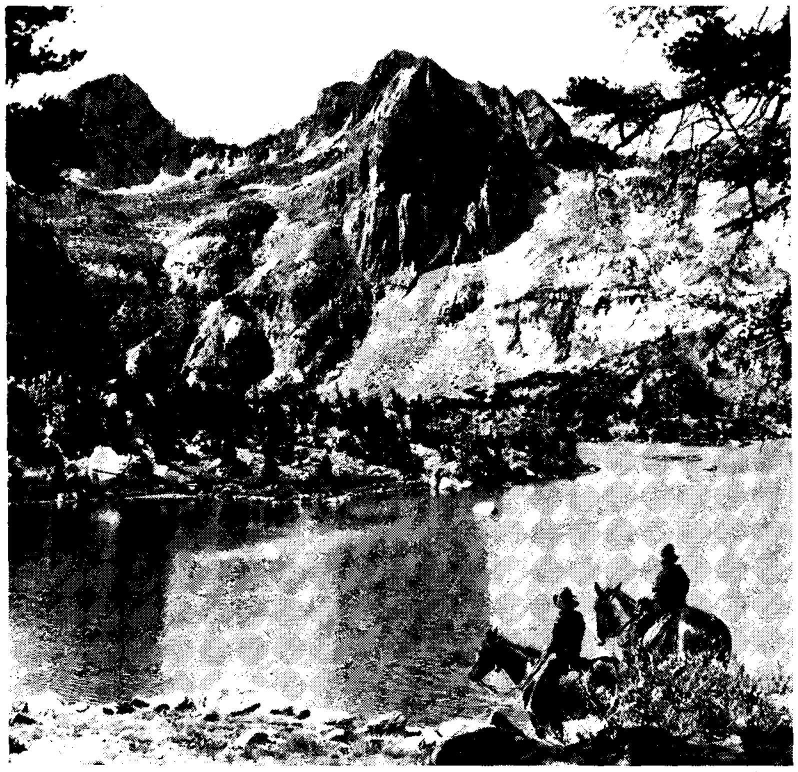


"I'll break my own eggs this morning, Meadows, I feel so beastly active."

Close-by Pacific Ocean Beaches

$70 . . . .

FOR ELEVEN GLORIOUS DAYS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



ATOP THE HIGH SIERRA (*28 equally interesting photographs in free* ITINERARY *offered below*)

MILE after mile of California supplies scenic drama . . . unforgettable pictures of vast mountains . . . pleasure-islands rising from the sea . . . orange groves . . . perpetual glaciers! The High Sierra Range alone has more than 133 peaks, 13,000 feet or over! Vacation experiences to be remembered for a lifetime!

Summer weather in Southern California is as inviting as its contrasting scenic grandeur. Rain is practically unknown. Breezes from 6,000 miles of Pacific Ocean make light wraps a comfort factor for motoring after sunset and for enjoying such entertainment as "Symphonies under the Stars" at Hollywood Bowl. Sleep under blankets!

From the Pacific Ocean beaches, roads to new adventures and entertainment lead in every direction! Get acquainted with Hollywood . . . rub elbows with the screen stars! Laguna and La Jolla are outstanding beach playgrounds . . . motor for miles through groves of ripening oranges . . . direct to Old Spanish Missions!

Note this carefully . . . you may come to Southern California on your two weeks vacation . . . be actually here eleven days (practical from most points back east) . . . see outstanding "high spots" . . . costs while here need not exceed $70 . . . or $6.35 a day . . . including sightseeing.

SEND THE COUPON for free ILLUSTRATED ITINERARY, outlining just what you can see and do in these eleven glorious days. Includes 28 gravure photographs of Southern California scenes. Also itemized figures on cost of hotels, meals, sightseeing, etc.

We have published a beautiful book picturing this Southland. It contains 71 camera studies by the best men of this land of "pictures." You may have a copy for postage cost. EXECUTIVES and INVESTORS: Los Angeles County oil fields represent an investment of 750 millions . . . the agricultural industry over 400 millions. The port of Los Angeles is second only to New York in volume of export tonnage.

Symphonies under the Stars at Hollywood Bowl

Southern California

All-Year Club of Southern California, Sec. DD-5, 1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

(Check if desired). ☐ Please send me *free* Illustrated Itinerary for a 2-weeks vacation trip to Southern California—with itemized figures on daily costs while in California.

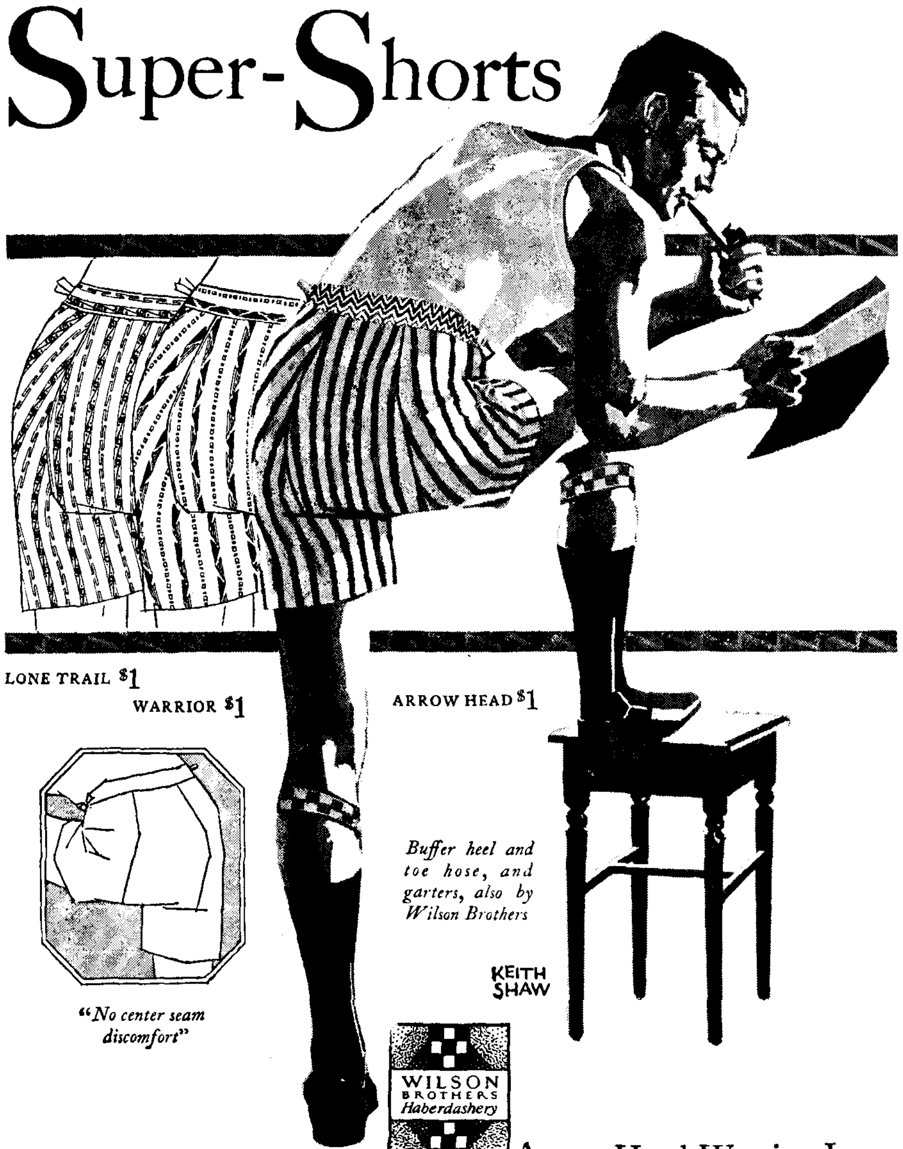
(Check if desired). ☐ Four cents in stamps enclosed. Send "Southern California through the Camera." Also send *free* booklets about the counties I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles
☐ Los Angeles Sports
☐ Orange
☐ Riverside
☐ Santa Barbara
☐ San Diego
☐ San Bernardino
☐ Ventura

Name ______________________ *Street* ______________________
(Please Print Your Name and Address)

City ______________________ *State* ______________________

Presenting
3 *new* designs in
Super-Shorts


LONE TRAIL $1
WARRIOR $1
ARROW HEAD $1
Buffer heel and toe hose, and garters, also by Wilson Brothers
KEITH SHAW
"No center seam discomfort"
WILSON BROTHERS Haberdashery

Arrow Head, Warrior, Lone Trail . . . new in name, new in pattern, new in color . . . these three designs in Super-Shorts are now offered for your approval.

Their patterns were inspired by Indian artistry. Their color combinations came from the great outdoors. Each model is distinctive, correct, masculine. Each, with its effectively harmonized waistband, will do justice to your taste in the locker room of any club. Each is sponsored by Wilson Brothers Style Committee.

We believe you will like these new designs as well as you like their exclusive seat ease and crotch comfort. See them at your men's wear merchant . . . and change to the fashionable comfort of Super-Shorts. See also the new Super-Seat pajamas.

WILSON BROTHERS
© Wilson Brothers, 1930
Haberdashery
CHICAGO · NEW YORK · SAN FRANCISCO · PARIS

GUARANTEE: If any article bearing the Wilson Brothers trade-mark is unsatisfactory for any reason you can exchange it at any Wilson Brothers dealer.

(*Continued from page 61*)

Sleep, which had already mended for Belden Plimsoll the raveled sleave of last night's care, still profoundly engulfed his daughter.

Regarding her from the doorway of her room, Plimsoll pleaded guilty to the harsh indictments of his conscience. He was ashamed of himself: mentally he apologized to Lollie for the unworthy doubts of her that had been suffered to find standing room in her father's mind.

Here was another commonplace miracle in process, a miracle so familiar that Plimsoll did not even recognize its existence. Asleep, curled like a kitten into a round, compact little molecule of artless comfort, Lollie was herself again—the real Lollie that Plimsoll knew and loved—and owned.

He closed the door softly and turned away, a happy man whose morning was at seven and with whose world all was very well indeed.

Everything was all right.

Everything continued to be all right until, striding briskly and masterfully through the reception-room, he found Thomas Noonan in waiting and, in the haggard, unshaven blueness of that gentleman's dished countenance, read sure tidings that certain things were very, very wrong.

THE habit of relentless self-government was deeply fixed on Belden Plimsoll. With no outward sign of emotion he gave ear to Noonan's faithful history of yesterday, and with only impassive grimness he received the information that his daughter, instead of attending Mrs. Fanshawe's dance, had permitted Gilbert Dolliver to escort her on an expedition tactlessly described by Noonan as a joyride. Stoically he heard Noonan's version of a brief halt at the roadside, during which Noonan had been able to approach, unnoticed, near enough to observe a passage between the two young people for which the detective, after hesitating, found no happier word than petting.

"Nothing rough, y'understand," Mr. Noonan made haste to add. "He was just kind of pawing her shoulder when I come up behind 'em and I guess my lights—well, anyway, he cut it out and drove ahead."

Plimsoll nodded. He could control his face but he had no confidence in his voice. It was only when Noonan, visibly reluctant and condoling, narrated the conversation he had overheard in the wayside lunchroom that Plimsoll's appalled reflexes broke their leash. He stood up. The voice in which he echoed Noonan's word was a frog's croak:

"Minister! They—they didn't—"

Noonan's hand moved sidewise and downward in a reassuring gesture.

"With me right there? Not a chance! I got a daughter of my own, Mr. Plimsoll, and I wouldn't stand back and leave any girl tie herself up to bad news like Gilly Dolliver if I had to pull my gun to stop her!"

Belden Plimsoll listened with regained composure to the tale of the journey to the piano factory.

"It's the plant that went broke," Noonan explained. "It's over back of Egandale, by the B. L. & P. tracks."

"I know," said Plimsoll shortly. "I own it."

Noonan stared. "You own it? Why, I thought—"

"I don't advertise it when I'm stung, but it happens sometimes." Plimsoll shrugged his shoulders. By contrast to his present troubles the memory of that flyer in the piano business seemed almost pleasant. "Go on."

"Well, soon's I heard that the night watchman was a justice of the peace I was worried, so I tailed 'em pretty close and got there pretty near as soon as they did, but I guess they either lost their nerve or else the watchman told 'em there was nothing doing without a coupla witnesses and a license, because there wasn't any talk about getting married while I was listening in. It seems this night watchman's another bassoon bug, the same as Gilly, and they was talking about that all the time, and playing. The watchman can play pretty good. He's going to give Gilly some lessons, so when he goes to New York he can get a job playing in some night club."

Plimsoll looked up. "He's going to New York, too, is he?"

"Yeh. He was down at the station in the afternoon, talking to Fred Driscoll in the ticket office about trains and fares and he said something to Fred about getting a job in a night club down there."

"What happened after they left the piano works?" Plimsoll's mind filed the information as to Gilbert's New York project for future reference.

"Nothing only some more joyriding round. They got back to your place around two and Gilly went home from there. But I figured I better get down here early and put you wise, Mr. Plimsoll. I sure hated to tell you. I got a daughter of my own, and I know how I'd feel if Eileen—"

"It—it doesn't mean anything," said Plimsoll. His glance moved to Lollie's photograph and found there a sudden grateful confirmation of a statement begun more in hope than with conviction. It became absurd to think that Lollie had been in earnest.

"You were right to tell me, Noonan," he said kindly. "But of course you understand that there's nothing serious about all this." He laughed. "Why, if I'd seen my daughter before I left the house this morning she'd probably have told me all about it herself and we'd have had a good laugh together. She'll tell me tonight. We're pretty good friends—more like friends than like most fathers and daughters. We're—"

"Just a coupla good pals," said Noonan, nodding. "That's the right dope, all right. That's how I am with Eileen. Just a coupla buddies." He rose. "Long as you figure there's nothing to it, will I keep on tailing Gilly?"

PLIMSOLL hesitated. There wasn't anything to it, of course. He knew Lollie. He didn't need any red-necked ex-detective to tell him about her. And yet—joyride . . . petting . . . ministers and justices of the peace. . . .

"Oh, you might as well watch him a while longer," he decided. Noonan exhibited both relief and regret. His expression prompted Plimsoll to inquiry.

"Well, there's two ways to look at it," said Noonan. "Tailing these lads from the plant is nice, easy work and early hours but it ain't much sport. Gilly Dolliver's more like a real job, what I mean—it's kind of interesting to tail him, but he don't know when to hit the horsefeathers and he goes places where it's quite a trick to follow him without leaving him get wise. Like that piano works last night."

"You don't think they—he suspected that you were following?"

"Who? Me? Why, say—" Noonan's hand performed, palm downward, a circular movement, pivoting on his wrist—"why, say, I've tailed tough babies with eyes in their back hair. I hope to say I can handle a coupla kids that are so goofy about each other they don't know they got any comp'ny on earth! Why—" he stopped, gulped, laughed uneasily. "I didn't mean that, Mr. Plimsoll. Of course, jus' 's you say, there's nothing to this business. But don't you worry about them catching on to me. Why, I could ride right in the car with 'em and they wouldn't spot me!"

Plimsoll nodded dismissingly and Noonan took his departure with visible alacrity. His incautious words, however, lingered long after he had gone.

Goofy about each other. Goofy. Somehow the word itself carried, against Plimsoll's resolute disbelief, an irresistible conviction. If Noonan had said that Lollie was infatuated with Gilbert, in love with him, her father could have dealt more competently with the statement, but . . . goofy! Plimsoll didn't know its exact significance but the mere sound was enough. Goofy! His daughter goofy about Gilbert Dolliver!

Belden Plimsoll's mastery of men and circumstance was founded solidly upon the faculty, common to builders and leaders and rulers, of thinking straight and swiftly in the face of sudden crisis, thinking faster and more surely, even, than he could think in time of peace and leisure.

THIS faculty served him now. Within ten seconds after the closing of the office door on Noonan's departing rubber heels, Plimsoll had come to the decision that Gilbert Dolliver's absence from Lakeport, an absence immediate and, if humanly possible, permanent, was essential to Belden Plimsoll's peace of mind. Within ten more he had arrived at several definite conclusions as to the most feasible and effective means of accomplishing this absence. And within ten minutes he was on his way to interview Mr. Archibald McFetridge, vice president and trust officer of the Third National Bank.

Mr. McFetridge received him with incautious cordiality, lowering his guard in the presence of a caller who could be trusted not to ask for anything a banker would not gladly grant. His lean face lost some of its angles; a rat-trap mouth experimented with the unaccustomed processes of smiling. To Belden V. Plimsoll, Mr. McFetridge even extended the unwary greeting reserved for the president and directors of the bank:

"What can I do for you?"

He spoke as if, aware that there was nothing whatever that he could do for Belden Plimsoll, he wished sincerely that this were not the case. And his jaw sagged blankly at Plimsoll's answer:

"Plenty!"

Plimsoll sat. Grimly amused, he watched a flitting parade of startled suspicions flicker across McFetridge's face, a face automatically rearranging itself in the firmly negative angles of its habit. The Intercontinental in a hole . . . Plimsoll himself caught on the wrong side of the market. . . .

"You're a trustee under Al Dolliver's will."

McFetridge's countenance underwent another sudden alteration. It ceased instantly to be the face of one set high in judgment and command. It became the face of common, weak humanity, beset by human care and trial. The squareness of its angles pinched into concern and alarm. It wore, now, the look of the hunted and helpless.

"I am," said McFetridge. He sent a quick, wary glance over his shoulder. "A sad thing, Al's dying so young. Very sad."

"I hear," said Plimsoll, "that you won't let go of enough of Al's money to send his wife and boy to India. I hear you don't realize who the boy really is."

McFetridge sighed, the sigh of unhappiness slightly eased by company.

"So she's been at you too, eh?"

"Mac, you've got to let her have the money." Plimsoll leaned forward. McFetridge straightened angrily.

"You come in here on a busy morning to waste my time on such talk? If you've no better use for business hours, I have! You know better."

"You're going to let her have the money," Plimsoll repeated. "It'll be my money, but nobody'll know it except you and me."

Again, briefly, McFetridge's jaw sagged.

"I couldn't do it," he said. "I'd like to, but it wouldn't do. If I let her think she could talk money out of me—no. It's bad enough as it is."

"You've got to do this for me, Mac! Got to, I tell you! It's important."

"No," said McFetridge. Plimsoll, a connoisseur in the matter of negations, recognized this one as a *no* of utter finality. His face seemed to stir compassion in McFetridge.

"There's no need of it, either," he said. "I'll tell you something, B. V. It's no business of mine to guess why you're so eager to spend your money on sending Pansy Dolliver on a long trip—"

"Not Pansy," said Plimsoll hastily. "It's the pup I'm thinking about."

He saw McFetridge seek and find a hypothesis to account for this confessed ambition, and regretted the incautious speech. It would have been better to let McFetridge suspect him of an uncured weakness for Pansy than to take him into the secret of his belittling anxieties concerning Lollie. McFetridge, however, was in some degree bound by the confessional seal of the banker.

"I see. And I don't wonder. The only son of his mother and she a widow! Well, here's news for you. You may see the last of the young man pretty soon without having to build him a golden bridge to leave by. I doubt if he'll stay here when he has money enough to get away, and he'll have forty thousand odd on the twelfth of next month."

Plimsoll's shoulders jerked.

"He'll be twenty-three," said McFetridge, "and under the trust agreement he'll have a third of the estate outright. I doubt if he'll stay here to spend it."

Plimsoll's wits cleared and quickened in the face of this fresh menace.

"It's queer," he said slowly, "that his mother didn't say anything about that when she was trying to persuade me to make you let go of some of the money."

"She doesn't know it," said McFetridge. "She must have known it when Al died, but I found out long ago that she'd forgotten all about it. You know Pansy. Her head's too full of her religions to have room for money matters."

"How about the boy himself? Does he know?"

"I don't think he does. If he did, by what I've seen of him, he'd have been in here long ago trying to wheedle an advance out of me." McFetridge spoke in a tone that suggested regret, as if it would have given him a keen and special pleasure to refuse such a request. "I'll have to tell him, of course, on the twelfth, but I see no reason for saying anything before then." He sighed. "Forty thousand! I hate to think what he'll do with it!"

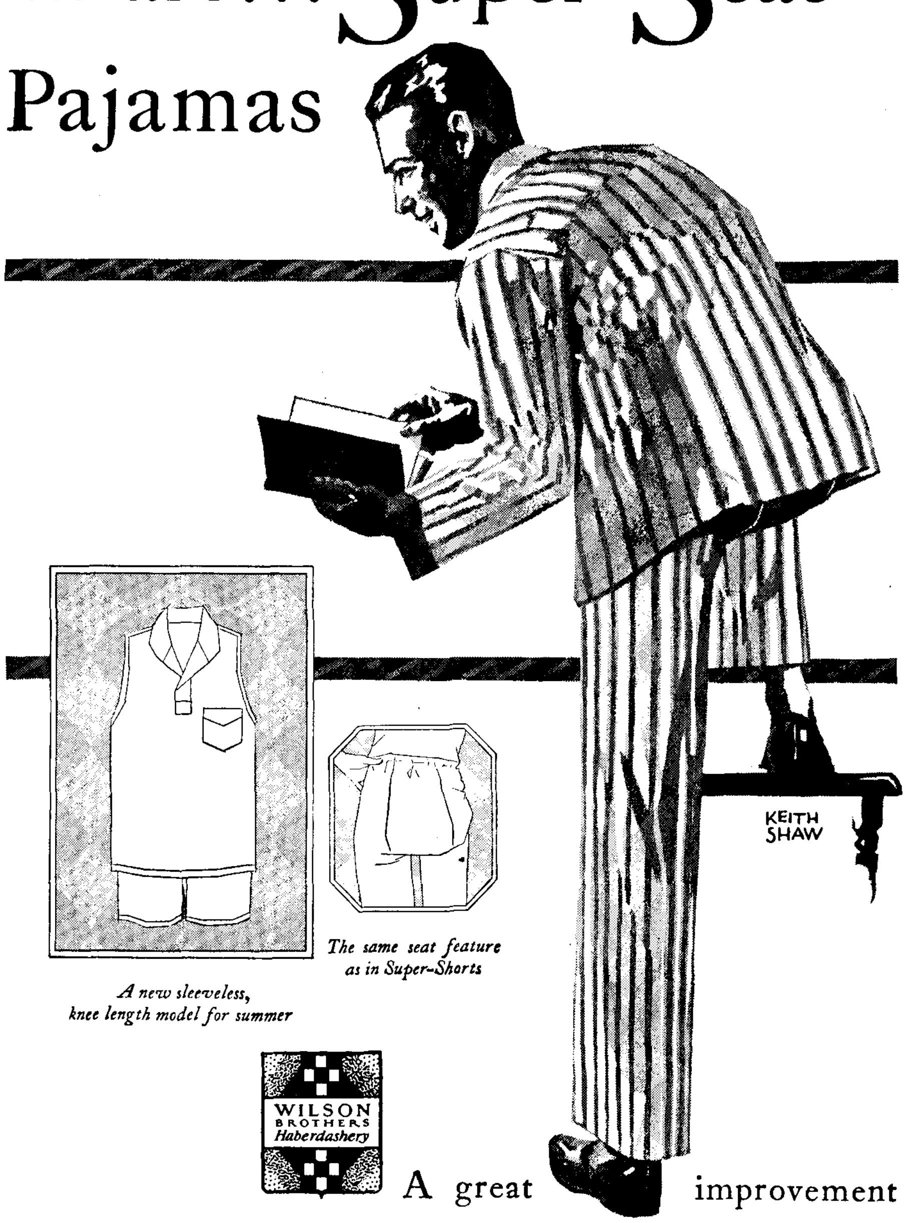
SO, MORE desperately, did Belden Plimsoll hate to think. Gilbert Dolliver with empty pockets, depending on what he could beg and wheedle out of Pansy, was formidable enough to have moved Belden Plimsoll to definite measures of defense, but Gilbert Dolliver, with forty thousand dollars burning in his pockets . . .

And Noonan, whose trade, after all, was to observe, had chosen to describe the state of Gilbert's emotions—and Lollie's—as goofy!

"All right." Plimsoll stood up, his shoulders square. "Much obliged for telling me, Mac. And if you'll wait till you have to before you tell the boy."

"No fear," said McFetridge. "I'll wait!"

(Continued on page 64)



New...comfortable... smart...Super-Seat Pajamas

The same seat feature as in Super-Shorts

A new sleeveless, knee length model for summer

WILSON BROTHERS Haberdashery

A great improvement in underwear is now applied to pajamas . . . the Super-Seat!

An ingenious back panel banishes all that bunching, bagging cloth that is usually gathered at seat and crotch. Super-Seat pajamas *fit*, yet allow generous room for every twist and turn of the body. They look right and feel as good as they look, whether you are in the arms of Morpheus or in the depths of your Sunday morning easy chair.

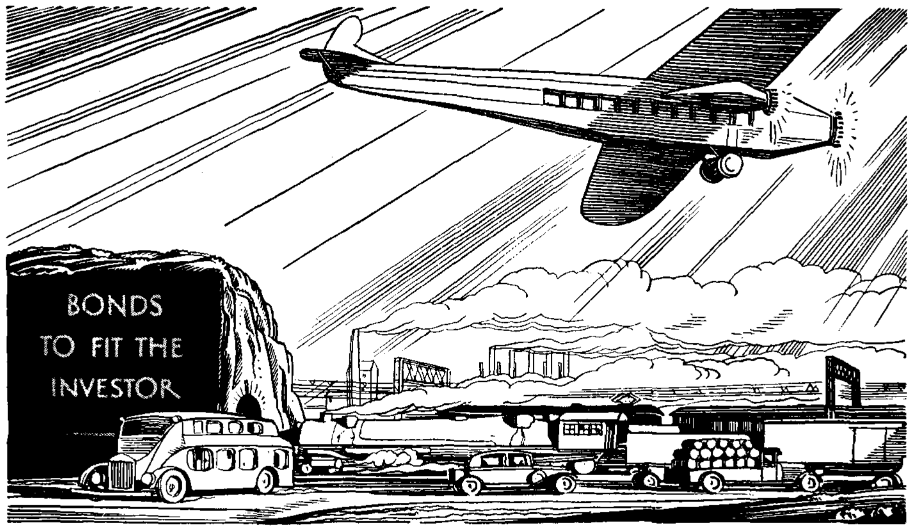
Wilson Brothers Style Committee presents these new pajamas in smart colors, patterns, and styles; including a short-sleeved, short-legged suit for summer coolness. Prices? You will find them most moderate at progressive haberdashers. Ask also about the new patterns in Super-Shorts.

WILSON BROTHERS
Haberdashery

© Wilson Brothers, 1930

CHICAGO . NEW YORK . SAN FRANCISCO PARIS

If your haberdasher does not carry Super-Shorts or Pajamas we shall gladly supply them to you through the nearest dealer upon receipt of your measurements, color preference, and check. (Shorts 75c, $1, 1.50 and 2. Blend Suits, $2.50. Pajamas $3, 3.50, 4, 5.) Address Wilson Brothers, 530 So. Wells Street, Chicago.



LEVELING THE BARRIERS OF DISTANCE

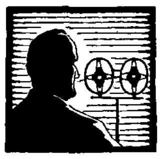
ON wheels and on wings, over highways of steel or concrete and via airways, moves a vast phalanx of transportation—representing about sixty billion dollars of investment. The mobility of man and merchandise—once measured by the range of a horse and wagon—is now limited only to the capacity of steam, gasoline and electric vehicles.

The extent of this remarkable achievement is due not only to the abundance of inventive, engineering and directing ability available, but also to the wise use of the nation's financial resources. America's 249,000 miles of railroads with their costly equipment could not have been provided but for the twenty-five billion dollars which the public has invested in them. Likewise, the more than 40,000 miles of surface, subway and elevated electric lines—and the 660,000 miles of surfaced rural highways in the United States over which more than twenty-six million motor vehicles travel—were built largely with funds provided by investors. Thus the rewards of investment in constructive enterprises are far broader than the steady returns of interest or dividends.

In the building of highways and the financing of steam and electric transportation, the investment banking facilities of this house have served both borrowers and investors for many years. A list of typical companies engaged in transportation which Halsey, Stuart & Co. has served in this way, is contained in our booklet, *Choosing Your Investment House*. A copy will be mailed on request.

HALSEY, STUART & CO.
INCORPORATED
CHICAGO, 201 So. La Salle St. NEW YORK, 35 Wall St.
AND OTHER PRINCIPAL CITIES

THE PROGRAM THAT DOES MORE THAN ENTERTAIN



Every Wednesday evening you may increase your knowledge of sound investment by listening to the Old Counsellor on the Halsey, Stuart & Co. program. ◆ Broadcast over a Coast to Coast network of 37 stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company. ◆ Music by symphony orchestra.

8 P. M. Eastern Standard Time 6 P. M. Mountain Standard Time
7 P. M. Central Standard Time 5 P. M. Pacific Standard Time
Daylight Saving Time—one hour later

(*Continued from page 63*)

He spoke with feeling, and this much of comfort Plimsoll was able to carry away. He had almost three weeks. On the sidewalk he signaled to a passing taxi with the peremptory finger of a field marshal, and his mental attitude, as he rode uptown, was as militant as the mind of a commander resolved upon swift, offensive warfare in the territory of the foe.

Repulse, however, met him at the Dolliver front door.

"She med'tatin'."

Manifestly, to the bandanna-capped colored woman, this statement was complete and final. Plimsoll was never at his best with persons of African descent; for some reason these responded less willingly to his authoritative manner than people of his own race, and some of them, like Zenia, seemed to find a certain pleasure in defiance.

"Tell her Mr. Plimsoll's here," he said sharply. "She'll see me."

"She ain' go' see *nobody till* she dressed," said Zenia, unmoved, "an' she ain' go' *git* dressed till she th'oo med'tatin' an' she ain' go' git th'oo med'tatin' till ha' pass twelve."

SHE made, now, as if to shut the door upon debate already closed. Plimsoll arrested the movement with a lift of his hand.

"I'll see her son then," he said.

Zenia laughed. "He ain' go wake up *till* noon, nohow!"

"He'll wake up if you tell him I'm down here," snapped Plimsoll. "Go and tell him. I'll wait."

He made almost forcible entry into the hallway. Zenia after a brief irresolution, climbed stairs that groaned faintly under her ascent. Her thumping knuckles, the sound of her voice, descended:

"You wake up, Gilbutt, you hea' *me?*" A pause, vague mutterings in a voice recognizable as that of Gilbert unwillingly submitting to the burden of consciousness. "Man say he name Simpsons say you got to come down see him." More murmurs. "Li'l man. Talk kine uh biggy."

Plimsoll scowled. Neither adjective fitted or pleased him. Five feet eight inches certainly couldn't be called little, and there had been nothing biggy in his natural display of an authority based solidly on fact. He looked up at the sound of padding footsteps and met the sleepy gaze of Gilbert, who leaned over the stair-rail.

"Oh!" Gilbert coughed. "Good-morning, sir." He coughed again.

"Hello, Gilbert." Plimsoll forced himself to a heartiness wholly insincere. The respectful affability of Gilbert, the unjustified pinkness of his morning face, the embarrassed deference of his cough, all aggravated Plimsoll's hostility. Nobody who had been up most of the night had any right to look so healthy; nobody, waking at ten in the morning, had any license to seem unashamed.

"*I came to see your mother*, but the maid tells me she doesn't appear till noon, so I thought I might as well have a talk with you as long as I was here. I'm sorry to disturb you."

"Oh, that's all right, sir." Gilbert accepted the apology without suspecting it, apparently, of irony. "If you'll wait a minute I'll get dressed."

"Oh, never mind that. Come down as you are."

Plimsoll suspected that even the simple processes of self-arrayal might take this young man a good many dawdling, inefficient minutes, and he intuitively sought the advantage, also, that a decent business suit must enjoy over pajamas and dressing gown and heelless slippers. Gilbert coughed and descended.

"I wanted to talk to you about a job," said Plimsoll. "I've got an opening that ought to suit you right down to the ground, and I thought you might have changed your mind since the last time we talked it over."

"I'd certainly like—" Gilbert's apparent interest faded quickly, as if, Plimsoll thought, the effort of pretending was too much like work. "I couldn't get the time, I'm afraid, sir." He coughed. "It's mighty kind of you to think of it."

"Not—not at all," said Plimsoll, putting down rebellion with stern hand. "This job needs somebody of just your—your type. I—I'm not just offering it to you—I'm asking you to—" he swallowed—"to consider it, as—as a favor to me."

Again, briefly, Gilbert's look brightened to a show of interest, and again the glow faded.

"I'm sorry, sir, but—"

"Wait a minute. You better let me tell you what it is, anyway. It's—it's a sort of traveling commission. You'd spend most of your time on steamers. All you'd have to do would be to drop in a while at each of our foreign offices and just write me a letter telling me what you saw. Of course you'd have all your expenses and a good salary on top of them."

Gilbert shook his head with decision. "I'm sorry, sir; I'd certainly like to help you out, but I couldn't—well, you see, I couldn't leave home right now."

"Why not?" Plimsoll's brusqueness was the sharper for the telltale heightening of Gilbert's naturally high color, for the perceptible increase in his embarrassed diffidence.

"Well—" Gilbert coughed— "well, I couldn't. I've got—well, I've got some things to tend to right here that I couldn't leave. Even if I wanted to."

Dismally Noonan's wretched adjective echoed in Belden Plimsoll's mind. Goofy! Noonan had been accurate as to Gilbert, at least.

Plimsoll hesitated. "But I heard that you were thinking of leaving town," he ventured. "That's why I—why I thought you might be interested in this position of mine. Somebody told me you were going to New York or some such place."

Even in distress of mind, Plimsoll's deep-rooted habit compelled him to speak of New York as merely one of many cities that were not Lakeport.

Gilbert's eye rolled apprehensively upward.

"Well, I did think some about it, but that was before I found out—" he paused to cough— "well, I changed my mind."

PLIMSOLL winced. It was necessary, however, to know the worst.

"Something that happened since yesterday noon makes you want to stay here. Is that it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You don't care to tell me what it was? I—I might be able to help you."

Unmistakably, now, Gilbert flushed. "No, sir. I couldn't very well talk about it, not right now, anyway."

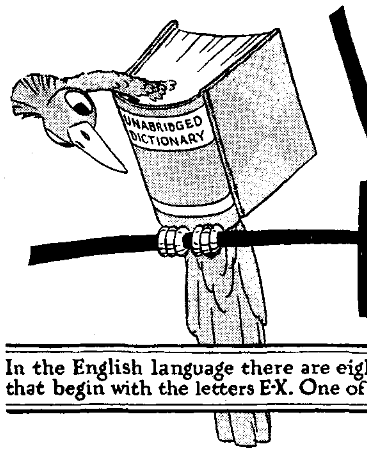
"All right." Plimsoll straightened and his voice was curt. "Tell your mother, please, that I have some news for her that I think she'd like to hear."

"Yes, sir. I'll tell her."

Gilbert opened the door and Plimsoll, erect and outwardly undaunted, marched out to the waiting cab.

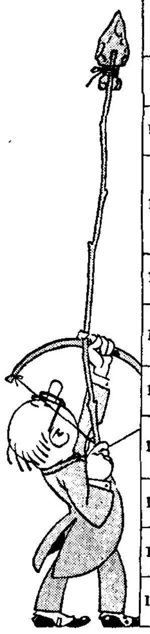
It was clear to him that Noonan had selected the right adjective as to Gilbert. It was also evident that Gilbert fatuously believed that the word might justly be applied to Lollie. He might, however, be deceived on this point. It remained for Plimsoll to find out, for certain, whether his daughter, too, was goofy.

(*To be continued next week*)



WORD HUNT

In the English language there are eighteen words (each having just five letters) that begin with the letters E-X. One of them is EXALT. You supply the others.



1	E	X	A	L	T	To raise high; elevate in rank; glorify; extol.
2	E	X				To strive; to put in vigorous action.
3	E	X				To separate from one's native country or home. Banishment. One who is banished.
4	E	X				(England) A license for absence from a college or a religious house or jurisdiction.
5	E	X				To surpass.
6	E	X				(Spanish and Mexican Law) Variant of EJIDO, a *common* or pasture.
7	E	X				To eject; force out; banish.
8	E	X				Precise and full; complete; accurate. Also, to demand or require; to compel to yield or furnish.
9	E	X				To praise; applaud; glorify.
10	E	X				Additional.
11	E	X				(Same as ECHUGIN) a dark-colored and intensely bitter solid substance, used as an arrow poison by the Ovampos of southwest Africa.
12	E	X				Rejoice; triumph.
13	E	X				(Botany) Variant of EXTINE, the outer membrane, or exposure, of a pollen grain.
14	E	X				(Rare) To take out of earth.
15	E	X				(Zoölogy) One of the appendages of the exterior side of the limbs of phyllopods.
16	E	X				To have actual being. To continue to be.
17	E	X				To sweat out. To discharge through pores or incisions.
18	E	X				(Roman Antiquity) A comic afterpiece; a farce or a travesty.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

1. Quick
2. Quint
3. Quiet
4. Quire
5. Quirk
6. Quirt
7. Quite
8. Quill
9. Quilt
10. Quica
11. Quile
12. Quina
13. Quipo
14. Quile
15. Quink
16. Quirl
17. Qui-hi
18. Quice
19. Quist
20. Quits
21. Quipu

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today. Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Copyright, 1930, Alexander Lichtentag. All rights reserved. Patent (as a game) pending.

STOPOVER » » » » » IN THE CITY WHERE SOMEDAY YOU MAY LIVE » » » »

Pioneer Monument

Main Street

Liberty Park

Typical Residence

Typical Grade School

Salt Lake City has been proclaimed the most individual city in America. An interesting historical background is reflected in pioneer landmarks which give their silent testimony of the dramatic romance of the city's founding. Come and see 80 years of history unfold before your eyes.

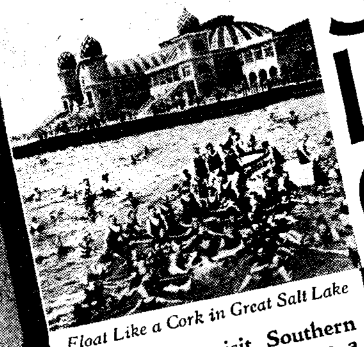
Here's a place of sheer beauty. Nestled in the protecting arm of mighty mountains rivaling the famous scenic Alps in magnificence, crowned with snow, Salt Lake City is like a fabled citadel. World travelers call it one of the earth's most beautiful cities. You will get a new thrill in playing and working in the clear tingling atmosphere nearly a mile above sea level.

There are many unusual things to see and do in Salt Lake City and Utah. Plan a stopover of as many days as you can here, for you will be rewarded with delightful new experiences you will never forget, and fortunately, you can visit this vacation paradise enroute to or from the Pacific Coast at no added cost as all railroads grant 10-day stopovers.

The magic buoyancy of the Great Salt Lake scoffs at the law of gravity. Take a dip in water 22 per cent salt where you cannot sink! Glorious fun--amusing and most amazing! Only here can you experience this novel thrill, and this is only one of the unique diversions awaiting you in and near Salt Lake City, Nature's Greatest scenic center, surrounded by sixty-two famous national parks and monuments.

You can take motor trips into the heart of the Rockies scarcely half an hour from your hotel. Seven magnificent canyons open at the city's very edge. And just across the valley is that gigantic man-made marvel--America's largest surface copper mine, where more tonnage is moved every day than was removed from the bed of the Panama Canal during any day of its construction activity.

SALT LAKE CITY


Float Like a Cork in Great Salt Lake

Clear, Cool Mountain Water

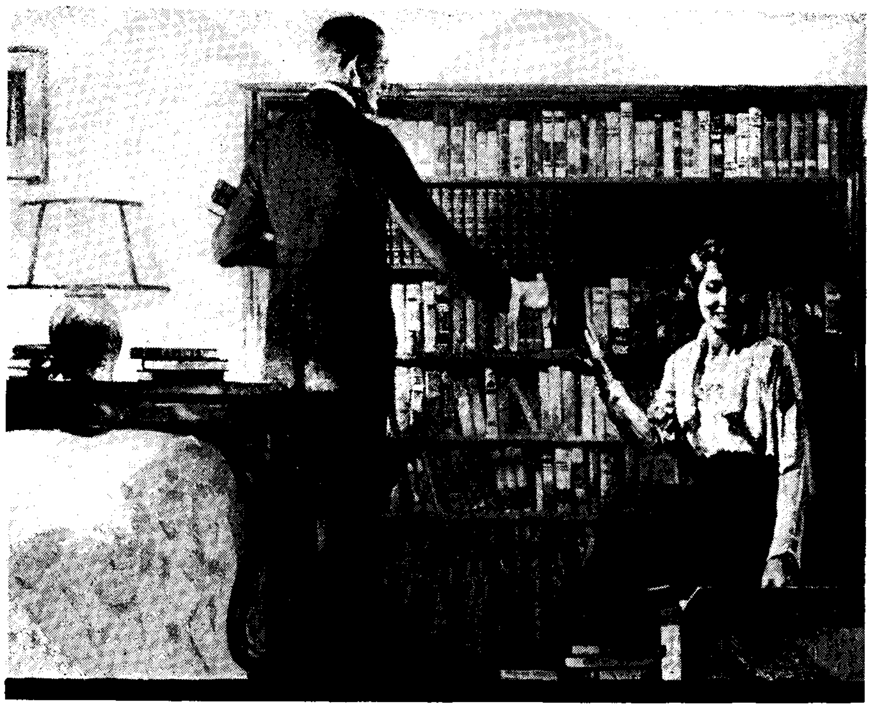
Sunset on Great Salt Lake

Until you visit Southern Utah wonderlands or see a beautiful sunset on the Great Salt Lake, scenery is just a word--but in Zion and Bryce National Parks, Cedar Breaks, and the north rim of the Grand Canyon, scenery is a thrill! Travel over the newly completed Zion-Mt. Carmel highway, recognized as one of the outstanding pieces of road construction in America.

Salt Lake City is the point of departure for these wonderlands and for Yellowstone. Plan now to visit the Center of Scenic America -Salt Lake City-this summer.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, Dept. C-51,
Salt Lake City, Utah.
I am planning to visit Salt Lake City and would like descriptive booklet.

Name..............................
Address..............................
City..............................
State..............................



Their First Investment 15 Minutes a Day

WHAT should a family's very first investment be? Bonds? A home? Insurance? There is one thing even more vital than these. Their future success is going to depend principally upon *his* and *her* mental growth.

Will their social acquaintances find her interesting, or mentally commonplace? Will men in business be impressed with his capacity to think straight and talk well?

More than 250,000 families have found the answer to these with the help of

Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

Every well-informed man and woman should at least know something about this famous library.

The free book tells about it—how Dr. Eliot has put into his Five-Foot Shelf "the essentials of a liberal education," how he has so arranged it that even "fifteen minutes a day" are enough, how in pleasant moments of spare time, by using the reading courses Dr. Eliot has provided for you, you can get the knowledge of literature and life, the culture, the broad viewpoint that every university strives to give.

Every reader of this advertisement is invited to have a copy of this handsome and entertaining little book. It is free, will be sent by mail, and involves no obligation of any sort. Merely clip the coupon and mail it today.

P. F. COLLIER & SON DIST. CORP.
250 Park Avenue, New York City

By mail, free, send me the guide book to the most famous books in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot of Harvard. Also please advise how I may secure the books by small monthly payments.

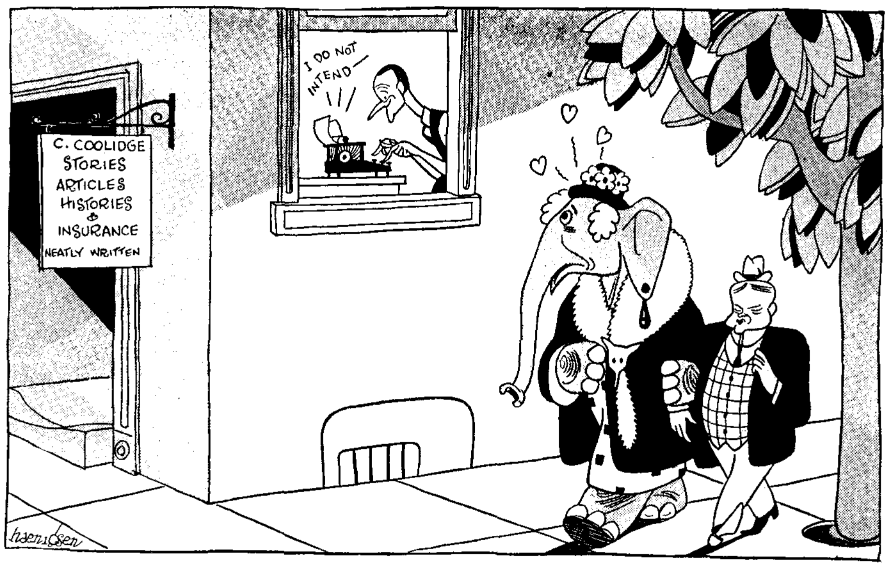
Name Mr. / Mrs. / Miss ....

8111-HCE

Address..

Send for this Free booklet that gives Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading.

15 MINUTES A DAY



Rather Write than be President

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

THOSE Republican politicians who talk of refusing to renominate President Hoover in 1932 now face again the task of drafting Coolidge. That is the effect of the ex-President's recent magazine declaration that it was a relief to him to be an author and a promoter of increased life insurance sales and that he had "no intention to reënter public life."

Once more Mr. Coolidge does not "choose to run." And, what is more important, he has put down words on paper which will make it difficult for him to become an avowed candidate.

What probably happened is that the ex-President yielded to the pressure for copy. His editor probably came to him and said: "Mr. Coolidge, won't you please write us another article? There is considerable talk about your running again for President. Couldn't you write us something on that? And about other issues of the day: prohibtion and the tariff."

So the ex-President takes his pen in hand and writes, "I have no intention" of entering public life again. He couldn't write anything else at this stage of the Presidential proceedings. So he is committed once more to not choosing to run.

Every President who has a popular predecessor should arrange to have that predecessor write pieces for the papers. And right here it is worth noting that there is this difference between the Taft-Roosevelt situation and the Hoover-Coolidge situation, and it is enough to strain the parallel: Colonel Roosevelt went hunting big game and confined himself to writing about his experiences in the wilds, while Mr. Coolidge has an editor asking for articles about current political topics.

The Politicians May be Right

Politically Mr. Coolidge is more popular just now than ever before. The Republican politicians sigh for him. Business speaks of him with tears in its voice. His light is bright as Hoover's grows dim. And if Hoover's brightens his will correspondingly grow dim.

About next November, if this proves, as it is likely to, a bad year for the Republicans, listen for a lot of talk about Coolidge's being the next Republican candidate. The politicians will not be put off with such words as "I have no intention." They believe now that his disinclination to run in 1928 might have been overcome by an uproarious demand for him at Kansas City. And there are circumstances which make one think they are right.

Of course Hoover has two years in which to recover his popularity. And the natural tide of business will be in his favor. But assuming that Hoover is one of those unlucky Presidents who never succeed in hitting it off with the public, there are still many difficulties in the way of nominating Mr. Coolidge.

In the first place, it was demonstrated in 1928 to be next to impossible to beat a man who does choose to run with one who does *not* choose to run. And Mr. Coolidge is down in black and white once more as not choosing to run.

The New Coolidge Modesty

Then, too, if many Republican leaders seek a candidate in 1932 other than Mr. Hoover it will be because primarily they think Republican chances of success are desperate. But if, because of a rising revolt against prohibition, Republican prospects of success next time seem bad, why should Mr. Coolidge care to have the nomination? Its value wouldn't be enhanced by his winning it after a fight such as that which took place the last time an ex-President and a President contested for a Republican nomination, in 1912.

So the sage of Northampton sits back and views the progress of political events philosophically from his new estate in Massachusetts, with "no intention" of reëntering public life, and modestly disclaiming the possession of any gifts which would be of future use to the public in the Presidency.

Then, too, referring to the Roosevelt-Taft parallel once more, Mr. Coolidge is not the aggressive, confident person that Colonel Roosevelt was. It is a question whether he would permit a fight for the 1932 nomination to be made in spite of the opinion widely held in Washington that the relations between the present President and his predecessor are no more cordial than those between Mr. Taft and his predecessor.

The conditions under which the Kansas City nomination was won were trying. Mr. Hoover's friends thought that Mr. Coolidge might take himself out of the race more definitely than he did by saying "I do not choose." And Mr. Coolidge perhaps nursed the hope that the draft movement might become irresistible. Naturally such a situation was hard on personal relations.

However, as one reads Mr. Coolidge's self-revelations in print one wonders if this is the man who in the White House seemed modestly to deprecate the glory that was his. The sage of Northampton obviously likes himself very well, which is fine. This newly revealed side of Mr. Coolidge may also have to be taken into the reckoning politically.

Catfish hangs a Horseshoe

Continued from page 21

"I don't exactly understand, but Tommy had a little money and he wanted to run a movie theater. He worked as an usher to learn the business, then heard about the Engledale Theater. The man who had the lease sold it to Tommy—it had three years to run—and now Dinwiddie is going to take it without paying for it. Dinwiddie owns the theater."

"How can he do that?"

"He wants to build an apartment house on the theater corner. It will be a big one, covering that vacant lot next to the theater and running clear over to the apartment house where the mayor lives."

"But if this kid's got a lease—

"Tommy pays rent for the theater and a percentage of what he makes. If the receipts fall below a certain amount for two months, the lease is canceled."

"Ho, ho!" said Henry Wiggins. "So that's why the mayor suddenly decided that Sunday movies were a bad thing for the town."

"Yes. Since they stopped Sunday movies, Tommy has hardly made expenses. He has to do a tremendous business in the next two weeks, or he'll lose all his money."

"Hmm," said Henry. "He's a nice boy. That's tough."

Henry's eyes had rested on the horseshoe, the talisman that was going to bring him luck. He picked it up. "Look, Dorothy," he said, handing it to her, "take this along tonight. Don't let him know you have it. Drop it somewhere and see that he finds it. There's no luck in having somebody give you a horseshoe. Get me?"

Her eyes glistened and she kissed him.

"You're the nicest daddy in the world," she said, and turned and ran upstairs.

Matilda shrugged her shoulders. "I'll see what's delaying dinner," she said.

When Matilda had gone, Catfish Wiggins rubbed his chin thoughtfully. His eye fell on the newspaper and he looked again at the headlines over the story about the remarkable exploits of his friend Main-Mast Flanagan. He read: CROWDS STORM THEATER TO SEE MAIN-MAST.

He snapped his fingers in glee. "Oh, boy," he cried. "That's what'll do it! I'll get hold of Denny!"

THREE evenings later, Matilda and Dorothy, all dressed up, sat in the library talking about law enforcement with the mayor and Mrs. Dinwiddie. Henry was late, and Matilda was worrying. To her relief, at last she heard the car in the driveway. She hurried to the door to warn him that they had guests. The sight froze her. Henry was coming up the steps to the veranda, carrying a suitcase in one hand and with the other holding affectionately by the arm a small person in array such as her eyes had never seen before.

"How do you like the dump?" Henry was saying.

"It's immense, Catfish. Immense," replied the little man. He was dressed in a suit that seemed to be yellow and black, although probably the checks were tan, rather than yellow. On top of slick black hair was a pearl-gray derby and the person carried, hooked over his arm, a snakewood cane that appeared to be at least two inches in diameter. His tan and white sport shoes squeaked as he walked.

"Hello, Momma!" Catfish yelled. "Look who's here! Main-Mast himself."

"Hi, Mrs. Wiggins," Main-Mast cried genially, and he ran forward and seized her hand. "Gosh, it's good to see ya! You sure look great!"

"Good evening, Denny," she said severely and she glared at Henry and set her lips in a hard line.

Catfish nodded to the dignified butler who was standing in the doorway.

"Here, George," he called, holding out the suitcase. "Main-Mast Flanagan's going to stay all night." He slapped Main-Mast on the shoulder and grinned at Matilda. "Ain't he a sight for sore eyes, hey?"

She stepped close to him and hissed, "Mr. and Mrs. Dinwiddie are here for dinner!"

"Oh, gee!" he gasped. "Oh, gee!"

Matilda turned to the butler. "Show Mr. Flanagan to the north room," she said. She tried to smile at Denny. "You run along," she told him.

"Right, ho!" he shouted. "Lead the way, George. This is some joint you got here. Must be a swell place to work, hey?" And as he went up the stairs they heard him saying, "Ya know, I used to work for Catfish, myself."

Henry agreed, as he hurriedly got into his dinner clothes, that the only solution was to serve Main-Mast's dinner in his room.

"I hate to tell him, Momma," Henry complained, "but I guess you're right. I guess I can fix it, all right."

THEY went into the hall and Henry started toward the north room. He stopped and his eyes met Matilda's. Henry groaned. From downstairs a voice boomed, "There's some flagpole sitters that cheat. They slip down in the middle of the night. But me—you never catch me slippin' down. When I'm up there, I'm up." Main-Mast had gone on down and already was the life of the party.

To their amazement, they found the mayor and his wife fascinated by the exploits of this champion.

"Your friend is most interesting," the mayor said to Henry.

"He is a firm believer in prohibition," said Mrs. Dinwiddie.

"You bet," said Main-Mast. "Some sitters takes a bottle o' booze up with 'em, but not me. I did that once and fell off and broke both legs. No more booze fer me."

They struggled through to the ice cream with no casualties. Main-Mast's table manners were as unconventional as his clothing but the Dinwiddies seemed to forgive him, so intense was his interest in prohibition enforcement.

It seemed to be a good time, Matilda thought, to introduce the subject of the hospital. Casually, she remarked, "Of course, Mr. Mayor, you are interested in the new hospital?"

"Uh-huh," he said.

"Hospital?" Main-Mast inquired. "You gonna have a hospital? Don't do it. They're no good. I was in one for two months. They charged me twice as much as they oughta."

Matilda sought to quiet him. "But this is to be a model hospital," she said, gritting her teeth. "It is to be in charge of Dr. Boddingham, who now conducts the One Hundred and Sixteenth Street Hospital."

"Hell's bells," said Main-Mast. "That's the one I was in."

The dead silence finally was broken by Mrs. Dinwiddie.

"What, Mr. Flanagan," she said, "do you intend to do next?"

"Didn't ya hear?" he asked in amaze-

(*Continued on page 68*)

FREE . . . *10-day tube of Pepsodent*

Film is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth disorders.

These germs destroy tooth enamel

Try this special tooth paste—sent free. It will aid in bringing back lovely teeth where other ways have failed.

YOUR teeth may be *unusually subject to decay.* They may be *stained, discolored and dull.*

If they are, please accept a tooth paste to try, that, under careful observation, has been found to be a great aid in combating the cause of many tooth disorders. There is no other kind just like it. That is why in ten days' time you will see results that ordinary brushing has failed to bring.

Germs and film must be removed from teeth

Germs cause decay. Germs and tartar are a contributory cause of other troubles.

There is one way known to fight germs. You must remove a slippery, stubborn film that glues bacteria to the tooth's enamel. This film imprisons germs and clings so tenaciously that ordinary brushing fails to dislodge it.

SAFE, gentle way acts differently

Today, more than ever, dentists are urging patients to turn from other ways to the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent.

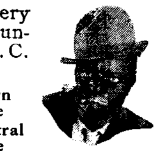
Pepsodent REMOVES FILM SAFELY. No pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasive, but a gentle action that recommends it for sensitive teeth.

Do not delay

There is only one Pepsodent. We believe it is the finest tooth paste dental science has, thus far, been able to produce. Please write today for your tube to the nearest address.

Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist twice a year.

America's Premier Radio Feature
AMOS 'n' ANDY



On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network.

7 p. m., Eastern Daylight time
10:30 p. m., Central Daylight time
8:30 p. m., Mountain Standard time
7:30 p. m., Pacific Standard time

FREE 10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to
The Pepsodent Co., Dept. 535,
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name..

Address..

City..

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co., 191 George St., **Toronto** 2, Ont., Can.; 8 India St., **London,** E. C. 3, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., **Sydney,** N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family 3456

Pepsodent

The Special Film-Removing Dentifrice

Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos 'n' Andy Program

Is there a Jekyll-Hyde coming to work for you?

There's a dual personality in most of us—a good and a *better self*—or a good and *weaker self*. All "trusted" employees are not trustworthy. Those who are, welcome a Fidelity Bond as a sign that all's well. Why wait then to bond your employees, until, under stress, somebody makes off with the cash-box?

Ætna writes practically every form of Insurance and Fidelity and Surety Bonds. Ætna protection reaches from coast to coast through 20,000 agents. The Ætna Agent in your community is a man worth knowing. Look him up!

ÆTNA

The Ætna Casualty and Surety Company affiliated with The Ætna Life Insurance Company ⸗ The Automobile Insurance Company ⸗ The Standard Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut

ÆTNA-IZE

(*Continued from page 67*)

ment. "I'm goina sit on a movie house here in this town. They always do big business where I'm sittin'."

"In Engledale?" the mayor asked in surprise.

"Yeah. The guy that runs the theater has to get a lotta business or else some old gink will take the lease away from him. I'll show the old geezer."

Matilda, trembling, rose. Her voice was hollow.

"We shall have our coffee in the library," she said.

"So you're going to sit on the Engledale Theater," the mayor sneered. "Have you a permit?"

"Permit?" Catfish asked. "He don't have to have a permit, does he?"

"Certainly," said the mayor. "A permit from the city authorities." He glared at Henry Wiggins. "Signed," his words were oily, "signed by the mayor."

"Goldarn it!" Catfish moaned under his breath. "I mighta known I'd get in trouble if I let go of that horseshoe!"

The Dinwiddies were very sorry, indeed, but they must leave immediately after dinner. No, thanks, they told Matilda, they didn't believe they cared to hear about the hospital just now.

"Good-by, Mr. Flanagan," said the mayor. "You have been *most* interesting."

FIVE days later, with appropriate ceremonies, Main-Mast Flanagan, duly authorized by a permit signed by Mayor Dinwiddie, climbed a specially constructed flagpole atop the Engledale Theater, settled himself on a tiny platform at the peak and began to sit.

Public sentiment had brought it about. In spite of Matilda's hints that there was now no possibility of getting a permit and that he might as well go back to Newark, Main-Mast had remained in the north room for five nights. During the days he had strolled up and down Main Street, chatting with the grocers and the newsdealers, and telling them what he would show them in the way of high, wide and handsome flagpole sitting if the mayor would just give him a permit.

It got so that every time the butcher went into the bank he stopped at the president's desk and asked Mayor Dinwiddie why this flagpole sitting wasn't allowed to go on and usually the drugstore man would come along about that time and say, "Yes, I was wondering about that, too."

The time had come, anyway, Dinwiddie figured, when not even the most expert flagpole sitting could save the theater, and so he signed the permit.

"I've got a chance, Mr. Wiggins!" Tommy Dent exclaimed with enthusiasm, after the first show, when Catfish emerged with Mrs. Wiggins and Dorothy. "It's getting 'em! It's a capacity house tonight. They came down to see Main-Mast and after the ceremonies were over they rushed right into the theater."

"Won't it be grand!" Dorothy beamed.

Catfish slipped an arm around Matilda's waist and gave her a hug.

"Maybe the kid'll put it over, Momma," he smiled eagerly. "Remember back in Topeka, when we thought we were licked?"

Matilda remembered. Especially vivid was the fact that the reason they never were licked was that Catfish Wiggins never quit. She looked at Tommy's stout blue eyes. Here, too, was no quitter. Impulsively she reached out and took his hand.

"Good luck," she said. "Good luck, Tommy."

The Wiggins family began an orgy of movie-going. Catfish brushed aside Tommy's offer of passes. He paid for his tickets every night—and usually for those of a party of friends.

Saturday was the last day of the momentous period. If the gross receipts after the final show that night did not bring the total up to the required amount, Mayor Dinwiddie could step in and take over the theater. And he would. There was no doubt about that. Plans were complete, Henry had learned, for a huge apartment house on the corner, with a penthouse on the roof for the Dinwiddies.

HE SWUNG off the 1:46 train Saturday afternoon. A heavy spring rain had started and he jumped into his limousine and told his chauffeur to take him to the theater. As he stepped out he turned up the collar of his raincoat and peered up at Main-Mast Flanagan, who, bundled up in a huge poncho, looked like a half-inflated balloon.

Tommy was standing in the lobby.

"Kinda bad weather, Mr. Wiggins," he said.

Henry pulled off his hat and slapped the raindrops off of it.

"Yeah," he answered. "How goes?"

"Well," said Tommy, "if we could sell out for the three shows tonight, I'd about break even."

"What do ya mean, break even?"

"After I salvage the stuff I've got, I can pay what I owe for the talking apparatus I had to put in, and the lobby decorations and the new carpet."

"But what about the dough you paid for the lease?"

"Four thousand dollars'," Tommy shrugged his shoulders, "worth of experience."

"Say, that's not so good. You—"

"But this is no time to talk about that," Tommy interrupted. "I'm a busy fellow. I've got to get some action on those tickets for tonight."

"Main-Mast's an old story now," Henry observed. "They don't come down to see him any more. He sits up there like a rock. Why don't he move around or do something?"

"I've got an idea, Mr. Wiggins! What do you think of this? We'll send a megaphone up to Main-Mast and let him ballyhoo the show. Have him yell down at people and tell them to come to see him tonight, that he's going to put on a great act."

"That might help," Henry admitted. "What's the act goin' to be?"

"I don't know. He can tell about what he's seen up there."

"Huh. He hasn't seen anything. He just sits."

"Let's make him see something. I'll get him some opera glasses and we'll have him yell all sorts of stuff. I'll fix up an act for him, all right."

"I got an old telescope he could use," Henry offered.

"Just the stuff. I'll get a megaphone. Look, how's this? We'll have him shout down that he's going to tell a lot of stuff about the most prominent people in town. That'll be easy. Comedy stuff. We can give him names to yell out and then fix up the things for him to say and give it to him when he comes down. It's sure fire. He can get up on the stage and tell how Mrs. Nash bought a dozen eggs and Morrow Smythe's automobile top needs painting and all that. It'll go good and get a laugh."

"And how Mayor Dinwiddie parks his car alongside water plugs! How's that?"

"Sure. We may be licked, Mr. Wiggins, but we'll finish strong!"

"I'll get the telescope," said Henry. "It's a great idea."

HENRY, ahead of time, arrived for the impressive rites having to do with the descent of Mr. Main-Mast Flanagan. Matilda and Dorothy were to come later. He went into Tommy Dent's little office, back of the ticket window.

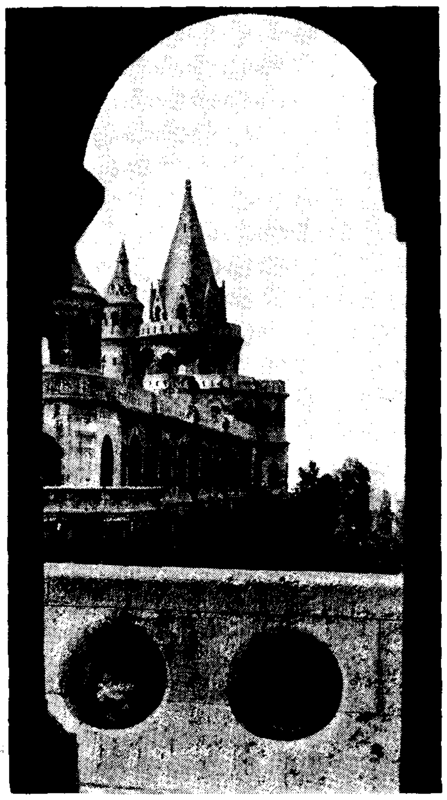
2 for 25¢ perfecto now 10¢

CELLOPHANE WRAPPED

Walk into any cigar store . . . ask for two MURIELS . . . and watch the *20¢ flag* fly up in the cash register. You get an extra 5¢ dividend! But more still . . . your new MURIEL is *Cellophane wrapped*. New freshness! It's made of *better tobaccos*. New smoothness! Because high speed machines, and huge contracts for the world's finest leaf, have cut the price 20%.

—the 1930 MURIEL CIGAR

© P. Lorillard Co.



Suppose you do?

What if you do know New York, Chicago, Boston and even London and Paris . . . Have you ever been to Budapest? (Now that is a bright thought!) Sidewalk cafés. Gypsy music. Hungarian color. It's as gay as Paris but the accent is different. Artists love it, and so will you. You remember how the Danube cuts old Buda and newer Pest in two? Of course, if you don't want to go to Buda, Europe is full of other gorgeous places.

And the letter in the alphabet that leads to them all is "C". Because "C" means Continent, Comfort and Cunard. It means Commodious Cabin, and Tourist Third Cabin Liners . . . a superb Cuisine you Can't forget, Congenial fellow passengers, and deft English Stewards who speak your language. The Cost of Cunard' super-service for Cabin Travel is happily within any moderate budget . . . making your memorable tour little more expensive than an ordinary vacation.

RATES

CABIN	$147.50 up
TOURIST THIRD CABIN	108 up

Join the Cunard Travel Club!
Write for folder outlining important advantages.
See your local agent or

CUNARD
CABIN SERVICE

25 Broadway, New York

1840 . NINETY . YEARS . OF . SERVICE . 1930

"Look, Mr. Wiggins," Tommy cried, and led him to the ticket rack. "Not a seat left! In spite of the rain."

"But still not enough?"

"Not enough to lick Dinwiddie. But what a finish! The whole town came out in the rain to listen to Main-Mast. I sent him up the megaphone and the telescope and a list of names and he hopped to it. Did you notice him, before you came in?"

Henry had noticed, with no little interest. Main-Mast was doing a good job. He would peer through his telescope at nothing in particular, then pick up his megaphone and shout to the crowd, "Say, folks, get your tickets quick for the big show, because when I get on that stage, I'm goina tell some hot stuff. Say, what I know about Mayor Dinwiddie!" He seemed to take special delight in bellowing out "Mayor Dinwiddie."

Tommy looked at his watch.

"Well," he said, "let's go. It's time to bring him down. There's a whale of a crowd out there and every one has a ticket to the show."

Henry had taken off his wet raincoat.

"You go ahead," he said. "I'm wet enough now."

AFTER Tommy bounced out of the office, Henry looked around him. His eye caught Tommy's roll-top desk, which was covered with papers. Back of them he saw a sight that made him exclaim in dismay.

"Gee whiz!" he cried. "No wonder!"

There, at the back of the desk was the horseshoe. And it was standing wrong side up—with the prongs down, so that all the luck would run out.

"What a way to treat a horseshoe!" he said. "Don't that kid know better than that?"

With much grunting, Henry climbed on a chair and fixed the horseshoe, prongs up, over the door which led out into the lobby. He stood on the chair, admiring his work.

"A little bit late," he opined sadly.

The door suddenly swung open, banging his chair, slapping him in the stomach.

"Oof!" he said and fell off and staggered back against the desk.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," a voice apologized and Mayor Dinwiddie entered the room. "I'm so sorry, Mr. Wiggins. They told me you were in here."

"Humph," said Henry, dusting off his hands.

"I—er—wanted to see you," said the mayor.

"Some other time," said Henry.

"It's important." He seemed to be out of breath. "I must talk to you now." He drew Henry into a corner. "I—well, I want you to intercede for me—with your friend, Mr. Flanagan."

"Main-Mast? What about?"

"As to—well—as to what he is to say about me—in the theater. You wouldn't know, of course, what he is going to speak about."

"Know!" exclaimed Henry. This was good! The poor old geezer was worried just because Main-Mast had yelled out that he was going to tell something about the mayor. "Sure I know." And he did know. Tommy had shown him the stuff he had written for Main-Mast to relate in the theater. It was all about the mayor's car and the water plug.

"How do you know?" the mayor demanded.

"Why—why—he sends reports down. That's why. He sends reports down, every half hour. Sure I know—all about it."

"What did he report—about me?" the mayor begged.

"You'd be surprised," said Henry. "What he's got on you won't do you a bit of good in this town." He chuckled to himself. Old Man Dinwiddie was afraid, and was asking Henry Wiggins for help! This was hot stuff! He looked up and gave a thankful glance at the horseshoe. It was working!

"Not about the bottle?" the mayor's eyes were wide with fear.

"Huh?" Henry gulped. "The bottle? Huh? Well! Well, I should hope to tell you. *All* about the bottle."

"Oh, dear, dear," Mayor Dinwiddie patted his hands nervously together. "And the—the lady?"

"The lady! Yes. Yes, it seems to me he did say something about the lady. He didn't go into details." This looked like something big.

"This is *so* unfortunate," the mayor worried. "I don't know what Mrs. Dinwiddie would say, if she ever found out. It really, Mr. Wiggins, was a most innocent affair. One of my tenants—this afternoon—came in to see me. She lives just across the hall. She had a bottle of wine that she had made herself. It was only because she pleaded, that I tasted it. But Mrs. Dinwiddie wouldn't understand. Mrs. Dinwiddie never has liked this lady. A vamp, she calls her. Mrs. Dinwiddie, you see, was away this afternoon—lecturing. It was all perfectly harmless. We—er, the lady and I—went to the window and looked out, and—it is a terrible predicament, Mr. Wiggins, as you must realize—and there was this Mr. Flanagan, looking right at us with his telescope!"

"Uh-huh," said Henry, trying hard to remain calm. "So I understand."

Mayor Dinwiddie groaned. "She left at once. At once, you must realize. And I went down into the street and the first thing I heard was this Mr. Flanagan announcing through the megaphone that he was going to tell something interesting about me!"

"What can I do about it?"

"Don't you see, Mr. Wiggins? You can intercede. It would be terrible, simply terrible, if that got all over town!"

"That's so," Henry agreed. "Mrs. Dinwiddie might raise the devil, hey?"

"And the lady's husband, too. And—and everybody. Can't you arrange it?" he pleaded.

"Why, sure, Mr. Mayor," he said bigheartedly. "Sure."

"Oh, thank you so much. But please hurry. Please do. He is coming down now and will soon be on the stage."

"Wait a minute. Wait a minute." He pulled a chair up to the desk and sat down. He picked up a pen and a sheet of paper and wrote.

"There," he said, finally, "sign that."

"WHAT'S this? Thirty thousand dollars!" the mayor exclaimed, popeyed. "This is blackmail!"

"Blackmail nothing. Twenty-five thousand for the Engledale Hospital and five thousand for Tommy Dent's lease."

Dinwiddie threw it on the desk.

"I won't sign it," he declared. "It's outrageous."

"As outrageous as Mrs. Dinwiddie will think your little wine party was?" Henry smiled. "That'll be hot stuff in a divorce case."

"It's criminal," Dinwiddie blustered. "I could have you arrested for even suggesting it. I won't sign."

"Very well," said Henry. He took him by the arm. "Let's go in and see the show."

Dinwiddie held back. "I can't believe, Mr. Wiggins, that you would not be ready to help an innocent man in such a crisis. I—"

The door opened. Tommy Dent was there. In one hand he held a megaphone and in the other a telescope.

"All set!" Tommy exclaimed. "He's back stage now." He noticed Dinwiddie

(*Continued on page 70*)

MALLORY HATS THE HATS OF YOUTHFUL SMARTNESS

The straw hat season is short, but the wear of a Hand-Made Mallory Straw is long. It is made from the flower of Oriental weaves in the most fashionably flattering shapes with two advanced improvements controlled by Mallory—the Give-And-Take "*Flexelnt*" Headband (patented) and the Moisture-Proof "*Cravenette*" Process (exclusive). Ask your hatter for Mallory Straws.

The Mallory Hat Company, 392 Fifth Ave., New York

SENNITS, SPLITS, LEGHORNS, MILANS AND PANAMAS IN

MALLORY STRAWS

(Continued from page 69)

and frowned. "Oh, hello," he said coolly. "A little previous, aren't you? You don't move in until Monday."

"Mr. Dinwiddie," Henry said, "has decided that he has done you wrong, Tommy. You have misjudged him. He meant all the time to buy your lease and now, representing you, I have just accepted an offer of $5,000 for it. We were just waiting for your O. K."

"Say!" Tommy exclaimed, seizing the mayor's hand. "That's great! I thought—well, I didn't know—I apologize."

"But, now, listen here," said the mayor to Henry. "I can't—"

HENRY held him by the shoulders and turned him around and pushed him toward the desk. Henry looked back at Tommy.

"Is Main-Mast all set with his speech?"

Tommy nodded. "It'll knock 'em cold."

Henry turned and picked up the pen and held it toward Mayor Dinwiddie.

"Sign, kid, sign," he said. "Before I get mad and charge you twice as much."

The mayor signed.

"Now, hurry, hurry!" Dinwiddie was in a panic. "You must stop him!"

"Oh, sure," said Henry. "Tommy," he asked, "since the mayor has been so nice about everything, run back and tell Main-Mast to lay off that stuff about parking near the water plug."

"Right!" Tommy exclaimed. He laid the megaphone and telescope on the desk and rushed from the room.

"But wait! Wait!" Dinwiddie exclaimed to Henry. "What about the—the other things? You guaranteed—"

Henry reached over and handed the telescope to Mayor Dinwiddie.

"Here's your guarantee," he said.

"But—but—" he sputtered. "This isn't—"

"Yes, it is. Look in the end," Henry assured him. "There ain't any lenses in it."

War to the Last Drop

Continued from page 11

we leave fifteen in the ground, buried beyond the reach of any but the most expensive recovery processes. We blow off into the air countless billions of cubic feet of natural gas. The oil we produce we at least use. The gas we scatter to the heavens. This gas is in all oil wells. It contains vast quantities of gasoline which can be extracted from it. It can be used to force the deeper oil from the sands. It can be used for fuel purposes. It is possible to take oil from the wells without wasting that gas. But in our hunger for the oil in the cheapest way we throw the gas away.

"When we were working the Panhandle fields we wasted every day enough gas to supply the New York district for five days. There is enough gas there yet to supply the whole metropolitan district—New York City and northern New Jersey—for two hundred years. But if conservation is not enforced not a foot of that gas will ever be saved.

"What is the use of talking about exhaustion of our reserves? Whether we exhaust them or not one thing is certain—we are going to get rid of that portion of our oil which is cheaply obtained. And one day we will wake up and find that there is no more price war going on at the filling stations. We will be consuming more oil than we produce. We will be dependent on other countries and on chemical processes which will be more expensive. Then our American automobilist is going to be very sick and sore."

The story of conservation is not a new one. But up to 1926 it was more conversation than conservation. That year President Coolidge sounded an alarm and named a commission. The commission didn't do very much, save to make some reports, until Herbert Hoover became President. Hoover withdrew all government oil lands from further leasing. Also he set the commission named by Coolidge in motion. His old friend and schoolmate, Ray Lyman Wilbur, he had made Secretary of the Interior and ex-officio head of the commission. Wilbur promptly worked out a plan. That plan may be said to express the President's attitude toward the problem. It consisted in the encouragement of the industry to deal with the problem itself through organized effort. To this was to be added the aid of the state governments where oil is produced. These states were to be brought together to form some sort of state compact for unified oil control.

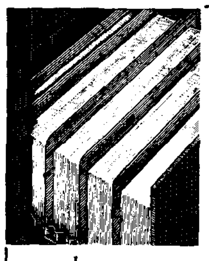
Wilbur called on the industry to act. The industry named a Commission on World Oil Production and Consumption, headed by Ralph C. Holmes, president of the Texas Company. That commission met with the great Dutch and English oil men—Sir Henri Deterding and Sir John Cadman—and recommended that the whole industry unite in an agreement to limit world production of oil during 1929 to the volume produced in 1928. Then the commission called on Wilbur. They found the Secretary fondling a large-sized monkey wrench which had been thrown into this wing of his conservation program by Attorney-General Mitchell.

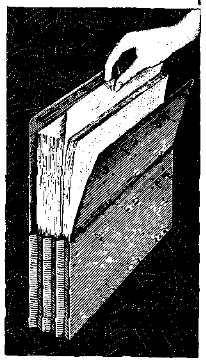
The Anti-Trust Laws

"Agreement!" the Attorney-General had said in effect. "Agreement! That sounds very much like a violation of the anti-trust laws. Anyhow, so far as passing on the question in advance, that's something the Attorney-General can't do. These gentlemen can go ahead and make an agreement to limit production, if they wish. We will deal with it when they do. And if we find it a violation of the anti-trust laws, why, of course we will have to get after them. We can't give anybody any immunity from the operation of the anti-trust laws."

Well, that ended that. The oil men lost no time in dropping a plan which suddenly got red hot in their hands and hurrying back to their own offices. As to the state compact, the Secretary summoned the oil leaders and the governors of the oil-producing states to meet in Colorado Springs to discuss the plan. It proved to have more enemies than friends and when the meeting ended that other wing of the Secretary's program was badly shattered.

That left the oil industry abandoned to its own devices to save the oil. Most oil men don't care a hoot about saving oil. They are not so much interested in saving our national resources as they are in price stabilization—preventing overproduction and loss. If they could stop overproduction they could keep the price of gasoline up. Conservation, therefore, means preventing overproduction. It means higher gasoline prices to you, Mr. Automobile Owner. That is, you will get no sixteen- or eighteen-cent gasoline. You will pay a few more





EVERY letter in its place, neatly and compactly held in a pocket that will expand as the papers increase. Every pocket erect in the cabinet. Every index tab in plain view.

Vertex VERTICAL - EXPANDING FILE POCKETS

will accomplish these miracles of filing for every user of a vertical filing system. Each pocket will hold three to three hundred letters with equal ease—permitting instant reference without entirely removing the pocket from the drawer and improving instantly the efficiency and appearance of the drawer.

Use the coupon below for a Free "Vertex" Pocket for trial in your own files.

Please send me for trial in my files a free sample of the Bushnell Paperoid "VERTEX" File Pocket, as described in May 24, 1930, Collier's.

Name of Firm ....

Address ....

Name and Position of Person Inquiring ....

....

Letter Size or Legal Size Desired? ....

To ALVAH BUSHNELL CO., Dept. C.
13th & Wood Streets Philadelphia, Pa.

New Invention Offers You up to $95 Weekly

NO FALLING ASHES

ASH-PAK, amazing safety cigarette holder, completely encloses cigarette, prevents ashes from falling, sparks from flying! Safe, sanitary, adds to smoking pleasure. Smokers, housewives buy on sight. Sells for only $1.00 retail. You make 100% profit. Sells several to a customer. Absolutely no competition. No experience needed. Rapid-fire seller.

Your Ash-Pak FREE

Our liberal selling plan offers you your ASH-PAK FREE, also many other startling features. Sample sells for you. Earns you sensational profits. Write today for details of FREE offer and selling plan.

ASH-PAK Safety Cigarette Holder

Ashes cannot fall—sparks cannot fly—cooler, sweeter smoke. Write for facts—how to earn big money with Ash-Pak

THE NORLIPP CO.
Dept. E-5,
568 W. Congress St.,
Chicago, Ill.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home oil painting photographs, snapshots, enlargements and miniatures. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process, and supply you with working outfit and employment service. Write for particulars and beautiful Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
140 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

Airrow Motor Boats

Built for Outboard Motors. Designed for safety and speed. Priced $38. to $80. Write for free catalog.

AIR-FED MFG. CO., 456 S. 7th St., Quincy, Ill.

DO YOU WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then become a foot corrector, and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. *Address*

Stephenson Laboratory, 4 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

THE HANDIEST CAPPER You ever Saw!

Easy to operate—seals perfectly! Positively will not break bottles. Made of nickeled steel. Bottle opener in Capper handle. Small enough to keep in kitchen drawer. Ideal for home use. At your dealer's or sent for $1.00, postpaid.

A WONDERFUL VALUE AT $1.00 **Pyramid BOTTLE CAPPER**

BOTTLE CAPS with the "Cushion Seal"

For sure sealing, try Pyramid Caps and notice the difference. At your dealer's or send 10c for trial box (⅓ gross).

CROWN CORK & SEAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.
World's Largest Makers of Bottle Caps

☐ I enclose $1.00. Send Pyramid Capper postpaid.
☐ I enclose 10c. Send trial package of Pyramid Caps only—postpaid.

Name ....

Address ....

Silver King THE KING O' THEM ALL

85¢

"KEEPS YOUR CARS SHOWROOM COMPLEXION"

AUTOSHYNE KOLORTONE

THE 10-COLOR AUTOMOBILE POLISH

A COLOR to match every car. Easily applied—a little on damp cloth—a gentle rub—original "showroom complexion" instantly restored. Protects finest finishes. Sold by accessory dealers and garages.

SEND 50¢ for full size can of AUTOSHYNE and get FREE can of AUTOKLEEN. Mention color.

THE AMERICAN POLISH COMPANY
220 N. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.
Makers of Eagle Brand Polishes for over a generation.

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
270 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

INVEST YOUR LEISURE HOURS

in good magazine reading. Our sales representatives are highly trained, bonded experts, courteous and trustworthy. They know all magazines thoroughly and can meet your needs exactly—at lowest possible prices. You eliminate all risk when you buy your magazines from our representative. When he calls, have him show you his bond credential.

PERIODICAL SALES Co., Chicago

Music Lessons UNDER MASTER TEACHERS At Home

Complete Conservatory Course by Mail

Wonderful home study music lessons under great American and European teachers. Endorsed by Paderewski. Master teachers guide and coach you. Lessons a marvel of simplicity and completeness.

Any Instrument Write naming course you are interested in: Piano, Harmony, Voice, Public School Music, Violin, Cornet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo or Reed Organ—and we will send FREE CATALOG. **SEND for it NOW!**

University Extension Conservatory, 521 Siegel-Myers Bldg., Chicago

FINANCIAL ADJUSTORS needed everywhere. Our plan proven successful for years. Start a business of your own. Very profitable—very simple. No capital required. Men or women. Our complete Manual, forms, etc., very reasonable. Information gratis. Mutual Service Corp., 522-24 McKnight Bldg., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

REWARD! For a little of your spare time between now and Vacation time. WRITE TODAY.

Chief of Subscription Staff
THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

cents for your gas. But the day of paying a great deal more will certainly be postponed. You will pay a little more now to keep from paying a lot more later. That's where you come in.

The difficulty in the situation lies in the fact that the small producers are not so very keen about conservation. This arises out of a fact about oil wells which is quite singular.

"The man who owns an oil well really has nothing but a hole in the ground," is the way Mr. Teagle explains it to me, "a hole which leads down to a lake of oil, an underground lake which may be many miles in extent. On the ground above it are hundreds of acres of land and on these acres are scores, perhaps hundreds, of men with wells—holes leading down to the lake.

Nature's no Conservationist

Each man owns his little hole, but he does not own and cannot own the lake. He merely has a kind of right of entry to it. Now all these hundreds of men with their wells are pumping oil out of the same lake. Obviously the fellow who pumps the most industriously and longest with the best machinery and the most wells will get most oil out of the lake. If he stops pumping all the others keep it up and he is losing oil he can never recover. If there are a hundred men pumping and ninety-nine of them agree to stop, the hundredth man has only to increase his efforts and he may get all the oil in the lake. The price of stopping or slowing up is to lose oil forever. Hence it is not possible to get anybody to agree to slow up unless all do so."

Beset by all these difficulties the industry set out last summer to deal with the monster of overproduction alone. Here is what happened: Remember, most of the excessive oil production comes from four states—California, Oklahoma, Texas and Kansas. In California several new fields were flooding the state with oil. They were Seal Beach, Long Beach, Sante Fe Springs, Ventura Avenue. The operators put their heads together and agreed to curtail. They did curtail. At least most of them did. But at Long Beach several operators refused to join. A meeting was called. Hot words were passed. The big producers accused the smaller ones. The little fellows denounced the big ones. The meeting broke up in anger, the lid was kicked off this effort at control and the oil men went back to pumping with full steam. Before long the wells were spouting 850,000 barrels a day and blowing 700,000,000 cubic feet of gas to the heavens.

California passed a gas-conservation law, prohibiting oil wells from wasting gas. The state tried to enforce it. A group of independents went to court to contest it, where they have kept it tied up ever since. Overproduction was rampant. Then some of the big companies threatened to cut prices if the flood was not controlled. The producers denounced the trusts. But the threats were effective. The operators got together again, under supervision of the state conservation commission. They agreed to cut production. At Sante Fe Springs production was reduced 185,000 barrels a day in ten days. The industry sent up a shout of applause. Here was the greatest production cut in oil history. Other fields in California followed suit. "Keep on cutting," said the big fellows, "if you want $1.50 for your oil instead of 60 cents." This was a powerful argument. The Oklahoma Corporation Commission issued an order to reduce output there to 600,000 barrels a day. The Texas Railroad Commission took measures to curtail the flow there. In Kansas operators formed a voluntary agreement to cut flush wells in half. All Oildom hailed this as the coming of the dawn. Here was conservation—production control at last.

But when the year ended the country, in spite of it all, had produced 100,000,000 barrels more than in 1928. What was the trouble? Man and the earth, apparently, are hard to control. There were producers who refused to comply with the agreement. The earth kept sending out new wells—more oil, ever more oil. California was producing 700,000 barrels a day. The big refiners once again threatened. Cut production, they said, to 600,000 barrels a day or the price would drop. Others threatened to let the whole movement go to pot and return to the law of tooth and claw. The leaders struggled valiantly. But the oil flood continued. Then Walter C. Teagle, chairman of the Standard of New Jersey, cut the price of crude oil twenty-five cents a barrel and the whole industry broke loose, as I have already described. But in spite of the roar of protest which went up the cut has had some effect. The industry is battling to get its output down. Will it succeed? Can it succeed without the intervention of the government?

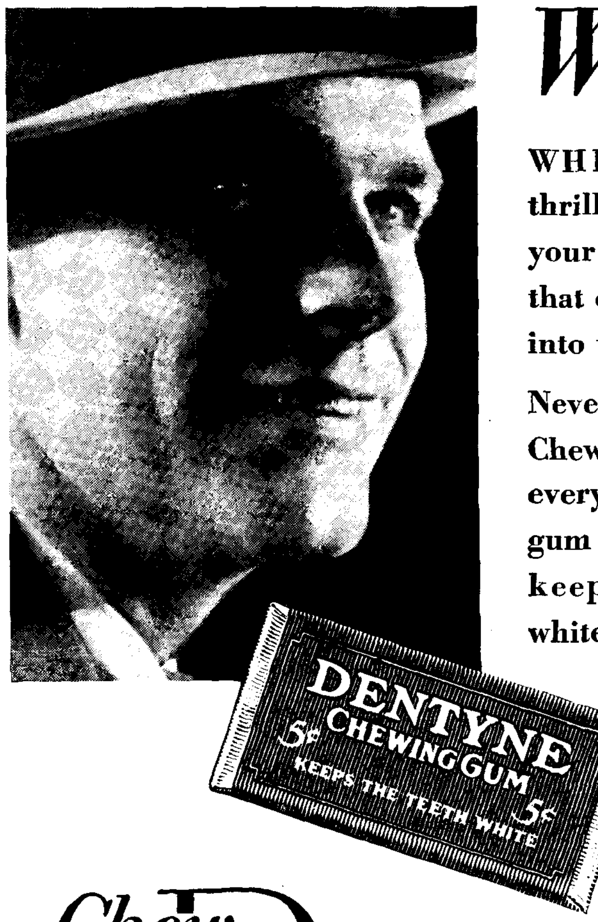
If the oil industry cannot regulate itself, no industry can, because there is no industry which has a stronger group of leaders. Standing at the head of it are just a few men. One of the strongest is Walter C. Teagle, chairman of the Standard of New Jersey, as Henry L. Doherty is one of the most colorful. Then there is Ralph C. Holmes, the capable president of the Texas Company and chairman of the Institute's Committee on World Oil Production; Herbert Lee Pratt, head of the Standard of New York; Kenneth R. Kingsbury, president of the Standard of California; Edwin B. Reeser, President of the Petroleum Institute, and of course Harry F. Sinclair and, by no means least, Sir Henri Deterding, one of the most remarkable business men in the world.

They Won't be Ordered

Teagle and Doherty both believe in Doherty's plan for unit operation. That means that since an oil well is a lake which is tapped by numerous wells the only way to get conservation is to have all the well owners unite to work the well in common. The difference between Doherty and Teagle lies wholly in the method of approach. Doherty believes it can never be done save under compulsion and supervision of the Federal government. Teagle thinks the industry can bring it about as an established policy.

Oil men don't like government control. If you want to break up a meeting of oil men just put your head inside the door and yell: "Attorney-General!" When Doherty first proposed government control the industry fought him bitterly. You recall the fight made on the confirmation of Charles E. Hughes as Chief Justice some months ago. You recall Doherty's letter to the Senate, sizzling with angry protest against Hughes' appointment. That was the echo of an old grudge. When Doherty first proposed unit operation the Petroleum Institute engaged Hughes to examine the plan. Hughes prepared a brief declaring it illegal and read it at a meeting of the Federal Conservation Board. Doherty was there and rose to reply. Hughes walked out on him. Doherty is not the man to take a blow like that lying down. When Hughes' head rose recently, therefore, Doherty took a wild swing at it. But all the time he has kept hammering at his unit-operation principle until he has forced the industry to endorse it, though it is still afraid of the government. Doherty has been sick a long time. He has,

(Continued on page 72)



KEEPS TEETH White

WHITE teeth bring a thrilling brightness into your smile — a charm that quickly wins its way into the hearts of others.

Never neglect your teeth. Chew delicious Dentyne every day — the quality gum especially made to keep teeth gleaming white.

Chew DENTYNE ..and smile!

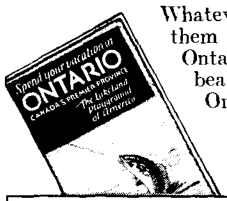
Over 17,000 Lakes Welcome You to Ontario

Nowhere else in all the world are lakes so blue . . sunshine so bright . . skies so clear and forests so enticing. Ontario . . America's vacation playground. Now easily accessible. Joyous. Different.

Ontario's Famous Hotels the Centre of Gayety

Whatever your vacation pleasures, you'll find them centering in the brilliant social life of Ontario's superb hotels. Let us send you a beautifully illustrated booklet describing Ontario.

ONTARIO PUBLICITY BUREAU
Dept. B, Parliament Buildings,
Queens Park, Toronto, Canada



ONTARIO CANADA

LE MOMENT TERRIBLE

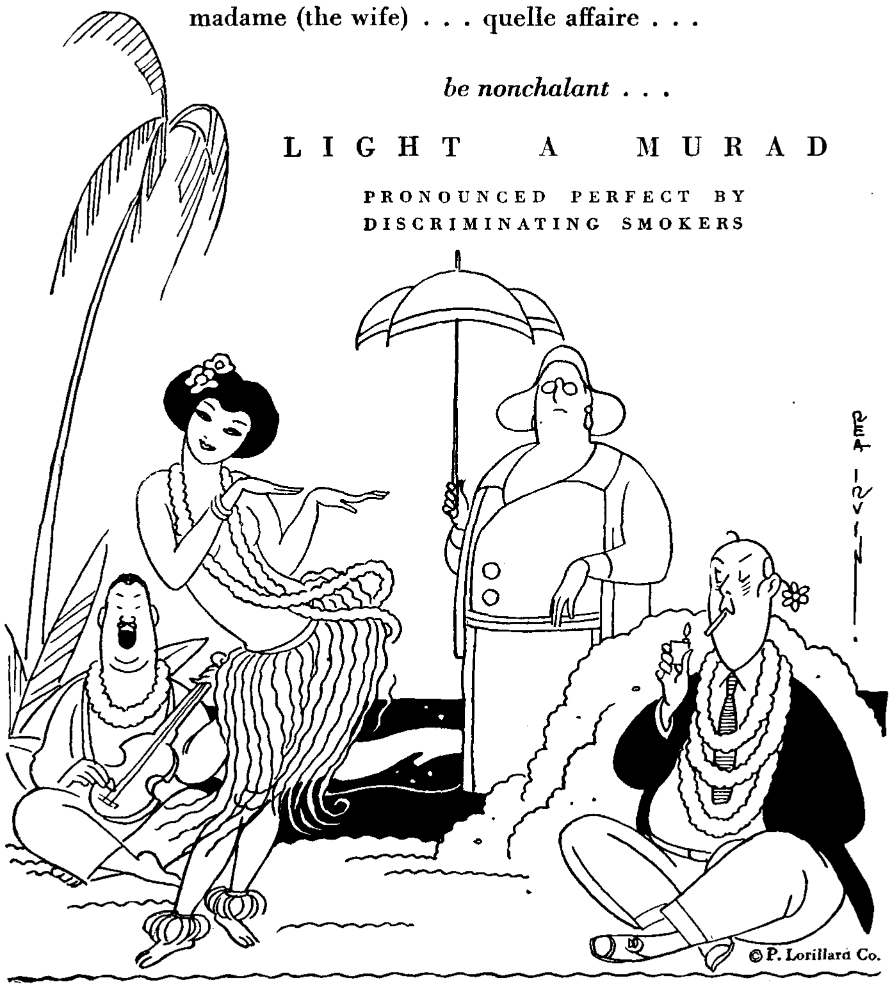
(THE TERRIBLE MOMENT)

If when traveling, you are surprised in a little pic-nic (pronounced peek-neek) by madame (the wife) . . . quelle affaire . . .

be nonchalant . . .

LIGHT A MURAD

PRONOUNCED PERFECT BY DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS



© P. Lorillard Co.

SHIVERS AND SHUDDERS

THRILLS galore as the diabolic Voice from your loud speaker threatens hair-raising adventures to noble hero and lovely heroine...Collier's Radio Hour introduces new editions in villains...novelties in music...interesting talks by guest speakers of note—making radio's most original entertainment more enthralling than ever.

STATIONS

EAST	WEST	FAR WEST
WJZ WBZA WBZ WHAM KDKA WJR WCKY	KYW KWK WREN KOA	KPO KFI KGW KOMO KHQ KSL

Stations associated with National Broadcasting Company

8:15 P. M. *Eastern Time* 6:15 P. M. *Mountain Time*
7:15 P. M. *Central Time* 5:15 P. M. *Pacific Time*
Daylight Saving Time—Standard Time one hour earlier

Every Sunday Evening

Collier's Radio Hour

(*Continued from page 71*)

therefore, been more or less quiet—for Doherty. But he is well again. He said recently he was “about to start again.” If he does start he is in good health and has plenty of energy for the battle. When I talked with him he was “resting” in his apartment. His secretary told me he had worked straight through the night until 6:30 that morning. He was now resting by reading letters, holding telephone conferences with various persons, and next morning I learned through the papers that he had that afternoon bought a $54,000,000 utility in the West.

Walter C. Teagle, of the New Jersey Standard, is a wholly different type of man. Doherty is a student, though he calls himself a “roughneck.” Teagle is an outdoor man, an enormous man, broad, powerful, ruddy, as utterly different as a man could well be from the lean, white-countenanced, ministerial figure—old John D.—who first led the Standard Oil of New Jersey to prominence. To one who knows the history of Standard Oil the sight of Teagle sitting in that seat is a story in itself. He is the son of old John Teagle of the firm of Scofield, Shurmer & Teagle of Cleveland. That firm was almost the last independent in the old days to give up the battle against Rockefeller and the Standard.

It is an odd fact that when John D. Rockefeller, back in the beginning of the century, walked out of the Standard Oil Company, he left it in complete control of men who had fought him bitterly. John D. Archbold, who succeeded Rockefeller, was almost the first to raise the banner of revolt against him in the oil fields. Herbert L. Pratt, now chairman of the Standard of New York, is the son of Charles L. Pratt, leader, with Henry H. Rogers, of the New York oil men who denounced Rockefeller and fought him.

“Go to Work”

Teagle, like so many other oil men today, is a college man. He specialized in chemistry at Cornell. When he finished, the university urged him to come back as an assistant professor, take his Ph. D. and rise to a full professorship. Teagle liked the idea. He wrote for his father's consent. That practical old gentleman wired back: “Come home and go to work.” He has been working ever since at oil. He knows the oil business and is always willing to talk about it. But he will talk longer about his dogs. He always has a pack of seventy-five or a hundred, has owned a champion or two and his office is decorated with pictures of and cups won by his dogs.

Perhaps next to Teagle in rank would be Herbert L. Pratt. Like Teagle, he is the son of an oil man. He too is a college man—Amherst, 1895—and a fisherman. But he is primarily an oil man, for when he left college his father planted him in the old Bergen Point Chemical Works of the company. Later he was a superintendent of the Queens works, manager and finally head of the New York company. It is Pratt's company which has been in several wars with the Royal Dutch Shell and which is at this very moment on the verge of another struggle with that powerful concern in the Far East. In this company Pratt is seconded by one of the ablest oil men in America, Charles F. Meyer, president of the company, who has been with the Standard since he was twenty-five and spent thirteen years in Bombay directing the vast foreign markets of the company.

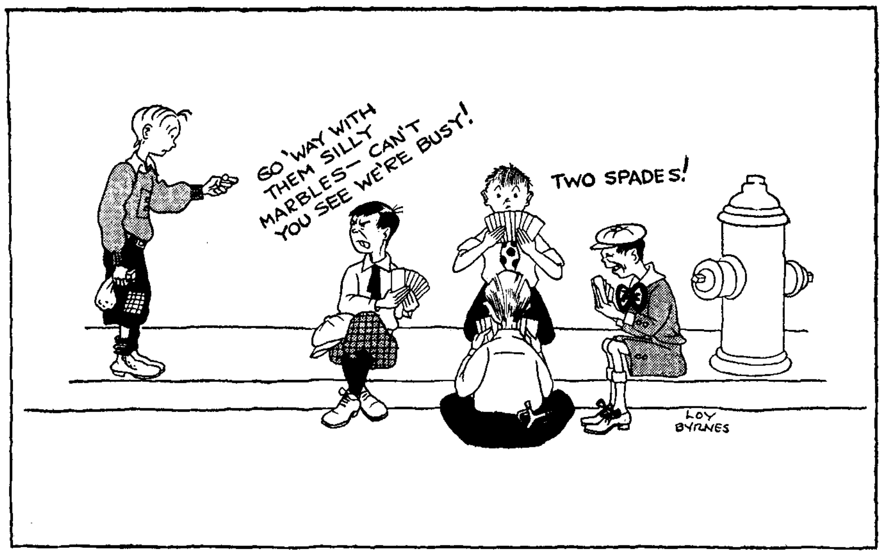
It is surprising how many of these oil men began with the Standard—men now at the head of great oil concerns and taking a leading part in this whole conservation fight. Ralph C. Holmes, the serious, able president of the Texas Company and chairman of the Petroleum Institute's Committee on World Oil Production, went from high school into the Standard works at Olean, New York. Edwin B. Reeser, president of the Barnsdall Company and president of the American Petroleum Institute, started as an office boy with the National Transit Co., the Standard Pipe Line, in Oil City, Pennsylvania. Even Richard Airey, president of the Asiatic Petroleum Company, one of Deterding's chief subsidiaries here, started with the Standard.

And this brings us to Sir Henri Deterding. Deterding is one of the most amazing figures on the stage of international business today. He is a Dutchman who began in business as a clerk in a bank in Batavia. From there he went with the Royal Dutch Oil Company, then a small concern, and by 1895 was the actual, if not the nominal, head of that company. Deterding's career, like Rockefeller's, was one of incessant warfare with rivals. Indeed, back in 1895 these two giants—Rockefeller and Deterding—hooked horns over the trade of the East. They fought again in 1911 over the same rich prize. But this time Deterding was stronger and Rockefeller was busy with congressional attacks and dissolution suits at home and so the two powerful rivals came to terms by which the oil trade of the East was parceled out between them. Meantime, Deterding had battled with another powerful foe—Sir Samuel Marcus of the Shell Transport Company. Marcus was in the shell business and owned a large fleet for transporting shell. He put on tankers for carrying petroleum and soon became a powerful figure in the trade. In the end Deterding and Marcus combined. They called the new company the Royal Dutch Shell. Deterding moved to England and during the war was made a knight. But he is still a Dutch citizen and his chief delight is buying old masters and presenting them to Holland.

Deterding's interests are world-wide. His companies in this country—The Shell Union Oil Company and the Asiatic Petroleum—have vast interests here and in South America. He owns oil deposits in every quarter of the globe. The world to him is just a big trading neighborhood. He deals with governments on terms of equality like a potentate, which in fact he is. He and his companies have been bitterly assailed recently in this country. But, as a matter of fact, American oil men give him a good deal more competition in England than he gives them here. They sell more oil in Britain than he does. He is most emphatically on the side of conservation in this country and he has issued half a dozen solemn warnings to American oil interests.

The Little Fellows' Game

In the hands of these men is the fate of the oil industry and its many problems. While I write, news comes of another wild gusher in Oklahoma, spouting nearly 50,000 barrels of oil a day. Thus always the industry is at the mercy of these uncontrolled sources of oil. Oil men do not want the government to rule them, but I have not found an immense amount of optimism among them as to the prospects for self-rule unless the government makes some changes in the anti-trust laws to permit them to get together to save oil. But they are far from being a unit as to what they want and how they want it. Meantime the big companies continue to get bigger and the road gets thornier all the time for the small ones. And, strangely enough, it is these very small ones who make conservation and control almost impossible.


GO 'WAY WITH THEM SILLY MARBLES— CAN'T YOU SEE WE'RE BUSY!
TWO SPADES!
LOY BYRNES

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. Q-10-8-5-2
H. Q-10-7-3
D. J-10
C. K-3

West
S. None
H. A-K-J-8-6
D. A-K-4-2
C. A-Q-10-8

East
S. 9-6-3
H. 9-5
D. 9-8-7-5-3
C. J-9-4

South
S. A-K-J-7-4
H. 4-2
D. Q-6
C. 7-6-5-2

THE above hand, which was given in Collier's last week, was played at a number of tables in a Contract Bridge game, and produced most varied bidding.

At all tables South started with one Spade; but after that the ideas of the various Wests differed greatly. One or two bid four Hearts, several bid three Hearts, and one bid two Hearts; several doubled and three bid two Spades to show no losing tricks in that suit—a Contract convention.

With a hand like West's it is unsound to mention one particular suit when there is an opportunity to show three long suits with one bid. Even when the suit that would be bid is a major and the other two are minors, the announcement of a willingness to play with any one of three suits the trump is the best way to produce the declaration most desirable for the combined hands.

At the tables where West played with a Heart contract, the troubles he encountered were obvious, but the Wests who doubled or bid two Spades had more gratifying results. When West doubled, the bidding continued as follows: North two or three Spades, followed by two passes and a second double by West. In the cases in which North made a first-round bid of two Spades which East and South passed, West made a second informatory double and East responded with four Diamonds, trying by the unnecessarily high bid to indicate a five-card suit; and then West bid five. When North bid three Spades on the first round in an effort to shut out adverse bidding, and West doubled a second time (informatory, it being a suit-bid of less than four and West having doubled at the first opportunity), East realized that as West had the strength to double a three-bid, any five-card suit would be apt to produce the desired result, so he bid five Diamonds over the second double.

When West bid two Spades over South's one, North bid three Spades, East and South passed (East, knowing that West was terrifically strong—an overbid of the adverse suit announces more strength than an informatory double—should have bid Diamonds), West doubled and then East bid five Diamonds.

The lesson to be learned from this bidding is that it is wiser, with a hand of the type held by West, to seek partner's aid in selecting a suit than to force your own; and the bidding illustrates how the effort may be made.

A novel point introduced by this hand is that West, after bidding two Spades on the first round, is able to double North's three Spades informatorily, although the double is made after failing to double on the first round. The recognized rule is that a double to be informatory must be made at the first opportunity of the doubler to double that declaration; but the overcall of an adverse suit is an emphatic variation of the informatory double because it means no tricks will be lost in that suit and indicates slam possibilities; a subsequent double by the same player is merely a "follow-up" and is informatory if within the informatory limitation.

Had the hand been played in Auction Bridge, West would have doubled South's Spade; a bid of two Spades would not be appropriate for West in that game because in a case in which the partner has not bid, the Auction meaning of an overcall of an adverse bid in the suit named by the adversary is a hand strong enough to play with that suit the trump.

The Play

In the play of the hand, with Diamonds the trump and East the Declarer, South led a Spade and dummy ruffed; but no other opening would have been more effective. With the adverse trumps falling in two rounds, dummy led the Ace and King of Hearts, put closed hand in with a ruff on the third round of Hearts; and then the Club finesse had to be tried. It failed and a small slam was the result of the Declarer's efforts.

It was a small slam that could be made easily, but not bid soundly.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. K-7-4-2
H. 6-4-3-2
D. J-3-2
C. Q-5

East
S. Q-10-5
H. K-J-7
D. K-9-8-7
C. 4-3-2

West
S. 9-6-3
H. Q-10
D. 6-5-4
C. A-9-8-7-6

South
S. A-J-8
H. A-9-8-5
D. A-Q-10
C. K-J-10

Save Money! Insure Your Life!

LIFE INSURANCE IS BUILT UPON THE SAVING OF MONEY

The Life Policy Performs Two Functions —It Serves as a Saving Plan as well as Indemnity Against Loss of Life.

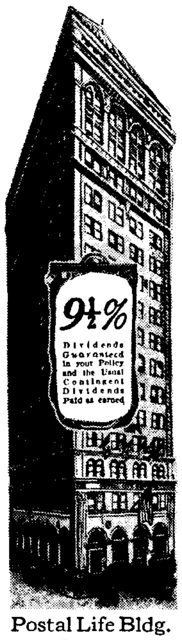
THEODORE ROOSEVELT said: "As a matter of course every man ought to have a wife and children dependent upon him. If he has he ought to provide for their future. If he is dependent upon a salary or income which will terminate with his life, it is peculiarly incumbent upon him to insure that life."

In the POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY you not only accumulate money with protection benefits and receive the usual underwriting and investment profit, but you also save for yourself "some of the cost of saving," "some of the expense" that usually attaches to gathering and accumulating insurance monies.

In this Company the door of self-help is open to you: you act as your own agent; you earn for yourself a *guaranteed non-agency saving dividend.* It is equivalent to a *guaranteed commission,*—9½% of each year's premium *is paid to you.* Like the State University that gives the ambitious boy an opportunity to get an education at low cost, it gives him also an opportunity to earn his way in part.

WOODROW WILSON said: "If a man does not provide for his children, if he does not provide for all those dependent upon him, then he has not opened his eyes to any adequate conception of human life."

You will enjoy taking out and having a policy in the POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. You'll get the glow of satisfaction in acting for yourself as well as saving and earning important money.


9½%
Dividends Guaranteed in your Policy and the Usual Contingent Dividends Paid as earned

Postal Life Bldg.
Owned by the Company

The 9½% GUARANTEED DIVIDEND

is your Commission and Preferred Dividend—more than the usual business profit. It is a precious profit because it measures definitely what you earn for yourself, acting as your own agent.

The CONTINGENT DIVIDEND

is what the Company earns for you in addition, from Investment Profits, Mortality Savings, and Operating Economies, and is not determinable in advance.

If you wait for an agent or salesman to come around, and take your insurance through him, he will earn and be paid his guaranteed commission,—his dividend in the transaction—and very properly so: "the laborer is worthy of his hire."

DEAL DIRECT

It is not difficult to employ the POSTAL METHOD. You ought to make use of it because it saves you money on your policy. You make the earning yourself, you do the saving. This way is easier than you think, as thousands bear witness.

Here's How Easy It Is

Simply use the coupon or write and say, "Mail me Insurance Information," and in your letter be sure to give your *full name, your occupation* and *exact date of birth.*

Information as to any form of Life or Endowment Insurance will be gladly furnished you. When your inquiry reaches us it will receive prompt attention by mail.

We desire to co-operate with you directly, and have you think out your problems from documentary matter submitted. We invite you to call at our office if you can find it convenient.

Postal Life Insurance Company,
511 Fifth Ave., New York.

Without obligating me, please send full insurance particulars for my age.

Name ....
Address ....
....
Occupation ....
Exact date of birth ....
Amount ....
Collier's 5-24-30

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
WM. R. MALONE, President
511 Fifth Ave., Cor. 43rd St., New York City

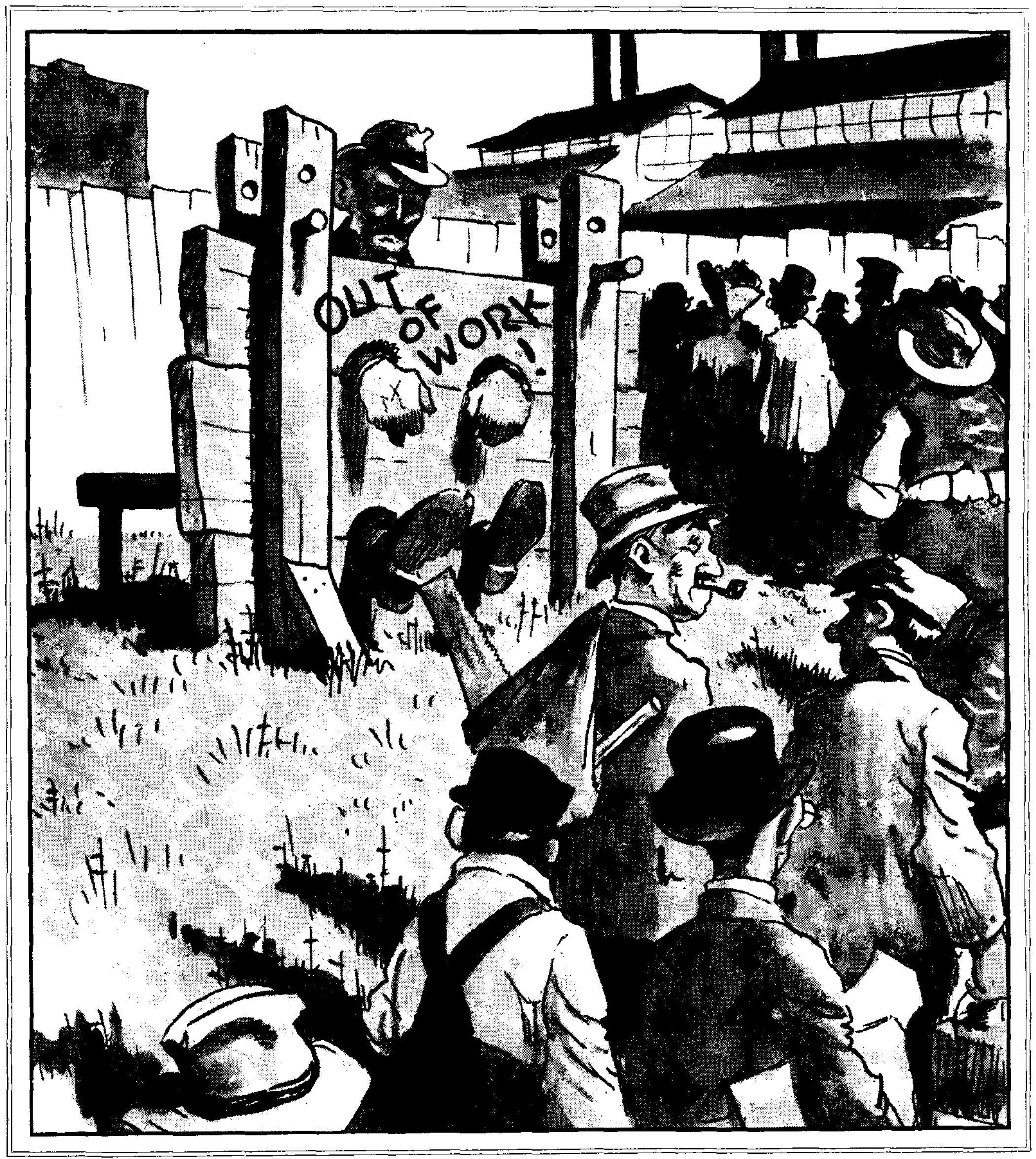
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

Before We Forget



C. H. Sykes

BUSINESS is getting better. Jobs are more plentiful. The winter of hardship for those who were unemployed is being forgotten.

We shall be better off in the future, however, if we do not forget too much and too quickly.

Until last autumn we had as a nation enjoyed more than eight years of increasing prosperity. Not all industries nor all classes had fared well. Farmers notoriously were not getting a fair share of the national prosperity. Soft coal mining and some of the textile industries had their peculiar troubles. Yet, taking the country as a whole, we did enjoy marvelously good times.

When the setback came, we were no better organized to deal with unemployment than we had been ten or twenty-five years ago.

Somehow or other men out of work were feared. We had disgraceful scenes in which idle men were beaten by the police on the theory that they were Communists unlawfully assembled. Of course in some cities Communists were trying to make use of unemployment in order to preach their own propaganda but, employed or out of a job, the American workman is conservative and not radical. The so-called riots merely advertised our lack of preparedness to deal with a social emergency.

No other civilized country is so negligent in this respect. Nowhere else is the workless man or woman without money so completely dependent upon private charity. There is no statesmanship in this drifting.

When events raised the issue nobody knew, even approximately, how many were out of work. Neither state nor Federal government makes any comprehensive accounting.

Republicans in Congress and in the Cabinet tended, naturally, to understate the facts. Democrats were inclined to exaggerate them. Both those in office and out thought of unemployment in connection with the approaching elections.

Not only was the number of jobless unknown, but also public agencies for placing workers in existing jobs were largely lacking. We hoped the Salvation Army would feed the hungry. We passed up any public responsibility. There's no sense in such neglect. The public has the liveliest kind of interest in doing everything practicable to minimize unemployment.

Most modern countries have highly organized labor exchanges. For years American industrial leaders have pointed to the wisdom of establishing municipal, state and Federal employment agencies. Beginnings have been made at different times of stress but nearly every effort has been starved.

Through the Federal Reserve system we have planned to take care of the emergencies of business but wageworkers have been left to shift for themselves.

We need throughout the country a coordinated system of employment exchanges. Through such agencies we could keep records which would give current and accurate information concerning employment. We require such facts just as we need reports of bank figures.

Of course no agency can find jobs when none exists. At times, undeniably, there are more workers than opportunities for employment. What about those who are involuntarily unemployed?

Is there no American way to care for these?

Governmental unemployment insurance is not popular in this country. We think it socialistic, although Bismarck, arch foe of socialism, laid the foundation for it in Germany and Lloyd George, also antisocialist, brought it to fruition in Britain.

In this country a few farsighted corporations have made beginnings of private insurance to provide for the emergencies of unemployment. Sooner or later we shall have to safeguard ourselves against this contingency just as we now insure ourselves against fire, theft and motor accidents.

Before we can have any kind of insurance, however, we must be able to measure the risk. We can't do that until we get the facts about unemployment. So the first step is to create competent employment agencies.

At any time, prosperous or otherwise, many are unemployed. Some don't want work. Others passionately desire the opportunity to support themselves. Those who want work which they can't get deserve something better than a bunk in a charity flop house or a soup ticket provided by some generous philanthropist.

The time has come to provide competently for the emergencies periodically faced by wage and salary workers, just as fifteen years ago we set up the Federal Reserve system to pilot us through the financial storms which inevitably occur and recur.